The Collected Poetry of Mary Tighe

Edited by Paula R. Feldman
and Brian C. Cooney

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THE COLLECTED POETRY OF MARY TIGHE

Caroline Watson Engraver to her Majesty sculp.
Copy'd after Romney Pinx.t

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EDITED BY

Paula R. Feldman *and* Brian C. Cooney

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NOTES ON THE TEXTS AND OTHER EDITORIAL MATTERS

This edition collects into Tighe's larger body of work for the first time dozens of hitherto little known or unknown Mary Tighe poems, gathered principally from two sources. The first is a newly discovered manuscript album, in private hands, presented in 1818 by the poet's sister-in-law, Caroline Hamilton, to Hannah Tighe, the poet's niece. The second is a two-volume holograph manuscript entitled "Verses Transcribed for H. T.," a fair copy compendium of most of Tighe's shorter poems, which the poet made for her husband, Henry Tighe, and which is now owned by the National Library of Ireland.

These poems demonstrate yet more of the breadth of Tighe's reading—in Shakespeare, Petrarch, and Horace—and show how extraordinarily well versed she was in European pastoral traditions. We include, as well, Tighe's earliest known poem, "As the Hart panteth after the water brooks, so doth my soul after thee O God," dating from July 1788—a period of her life and work about which relatively little is known. This edition also identifies eight false attributions, poems formerly said to be Tighe's that are, in fact, the work of others. Moreover, we have been able to correct many previous misreadings of poems drawn from manuscript sources.

Tighe did not complete work on her epic masterpiece, *Psyche; or, the Legend of Love,* in January 1802, the date of her "Preface," but made extensive revisions over the next three years. Indeed, an examination of the fair copy manuscript, which she presented in March of 1804 to Sarah Ponsonby and Eleanor Butler ("The Ladies of Llangollen"), and the 1805 privately printed first edition of the poem shows that during that year alone, Tighe made substantive changes to 522 lines of poetry, added an "Argument" for each of the six cantos, reordered some stanzas, deleted another, revised the postscript to make it into a preface, and altered accidentals in nearly every stanza. In some lines, the revision involved only a word or two. Other lines, she rewrote entirely. We document these substantive changes in Appendix 3. Readers can now, for the first time, study the evolution of Tighe's tour de force and

understand her painstaking process of revision as she polished *Psyche* for publication.[1]

Our copy text for *Psyche; or, the Legend of Love* is the 1805 first edition, whose publication Mary Tighe supervised. We have preferred this 1805 text to the fair copy manuscript, interesting as it is, because of how much Tighe polished the poem for publication. As a result of her revision, the language and word choice became more precise and elegant; in some cases, she improved the meter. Such fine-tuning resulted in a more powerful artistic work. In addition, the 1805 text was the one that first brought Tighe literary attention in her lifetime and was instrumental in shaping her reputation as a poet at the forefront of Romanticism. The author's name did not appear on the title page, but the book was not, strictly speaking, anonymous, because Mary Tighe inscribed almost every copy before presenting it to a friend or family member.

Although she thought about including a selection of her shorter poems in the 1805 volume, she ultimately decided against it. At her death, most of these works remained unpublished and unknown by the public. However, beginning sometime after 1803 and continuing until at least June 1808, Tighe collected as many of her shorter poems as she could locate. Using her best penmanship, along with considerable calligraphic skill for titles and headings, she copied and illustrated them, as a gift to her husband, into two identical notebooks entitled "Verses Transcribed for H. T."[2] Texts of Tighe's shorter poems that appeared posthumously in *Psyche, with Other Poems* (1811) and in *Mary, a Series of Reflections* (1811) differ, sometimes considerably, from this manuscript. Who was responsible for the alterations, which may well have been made after her death, is unclear. Thus, with one notable exception, "To Mrs. Wilmot," in

1. At least one fair copy manuscript of *Psyche; or, the Legend of Love* from early 1802 is known to have been produced, because Tighe's friend Lady Asgill presented it to the Duke of Bedford before his death in March 1802. That manuscript is now untraced. See "To Lady Asgill."

2. NLI Hamilton Papers Acc. 5495 C/8/1-2. Watermarks on the paper read "CURTEIS & SON 1803" and "THO. EDMONDS 1803." "Sonnet to W. Parnell written at Avondale 1808," the next to last poem in the second volume, was, according to a dated manuscript reproduced by E. V. Weller in *Keats and Mary Tighe* (opposite p. 236), penned on 16 June of that year.

which another holograph copy is extant,[3] we consider the texts contained in "Verses Transcribed for H. T." the most authoritative and use them as our copy texts. Tighe carefully chose the arrangement of her works; for example, she grouped together and numbered her sonnets, and she did not use strict chronology. We preserve her preferred order and reproduce the tailpieces she drew to accompany her poems.

Some of Tighe's shorter poems are not included in "Verses Transcribed for H. T.," but these omissions may well have been a result of not having had them immediately at hand. She likely did not keep copies of poems sent in letters, occasional verse written as family amusements, juvenilia, or poems written in volumes given to others or in albums or journals. Poems composed very late in her life are also absent. We have gathered together late poems and fugitive verse from a variety of sources and include them in a separate section. When only one text of a poem is known to exist, either in print or in manuscript, we have, of necessity, chosen that as our copy text, even if the poem is in the hand of a family member, rather than that of Mary Tighe herself, or was published in a periodical with the provenance unclear. In cases of competing texts, we were, on occasion, forced to make difficult choices. When the texts were all in manuscript, we naturally preferred any text in the author's hand; if there were two in her hand, we preferred the earliest. However, when none of the copies were in Tighe's hand, we preferred the one written by the closest family member, the earlier the better. Sometimes, editorial discretion was required. In such cases, we have described in our notes our reason for preferring one text over another. We publish substantive variants of relevant texts whenever possible. We do not record accidental variants.

With several exceptions outlined below, we have retained Mary Tighe's own spelling, punctuation, and capitalization but have modernized the long *s*. We have not attempted to reproduce formatting, including spacing, page breaks, or pagination. Words written in all caps have generally been printed with only the initial letter capitalized, and periods at the end of titles, dates, after roman numerals in headings, or

3. "To Mrs. Wilmot" is an earlier holograph version of "Sonnet in reply to Mrs. Wilmot. 1807" in "Verses Transcribed for H. T."

beneath superscripts have been silently deleted. Running open quotation marks at the beginning of each line of poetry or stanza within a speech have been modernized, and close quotes have been supplied where a modern reader would expect to find them at the end of a speech. When, as is sometimes the case, Mary Tighe's possessives lack an apostrophe before or after the *s* or when she has omitted the apostrophe in an elision, we have silently supplied one. In cases of an obvious typographical error that affects the sense, we have corrected the error and recorded the change in a note. We have used square brackets to enclose editorial comments (italicized) and to supply missing text (roman). Our footnotes are keyed to words or phrases and line numbers, so as to avoid the intrusion of superscript note numbers. Markers for Tighe's own footnotes, such as daggers, crosses, asterisks, and so forth, have been deleted, although her notes have been preserved and are identified as hers. Textual matters of particular significance and editorial emendations are discussed in the notes. No attempt has been made to reproduce Mary Tighe's drawings to scale.

Deciding upon the correct title for some of Mary Tighe's manuscript poems presented challenges. Typically, she leads with a descriptive word or phrase, followed by a place and a date. Sometimes, the descriptive word is simply "Verses" or "Song" or "Imitation." It can be difficult to decipher whether the place and date or reference to the work being translated should be considered part of the title. When there is doubt about what constitutes the title, our policy has been to use the shortest identifying title, except where the place or date or material being translated might better differentiate the poem from others with similar or identical names. At times, we have chosen to use first lines or parts of first lines for greater clarity, as in the case of "The Kiss ("When the Sun with amorous beams")" and "The Kiss" ("Oh Florence!").

For sources and accounts written by Tighe's family and contemporaries, we tend to quote from and cite the original manuscript, if it has been available to us, rather than relying on transcriptions by others.

ABBREVIATIONS USED IN THE NOTES

1804 MS	"Psyche; or, the Legend of Love," signed holograph manuscript dated March 1804, National Library of Wales, MS 22985B
CH	Caroline Hamilton
DNB	*Dictionary of National Biography*
Hannah Tighe's album	The album of family poems in Caroline Hamilton's hand, which she presented in 1818 to Mary Tighe's niece Hannah Tighe on the occasion of her wedding. Private collection.
HL	*The Collected Poems and Journals of Mary Tighe.* Ed. Harriet Kramer Linkin. Lexington: University Press of Kentucky, 2005.
HT	Henry Tighe
Mary	*Mary, a Series of Reflections during Twenty Years.* N.p., but possibly Dublin or George Bull at Roundwood, County Wicklow, near Rossana, privately printed, 1811.
MS	Manuscript
MT	Mary Tighe
NLI	National Library of Ireland, Dublin
NLW	National Library of Wales, Aberystwyth
OED	*Oxford English Dictionary*
PRONI	Public Record Office of Northern Ireland, Belfast
Psyche (1805)	*Psyche; or, the Legend of Love.* London: privately printed by C. Whittingham for James Carpenter, 1805.
PWOP	*Psyche, with Other Poems.* London: Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, and Brown, 1811. Quarto and octavo editions, except where specified otherwise.
Selena	Manuscript. National Library of Ireland, Dublin. 5 vols. MSS 4742–4746
TCD	Trinity College, Dublin
ThB	Theodosia Blachford
VTHT	"Verses Transcribed for H. T." National Library of Ireland, Dublin. Hamilton Papers Acc. 5495 C/8/1-2.

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BRIEF CHRONOLOGY

9 October 1772	Mary Blachford is born to Theodosia Tighe and Rev. William Blachford
May 1773	Rev. William Blachford dies
January 1777	Theodosia Blachford becomes involved with Methodism
5 October 1793	Mary Blachford marries her first cousin Henry Tighe
April–May 1795	Mary Tighe sits for her portrait by George Romney
26 April 1797	Henry Tighe elected MP
4 June 1798	Henry Tighe leads fifteen volunteers to safety through the rebel pike men
October–November 1798	Dangerous rebel activity near Woodstock; atrocities near Rossana
1 August 1800	Act of Union passes
January 1802	Initial draft of *Psyche; or, the Legend of Love* completed
1803	*Selena* completed
March 1804	Fair copy manuscript of *Psyche; or, the Legend of Love* presented to Eleanor Butler and Sarah Ponsonby, the "Ladies of Llangollen"
October 1804	Mary Tighe consults Dr. Henry Vaughan in London
July 1805	*Psyche; or, the Legend of Love* privately published in London
June 1808	Work ends on "Verses Transcribed for H. T."
24 March 1810	Mary Tighe dies at Woodstock and is buried on 27 March in a mausoleum in the nearby churchyard at Inistioge
10 May 1811	*Psyche, with Other Poems* published in London by Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, and Brown
	Mary, a Series of Reflections privately printed shortly afterward

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THE COLLECTED POETRY OF MARY TIGHE

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Introduction

Mary Tighe was a crucial force in shaping British Romanticism. With remarkable vitality and virtuosity, her poetry engaged the central issues of the period, often in advance of writers now considered canonical, and commanded the attention and respect of her contemporaries. Even before 1805, when Tighe privately printed *Psyche; or, the Legend of Love,* her six-canto epic circulated widely in manuscript; with the posthumous 1811 trade publication of *Psyche, with Other Poems,* Tighe's work reached an even larger audience.[1] She was read and celebrated by many important writers and intellectuals of the early nineteenth century, as well as by a popular reading audience. Most famously, her work was a formative influence on John Keats, who drew from her for subjects, images, and language.[2] Later in his career, however, Keats repudiated her, and, for the most part, twentieth-century critics accepted this disparaging assessment. Indeed, for much of the last century, if Tighe were mentioned at all, it was in relation to Keats. More recently, however, editors and critics have reexamined her work as part of a broader effort to recuperate significant women poets of the Romantic era.[3] Our edition builds on this pioneering scholarship by adding new poems to Tighe's known corpus, establishing texts of many previously published poems by drawing from her own holograph manuscripts, identifying eight poems previously misattributed to her, and including the remarkable illustrations she drew to accompany some of her shorter works.

These poems demonstrate the technical virtuosity with which Tighe movingly wrote about the tensions between love and loss, duty and desire, the spiritual and the sensuous, loyalty and betrayal, nation and family, the Irish and the British, and much more, while struggling with debilitating illness that would eventually claim her life. Her surviving

reading journal, letters, and other material testify to her formidable intellect; each day she rose early and spent solitary hours devouring a vast array of works in English, Italian, French, and Latin, often multiple volumes a day. Her critical commentary is incisive and sophisticated.[4] From an early age, she was an avid reader of Edmund Spenser, whose *Faerie Queene* helped shape her mature poetry. She was also deeply influenced by Horace, Petrarch, Milton, Shakespeare, Metastasio, and a variety of other classical, Continental, and British writers.

This education in literature, however, conflicted with the religious practices of her circle, dominated by John Wesley, a close family friend. Mary Tighe recalled that once, when Wesley breakfasted with the family at Rossana,[5] their estate south of Dublin, he turned to her bookcase and remarked, "there are many books here Mary not worth your reading & then he made many observations on idle books particularly fine Poetry."[6] This conflict between poetry and faith, pleasure and the requirements of God, would become, over the course of her life, more pronounced and more deeply troubling.

Piecing together Mary Tighe's life is made more difficult by her family's management of her posthumous reputation. No biography or volume of letters came out following her death. Her personal papers, including her journals, were intentionally destroyed, according to her sister-in-law Caroline Hamilton.[7] Her more explicitly political poems and even some controversial political passages in posthumously published poems were suppressed. Her mother sought to shape Tighe's life story to fit her own Methodist beliefs. This influence is apparent not only in her selections of material to reproduce but also in her commentary on her daughter's life, thoughts, and poetry. A Tighe family history found in the Public Records Office of Northern Ireland is riddled with errors and spurious assertions. We have sought in the brief biography that follows to use the most reliable information available, bearing in mind the inherent bias of what her family allowed to remain.[8]

We know that Mary Tighe was born in Dublin on 9 October 1772 into materially and intellectually privileged circumstances. Her father was the Rev. William Blachford (1730–1773), a wealthy Anglican clergyman and librarian of St. Patrick's Library and Marsh's Library in Dublin. Her mother, Theodosia Tighe (1744–1817), was the daughter of

Lady Mary Bligh (d. 1748) and the sister of the highly respected drama critic Edward Tighe (1740–c. 1800). She came from a family with large country estates in County Wicklow ("Rossana") and County Kilkenny ("Woodstock"), as well as a town house in Dublin. Mary Tighe never knew her father, who died barely more than half a year after her birth. However, her mother, who did not remarry, saw to it that she had an unusually progressive education in English, French, and Italian literary classics, as well as theology, science, history, music, and drawing. Theodosia became extremely active in the Irish Methodist movement, and John Wesley sometimes stayed at their home and famously preached a sermon under the chestnut tree in their yard.

Theodosia had been raised, for the most part, by her own father on his Rossana estate, isolated from society and even as a child somewhat eccentric, with antiquated manners and extreme piety.[9] Her father, William Tighe (1710–1766), crippled by gout, insisted that she read to him. Access to his large library made her familiar with many works of literature, religion, and history, which allowed her to give her daughter a more widely rounded education than was typical for girls during this period. Theodosia sent Mary's older brother John to Eton when he was twelve years old, as was the custom among the landed gentry, and educated Mary at home. Theodosia's religious devotion and her taste in literature played an influential and sometimes conflicting role in the lives of her children. After the poet's death, her mother reported that "so early as seven years old she had a very extraordinary dream of the day of judgment which was followed with very sweet drawings and impressions of religion."[10] Theodosia's Methodist friends frequently congregated at her home. Itinerant preachers would also stay, and the Tighes' wealth stood in stark contrast to the condition of the Irish common people. Charles Henry Crookshank later wrote:

> Their stopping places were singularly varied, and involved intercourse with society of very different grades. At Mrs. Tighe's Rosanna, the itinerants had richly furnished apartments, were attended by liveried servants, and met with senators, ministers, and ladies of rank and talent, while within a day or two they stopped in a mud cabin, with a little straw for a bed. Their labours were severe and incessant, but their privations and sufferings were light compared with those of many of

their people, who had recently been deprived of property, homes, and dearest friends.[11]

Mary's contact with these itinerant preachers likely contributed to her sympathy for the dispossessed.

Early on, Mary showed herself adept in the study of literature. Her mother insisted that she learn to spell by copying passages from texts by the finest authors. Later in life, she would recall that the *Faerie Queene* was "one of the first books I remember reading with delight."[12] Through this method, she became familiar with works in English, French, and Italian. Her intellectual accomplishments notwithstanding, Mary's extraordinary beauty and social position garnered early attention. In February 1788, when she was only fifteen, "Mr. de la Fléchère," the nephew of Wesley's chosen heir as head of the Methodist Church, arrived in Dublin from Switzerland to visit his uncle, the Rev. John Fletcher. Within a month, the young man had proposed marriage. Although Theodosia would later record that one of her greatest regrets in life was that this union never took place, her letters written at the time seem to indicate genuine concern, particularly owing to her daughter's youth.[13] Soon afterward, Mary developed a severe illness accompanied by a cough. Near the end of December 1788, Mary's aunt, Sarah Tighe, the wealthy daughter of Lady Betty Fownes and a member of the most powerful and fashionable family in Dublin society, whisked her and her mother by carriage from Dublin to the family's Woodstock estate near Kilkenny in the south of Ireland.[14] (Theodosia resented Sarah's interference.) Sarah's eighteen-year-old son Henry (known in the family as "Harry") was there, having just returned from school in England. Mary had not seen her first cousin for two years and now found him handsome and more interesting than before. When Mary and her mother returned to Dublin on 14 January 1789, Theodosia sent her refusal of Fléchère's proposal, pleading as an excuse Mary's poor health. The young man, deeply disappointed, returned to Switzerland.[15]

Seriously concerned about Mary's cough, Theodosia took her in August 1789 to London to consult with doctors and, on their advice, traveled to Tunbridge and afterward, Bath, where Mary began to feel better. When they returned from Bath, in February 1790, they received word that Fléchère was married. By September 1790, more than two

years after falling ill, Mary seemed to have recovered her health. Once back in Ireland, she found herself spending more and more time with her cousin and his family at Rossana. There she found gaiety and admiration, which her Methodist upbringing had taught that she should despise but which, like most young people, she found appealing. Her aunt Sarah remarked, "Mary B is in my opinion the most charming. She has been in public too, & much admired there is so much ease in her manner, spirit, in her countenance & so unaffected with beauty that must draw all eyes upon her that I confess I never saw her equal."[16]

Mary was now well enough to enjoy London society and the adulation that her beauty won her. Theodosia became increasingly anxious that Sarah Tighe was championing a match,[17] and in May 1792, Henry proposed. Mary was genuinely fond of her cousin but not in love with him. Henry, however, was "so violently attached" to her that "he threatened to go off to America, or to commit some act of violence, if she refused to marry him."[18] Mary struggled with the decision and fell ill once again—perhaps, like her illness immediately following Fléchère's proposal, a psychosomatic response to real distress. She confided in her journal:

> Alas! imbittered by anxiety & various other pains, some times resulting from the source of my pleasures & at others from my pleasures themselves—what have been the fleeting joys expected with such hope & remembered with such tenderness—can I hope more from what may come than from what has already past? I have no object on which to fix hope, nor do I know where to look for pleasure—yet there is a rest for the soul which feels the emptiness of what I still pant for—[19]

Mary tentatively accepted Henry's proposal, and Theodosia and Sarah spent much of the summer and autumn of 1792 working out a marriage settlement. The negotiations were contentious, and on November 20, Theodosia wrote that Sarah's "whole conduct in this matter has been such as to make me in serious wrath weary of life and to wish most heartily that without injuring poor Harry this union may never take place."[20] On a practical level, Theodosia was concerned that Henry's preferred style of life would be beyond the couple's combined means.[21] For her part, Sarah complained that "There is no objection to the union of Harry and Mary except what exists in the imagination of her &

Theodosia. . . . [by] feelings refined to a painful degree of sensibility and . . . habit of body and mind, made too Romantic by the study of works of fiction."[22]

In part due to her mother's cajoling and partly because she was interested in another suitor, a Mr. Singleton, Mary got up the courage to reject her cousin's proposal.[23] Sarah Tighe and her family felt that Mary had led Henry on. Henry pleaded for her to change her mind, but she refused repeatedly. Tensions between the two families grew. Ultimately, under great pressure and possibly feeling as if there were no escape without splitting her family apart, Mary accepted Henry's proposal. On the eve of the marriage, she wrote in her diary, "My soul draws back in terror and awe at the idea of the event which is to take place to-morrow." She married Henry Tighe on 5 October 1793 before an audience of twenty.[24]

The couple moved to London, where Henry briefly tried out a law career before settling into a life of leisure with his old friends from Harrow. Despite her frail health, Mary willingly participated with Henry in London high society; even so, she insisted on a strict structure to her days, waking early to study, even when she had been up late the previous night.[25] Although he was somewhat reluctant, she drew Henry into her program for self-improvement, making him take time each day to teach her Latin and to help her translate classical texts.

But it was her beauty that attracted the attention of London society. Mary felt torn between her love of society and adulation and her desire to please her mother and God. This was a concern of long standing. At fourteen she wrote, "Alas! am I always to live at this sad dying rate. I see more and more my own corruptions and distance from God, but this slight only serves to make me feel more miserable."[26] While in London, her mother wrote, Mary "had patiently borne my continual remonstrances which, however, did not seem to have any effect though her conscience was often smitten her lamentations were melancholy, her convictions keen, but vanity still prevailed."[27] Doubtless, these "continual remonstrances" merely added to Mary's psychological burden. Remnants of her journal from the time reflect disappointment in herself. In one entry dated 25 March 1796, she writes that she is "very unhappy in my mind—yet I find it impossible to resist the flattering temptations of

being admired and showing the world that I am so. My conscience this day has been disturbed—I feel uneasy at the vanity, the folly, the dissipation in which I am engaged, yet without the power to wish myself disengaged from it."[28]

Aside from her personal struggles, throughout the 1790s Mary and her family had to deal with the terrible upheavals that rocked Ireland. Both her husband and her brother-in-law William Tighe were members of the Irish Parliament prior to its 1801 dissolution (which they opposed), and the class violence that spread throughout Wicklow and Ireland threatened their homes and families. Although Tighe makes little explicit reference to the 1798 Rising in her poetry, the events of that year were so traumatic for her and for her family that they are key to understanding her work. At the start of the year, despite horrific rumors of violence and disorder, the Tighes were calm and confident. The family continued its normal social rounds, with friends in Dublin paying visits to the family's estates in the country. The Tighes appear to have believed that the Rising would fall on its own and that the rebels would be unable to maintain their morale. Sarah Tighe, in particular, found comfort in something she recalled Wesley saying:

> The Irish are . . . "of all nations the most fickle." Unless he be mistaken, we shall have a speedy change, and perhaps they may dislike the French soon as much as they wish for them now. After their having so often failed to give them their desire:—the restoration of forfeited lands etc. etc. etc. Perhaps they may think it prudent to become industrious and leave off Whiskey. I think it possible that the United business may bring them into good habits, for they carefully avoid getting drunk, lest they should betray secrets.[29]

The flippant bigotry of these remarks aside, they reveal a great deal about the underlying anxieties and conditions of an Anglo-Irish landowning family at that historical moment. Despite her leveling Methodist idealism, Sarah still regarded her tenants and the majority of the people of Ireland as stereotypical, stage Irish—drunken and indolent. Indeed, as the storm gathered closer to home, her depiction of the locals became both more detailed and more sinister.

During the "trouble" in June, Henry Tighe took his place with the soldiers in the Wicklow Mountains. Adding to his family's fears was their inability, amid tales from throughout the country of massacres of Protestants, to get reports on his well-being. After having fled for safety to Dublin, Sarah wrote on 4 June 1798 that, for all they knew, Henry might at present be "encompassed by . . . pikes."[30] By June 16, Sarah was able to report that she and Mary had "had the inexpressible happiness of seeing our beloved Harry and enjoying his company for two whole days."[31] His duties were arduous and extremely dangerous. Sometimes, he was one of only seven cavalrymen called to disperse a gathering of as many as 150 rebels. On one occasion, his mother reported, Henry heroically led his corps of fifteen volunteers "through half a mile of the Pikemen and back again which he affected with only the loss of a few men. He distinguished himself very much, got great applause, and [was] pointed out as a person of great bravery."[32] Mary's "Verses written when a detachment of Yeomen were sent against the rebel army," penned on 13 July 1798, begins "Oh! my gallant dear defenders,/Beloved Yeomen! Erin's pride!"

By August, overwhelmed by reports of burnings, robbery, and massacres of Protestants, the Tighe family decided to leave Dublin. Henry's brother William and his family returned to their estate at Woodstock near Inistioge in the south of Ireland; Sarah went to stay at Rossana; and Mary and Henry, with her mother, left for England. Henry had been injured and was no longer able to ride, ending his military career. While the war was essentially over for Mary and Henry, the worst was yet to come for the rest of their family.

The couple found safe haven in London, but the Tighes who remained in Ireland were facing increasing social disorder and danger. On 25 September, a small band of about twenty-five rebels sought out two local yeoman who had led a recent attack on suspected rebels. When the group could not find them, they decided, instead, to turn on Rossana in search of more arms. Sarah described the events:

> Fear has again banished us from Rossana, notwithstanding our guard of our fortifications, our twenty-five men in arms and our able generals, we thought it advisable to fly. The storm they said was gathering at Glenealy [the nearest town]. A numerous party of Rebels . . . met there on

> Wednesday night. . . . Conceive our distress when we heard an exchange of shots! At that time, we had not even shutters nor was the door locked, though a sledge was used to open it. The party might easily have walked into the drawing-room where Messrs Blackford, Kelly, Eccles and Jones were sitting after supper, and have murdered them all. The good Providence of God protected us, and no one was wounded but the man who attempted to break into the house.[33]

Having been thwarted when the first invader was shot, the rebels reconvened the following night to attack William Tighe's Ballyknockan estate. There, they kidnapped and murdered three yeoman, Thomas, Joseph, and James Bryan, in an attack that was originally believed to have been strictly sectarian. According to Sarah, "The next day, we heard of three Protestants of the name of Bryan, being cruelly and treacherously murdered near the cottage. The plan laid by one who owed his life to them. They had secreted him in their house fourteen weeks. They piked the sister of these men when she clung around her brother!"[34] Though the Rising would soon be put down, sectarian violence brought Sarah to fear that not "a house or Protestant will be left in the country."[35] These disturbing sectarian events became the source for one of Mary Tighe's most haunting and political poems—"Bryan Byrne."

Mary continued to contend with periodic illness and a persistent cough. In the years immediately following the Rising, her health became a constant concern, and she increasingly sought refuge in writing. By 1802, her mother observed with some satisfaction that Mary had given up many of her social activities. Mary lamented the constraints on her life: "if you have existed like me in the continual state of longing for forbidden wine and water or small beer you will feel the acquisition of a lively drink quite a treasure."[36] Still, the Tighes remained avid hosts, often entertaining small groups that included Thomas Moore breaking out into song.

By 1801, Mary Tighe had begun an ambitious poetic project that would establish her literary reputation and gain her a measure of celebrity—a six-canto epic, *Psyche; or, the Legend of Love*.[37] *Psyche* is based upon a story from Apuleius's *Metamorphoses* (*The Golden Ass*), a tale that deals with subjects and characters that were taboo for a woman writer and reader of the early nineteenth century: witchcraft and corrupt clerics;

murder; ghosts; amorous women and cuckolded husbands; and, most extraordinarily, promiscuous and often perverse sexual practices. Unsurprisingly, she attempted to distance herself from her source material, maintaining that her Psyche "differs so entirely from that of Apuleius" that the public might not recognize it. Theodosia interpreted her daughter's epic as a Christian allegory.[38] In fact, there was a long tradition of attempting to Christianize the Cupid and Psyche myth, dating back at least to Origen's *Commentary on the Song of Songs*.[39] Almost certainly the conflict between the "sensual lusts of the flesh" and the spiritual life initially attracted Tighe to the myth as a possible subject for her epic.[40] Reading Tighe's complex epic purely in terms of the Christian tradition is reductive, but no doubt Theodosia's interpretation made Tighe's project appealing to her devout family circle.

The date on the "Preface" is "Jan. 1802," when she completed her first full draft; in March 1804, she presented a fair copy manuscript to Eleanor Butler and Sarah Ponsonby (the "Ladies of Llangollen"). Although the poem circulated in manuscript and she was urged to commit her epic to the press, she feared critics. Tighe's ambivalence toward publication is clear throughout her letters to Joseph Cooper Walker. She was frightened but also proud of her poem and joked with Walker about her "maternal vanity."[41] She sought reassurance from him that her failure to copyright *Psyche* would not result in unauthorized publication, and in one of her last letters to him, she worried about a rumor that *Psyche* was being advertised in London.

Tighe revised the March 1804 fair copy manuscript considerably, and the following year, she had *Psyche; or, the Legend of Love* privately printed in London by C. Whittingham for James Carpenter. One of her most remarkable alterations was the excision of what had previously been the third stanza in Canto V:

> 'Tis better still to weave such simple rhymes
> And thus the hours of indolence beguile,
> Than magnify my bleeding country's crimes
> Or torture truth to win a party smile,
> Tho' future ages might applaud the toil
> And credulous record th' historian's name—
> For patriot Virtue still shall weep the while,

And blush indignant thus expos'd to shame,
Oh! may the pious Muse such laurels never claim!

Ironically, this passage, which argues for keeping politics and social critique out of poetry, is itself a strong poetic statement of Tighe's own political stance. While she felt comfortable sharing it privately, it is not surprising that she excised it when preparing her epic for a wider audience. She continued to revise even in proof. Tighe confided to Walker, "In the course of two months I have had just four sheets!—I find correcting the press very sick'ning & quite endless, for as often as I get a revise . . . I still see something to alter. I will not say I amend it, but it goes back cover'd with scratches—Mr Carpenter threatens me with ruin, but I cannot help it."[42] We have chosen as our copy text the privately printed first edition of 1805 because Tighe made so many substantive changes that are, in our judgment, significant improvements.[43]

At first, Tighe contemplated adding a collection of shorter poems to the volume. But she changed her mind. As she explained to Walker,

> I have myself been on the very verge of a most frightful precipice & had almost been persuaded to expose to the mercy of the reviewers, Edinburgh butchers & all, my poor little Psyche & a volume of smaller poems which I was advis'd to add, as I thought, to serve like the straw appendages of a kite, that she might not fall to the ground by her own weight—however after a few nights agitation I found that I have not nerves for it, let my stock of self conceit be as great as it may, so I am very obstinate to the partial solicitations of those who I am sure are chiefly anxious to provide me with what they think would prove amusement—but it is too serious a business for that—I have however resolv'd upon prints of a few copies of Psyche only, which I confess I have great pleasure already in distributing in idea.[44]

Psyche; or, the Legend of Love was published by 16 July 1805, when she inscribed a copy to William Hayley.[45] Tighe gave copies of this first edition to family members as well as to friends such as Walker, Lady Dacre, James Barry, and Henry Moore. Although her name was not printed on the title page, the book was not, strictly speaking, anonymous, for she inscribed and signed most volumes.[46] Although only fifty copies were printed, the work circulated widely, in handwritten copies

as well as printed books.[47] It was an immediate success. In the *British Bibliographer,* Joseph Haslewood praised "the elegant and fascinating numbers of Mrs. Henry Tighe":

> As a narrative poem this forms a pleasing and interesting performance. The legitimate stanza of Spenser is a difficult, and hazardous attempt, and the slavish recurrence of the rhime too frequently baffles all the powers of genius. . . . Such slight blemishes, as are immediately discoverable, will weigh little with the lover of the Muse, while enjoying the more general beauties, flowing from a brilliant imagination. Let it be hoped that this introduction to extended notice will assist in surmounting the causeless timidity of the writer, and that the fear of periodical critics will no longer keep from the public this pleasing production.[48]

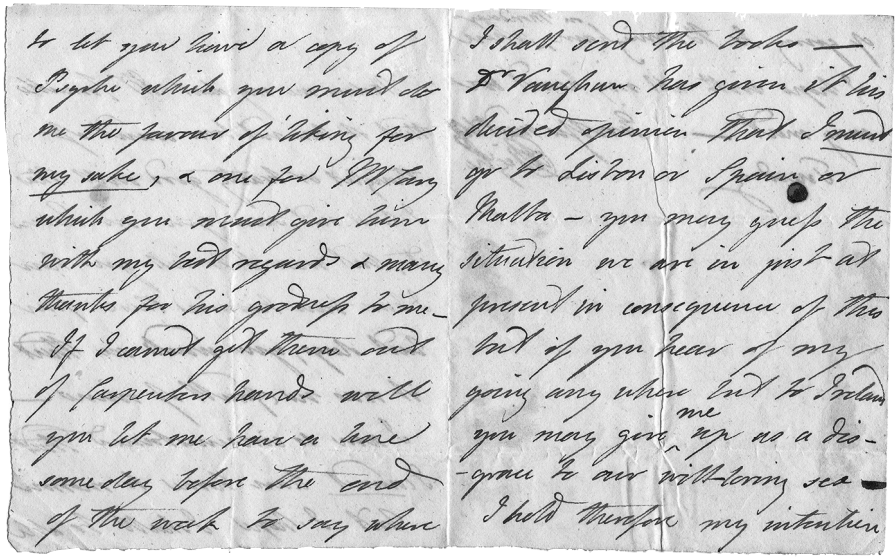
Mary Tighe never sought literary fame and, in fact, resented some of its aspects. For example, she confided in her reading journal for 15 September 1806, "Certainly one of the miseries of authorship is the necessity of receiving the detestable performances which every stupid writer thinks it is honoring you to communicate—This vile nonsense ["The Chaplet of Fame" by H. Byrne] was sent to the Author of Psyche with a demand of a guinea subscription to works which I devoutly pray may never be publish'd."[49]

At the same time she was composing *Psyche,* Tighe worked on what eventually became a five-volume novel of fashionable life entitled *Selena*. She completed the novel but never published it. The only known fair copy manuscript, not in the author's hand, is at the National Library of Ireland in Dublin. Its 2,451 pages are bound in five volumes and include, embedded in various fictional scenes, eleven poems, all but three untitled.[50] The novel was not published until 2012—more than two centuries after Tighe's death.[51] Caroline Hamilton said that Tighe would read "out the beginning and lea[ve] us to guess how she meant to conclude it. Unlike Miss Edgeworth, who, I remember, told me that she generally finished the entire rough sketch of her story before she filled it up."[52] Theodosia remembered that both *Selena* and *Psyche* were "begun in 1801 & were both, composed, written & copied out fair sometime before the end of 1803."[53] However, leaves in the fair copy of *Selena* have much later watermarks. Those in volume four bear an 1809

watermark, and 1807, 1808, and 1810 watermarks can be found on paper in volume five. Averill Buchanan notes that the first page of volume three bears the date "Feb 6 1811."[54] In 1808, Mary Tighe offered to lend a copy to Walker if he and his sister had the "patience & so much partial indulgence" to read "thro 5 vol. of MS."[55] Thus, the manuscript of *Selena,* now in the National Library of Ireland, is certainly a second fair copy. The whereabouts of the earlier fair copy are currently unknown. A footnote accompanying "The Picture Written for Angela" ("Yes, these are the features already imprest") in *Psyche, with Other Poems* (1811) asserts: "This, with some other poems, belong to a novel written by Mrs. H. Tighe, . . . is now in the possession of the editor."[56] Three of the *Selena* poems were written for Angela, and Angela figures prominently in three additional poems in "Verses Transcribed for H. T.," raising the intriguing question of whether Angela was purely a fictional character or whether she might have been based on a real person in Tighe's life.[57]

On 27 January 1804, when Mary and Henry returned to Dublin after spending most of 1803 at Rossana, she was once more suffering from a serious cough. While her contemporaries later spoke of her illness as "consumption" (tuberculosis), her symptoms seem more consistent with congestive heart failure.[58] The couple spent much of 1805 in London, where Mary's physician, Dr. Henry Vaughan, advised her to seek out a warmer climate. She told a correspondent, "Dr Vaughan has given it his decided opinion that I must go to Lisbon or Spain or Malta—you may guess the situation we are in just at present in consequence of this but if you hear of my going any where but to Ireland you may give me up as a disgrace to our will-loving sex—."[59] Tighe had long feared sea voyages and, overruling all objections, returned to Ireland.

For the next four years, the Tighes lived mainly at their Dominick Street, Dublin, residence, periodically traveling to Rossana or Woodstock or paying short visits to family and close friends. In Dublin, she saw Lady Charlemont, William Parnell, Lady Asgill, Sir Arthur Wellesley, Thomas Moore, and others.[60] After the publication of *Psyche; or, the Legend of Love,* Tighe's literary fame spread, but her health continued to suffer. Many days she was not well enough for visitors; even so, she read voraciously.



Letter by Mary Tighe to Mrs. Corneille. Undated but written circa October 1805 from London, when Mary Tighe was consulting Dr. Henry Vaughan (private collection)

Her health did not diminish her discernment, and her reading journal from this period is a treasure trove of literary opinion, documenting her wide-ranging artistic and intellectual interests.[61] Tighe regularly read the *Edinburgh Review* with much care, as well as many works in the original Italian and French. She devoted a full ten pages to Madame de Stael's *De l'influence des passions,* noting, "I am constrained to think that either my perceptive powers are very dull or that much of this extraordinary book is very obscure—it is odd enough but tho' nothing can be more opposite than the opinions of the two authors yet her method of argument perpetually reminded me of Mary Wollstonecraft—There is in both a love of singularity & of energy which makes them forever utter strange & wild absurdities." She was astonished to find herself "so much interested in" Madame de La Fayette's *La princesse de Clèves,* declaring it "extremely amusing & written with an infinite deal of feeling." She said of Madame de Staël's *Corrine; ou, l'Italie*: "There is a vast deal of eloquence & strength of colouring in the style but the feelings are I think

distorted often by a kind of wild exaggeration which has infinitely less pathos than the simplicity of real nature."

She devoured fiction, including all four volumes of Amelia Opie's *Simple Tales,* singling out "The Soldier's Return" as her favorite. Pathos, she thought, was Opie's forte, but noted, "I cannot understand why a person who has the secret of drawing tears does not always write better, that is more to the heart. . . . I think however very highly of her talents." Of Hannah More's *Coelebs in Search of a Wife,* she observed, "I never could have believ'd that this stupid novel badly written & badly design'd, full of bad taste, bad religion & bad English was indeed H. More's had I not known from unquestionable authority that she acknowledges it." Tighe declared Colley Cibber's *She Would and She Would Not* "A bustling comedy of the old school without much interest."

Of her compatriot Sydney Owenson's *St. Clair,* she noted that the author herself had spoken of it as "My ridiculous little novel" and pronounced it a "curious production, full of pedantic affectation, absurd principles, forc'd allusion & fake sentiments & bad poetry—and yet here & there a trait of true feeling a picturesque description and a happy quotation pleas'd & almost astonish'd me." Even so, many of Owenson's novels appear in Tighe's journal. She read, as well, the works of other contemporary Irish authors—Charles Robert Maturin, Thomas Moore, and Maria Edgeworth, whose books for children (*The Parent's Assistant* and *Early Lessons*) she judged "Extremely clever, instructive & amusing."

She enjoyed Elizabeth Hamilton's *Cottagers of Glenburnie,* which she pronounced "Very clever & written in a strain of sweet piety & the best sentiments of morality," and read Charlotte Smith's novel *The Solitary Wanderer.* Of George Ellis's *Specimens of the Early English Poets* she observed, "many of the romances here given are so extremely fanciful & pleasing that I long to versify them as Dryden did the tales of Chauser, but I fear after all my pains I should not be able to render them so amusing as Mr. Ellis has done in his plain dry manner of narrative which perpetually reminds me of the style of Voltaire." She thought little of Matilda Betham's *Poems*—"One or two poetical ideas but in general poor & insipid"—but saw promise in Felicia Hemans's first book: "Very wonderful considering them as they are the works of a beautiful

child." She also read works in manuscript, including poems by Miss Steel, about which she declared, "I was quite charm'd by the tender spirit & melancholy grace of these unlabor'd uncorrected verses[.] They breathe genius taste & feeling, & inspire one with the utmost compassion for the interesting *Somebody* whose printed poems are inferior to these."

Tighe read deeply in Irish history, politics, and literature; biographies, memoirs, and letters were a staple of her literary diet. She dismissed Charles Wilson's *Tales, Translated from the Irish* as "A very poor performance indeed" but enjoyed all three volumes of Benjamin Franklin's *Life and Works,* remarking that the "portion of his life written by himself is so engaging & instructive that we must much regret the want of its conclusion by the same masterly hand." She said of Lawrence Sterne's *Letters,* "Mid much trash of affectation & cant of sentiment & sensibility without genuine feeling there was now & then a pretty sentence which strikes the heart." She read all three volumes of Anne Grant's *Letters from the Mountains* and was "highly delighted by the simplicity of genius & goodness of heart which breathes thro' these original & domestic 'annals of the obscure.'" She found in them "much sound sense, beautiful descriptions of beautiful scenery & some pictures of highland life which must charm I should think the coldest critic" but complained, "There is also at times a little coarseness that smells of vulgarity." She thought Grant's *Memoirs of an American Lady* much inferior. She said of Mary Wollstonecraft's *A Short Residence in Sweden, Norway, and Denmark,* "The descriptions are beautiful, lakes juniper woods, heaths and the boldest rocks form poetical imagery—her sentiments are [those of] a wounded heart that knows all the bitterness of sensibility but her philosophy is miserable." Of Anna Letitia Barbauld's six-volume edition, *The Correspondence of Samuel Richardson,* containing a biographical account, she observed, "I had seen the introductory part by Mrs Barbauld much taken to pieces long ago, yet I cannot help thinking it well written & containing just criticism—much of the correspondence is tiresome & insipid to a degree—yet one likes to get familiar with such an amiable mind as Richardson." She was delighted by the *Discourses* of Sir Joshua Reynolds and some of Hume's *Essays.* She read Disraeli's *Curiosities of Literature* and some of Hannah More's *Cheap Repository Tracts,* finding many of them "abound[ing] with real humour & just sentiments." Even

as illness consumed her, she continued her voracious reading, including what she described as "a very bitter satire . . . said to be written by Ld. Byron,"—*English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*.

Despite failing health, Tighe not only read but continued writing and revising her poetry. Beginning sometime after 1803 and continuing until at least June 1808, she collected as many of her shorter poems as she could locate and, using her best penmanship, along with considerable calligraphic and drawing skills, copied her verse into two identical notebooks.[62] She entitled the illustrated volumes, designed as a gift to her husband, "Verses Transcribed for H. T." Most of these poems remained unpublished during her lifetime, and an editor, mostly likely Henry Tighe, altered those that appeared posthumously in *Psyche, with Other Poems* (1811).[63] Thus, "Verses Transcribed for H. T." contains the most authoritative texts for most of Tighe's shorter poems. She carefully chose their arrangement; for example, she grouped all of her sonnets together, and she did not use strict chronology. Some of her extant poems are absent, but these omissions may have been a result of her not having them immediately at hand. She likely did not keep copies of juvenilia, short poems sent in letters, occasional poems written as family amusements, and poems written in volumes given to others or penned in albums or journals. Poems composed very late in her life are also not included.

Tighe copied 113 poems into two notebooks luxuriously bound in crushed red half-calf over green and black printed paper boards with pink endpapers, gilt-edged leaves, and fine, heavy, cream-colored paper.[64] The paper was particularly important because at the end of many of the poems, she drew an illustration in pen and ink, either ink wash or watercolor. The first volume includes fifty-one delicately drawn illustrations, of which twenty are colored, and the second volume includes twenty-one drawings, of which five are colored.[65]

These illustrations are often not merely decorative but add details or provide commentary on the poetic text. For example, the illustration for the sonnet beginning "Yes we must part—the cruel struggle o'er" includes the letters "ANGE" written on a hillside stone overgrown with vegetation, perhaps obscuring other letters; the reference may be to Angela, a character in several poems, or it may simply be the French for

"angel." Neither is mentioned in the text of the poem. "Written at Rossana Nov^{r} 18. 1799" has an image of a geranium flower and leaves, styled much like a Curtis botanical specimen, labeled on a scroll with the scientific name "Geranium Robertianum." "Poor, fond deluded heart!" has a passage from Ovid written on a tombstone. "Verses Written at the commencement of Spring" shows a goblet- or urn-shaped object with the initials "WS" written on its side. "Forget me not!" includes, with a particularly lovely depiction of blue and yellow flowers, its scientific name on a scroll, the date and place of composition, and the German for "forget me not": "Vergiss mich nicht."[66]

The poems within "Verses Transcribed for H. T." show that Tighe was not only composing original verse but was reading and translating works from the Italian, French, and Latin. The works demonstrate a tremendous variety of form, subject matter, mood, and theme. Among them are a poem to accompany an air by Mozart; a sonnet bidding farewell to London; an acrostic; and a remembrance of the poet William Cowper and his wife, Mary. There are songs about new love, first love, unrequited love; a song to her harp; ballads; and a long poem filled with Irish mythology imaginatively bringing to life the ancestors of one of her neighbors. Tighe includes a dirge for a beloved greyhound; verses written for a friend's almanac; a playful riddle; a poem for the Ladies of Llangollen and another to the pioneering sonneteer, William Lisles Bowles; and a poem to Shakespeare's Oberon. She writes for different audiences: there are a children's devotional poem written for her nephew's son, a sophisticated political satire, a poem thanking her physician for the gift of a copy of Horace's works, and stanzas describing the Hotwells of Bristol. She translates a sonnet by Madame de la Vallière; an elegy attributed to Sulpicia; an eclogue from Évariste de Parny; part of Virgil's *Aeneid*; poems from Catullus; sonnets by Petrarch; a poem by the eighteenth-century Swiss poet, bookseller, and landscape painter Solomon Gessner; a poem by the eighteenth-century French poet and fiction writer Jean-Pierre Claris de Florian; and poems by Metastasio and Monti. Some of these "imitations," such as "The Dove," inspired by Anacreon's Ode 15, are not strict translations. In the case of "The Dove," she reimagines the original from the perspective of a woman poet. As this partial listing suggests, these translations demonstrate the breadth

of Tighe's reading and show how extraordinarily well versed she was in European poetic traditions.

In her last years, Tighe was in constant pain, often treated with opiates. Her breathing became so labored that she had difficulty sleeping. She was confined for months at a time to her couch, unable to lie down. Toward the end, she lost the use of her legs and spent her time exclusively in one room. On 13 June 1809, as her illness grew more serious, she traveled with her mother to William Tighe's home, Woodstock, in the south of Ireland.[67] There she grew so frail that she limited her visitors to her mother, brother John, husband, and nurse Caroline Turpin. William Tighe and his family were away in London. In her final months at Woodstock, she was only able to get out into the gardens that she loved a few times in a carriage. Her last poem, "On receiving a branch of Mezeriom which flowered at Woodstock," written in December 1809, was an exploration of longing, a contemplation of impending death, and a celebration of the beauty of the natural world. It concludes with a poignant request:

> Oh! do not quite your friend forget,
> Forget alone her faults,
> And speak of her with fond regret
> Who asks your lingering thoughts. (45–48)

Around this time, Mary wrote a brief, affectionate note to Henry: "Generous, dearest love! . . . my beloved! my last hours have been comforted by your tenderness and only embittered by the grief that I have not been to you such as you deserved—Oh! take care of yourself and do not let a mistaken generosity lead you to hurt yourself for ever in Society. Adieu, but not for ever, we shall meet above."[68] Finally, in her weakened state, she contracted a fatal cold. Caroline Hamilton records that "shortly before her death, she turned to her brother and husband, who were both by her bed side and reminded them of the horror she had always felt at the thought of death, but with a most animated countenance she said that her terrors were now entirely removed."[69] After years of suffering, Mary Tighe died on 24 March 1810 at the age of thirty-seven and was buried in the churchyard in the nearby village of Inistioge. An effigy sculpted by John Flaxman lies over her grave,

and a brief poem by William Tighe graces a plaque on the wall of the mausoleum.[70]

Sadly, Henry Tighe did not prosper after her death. Nearly two decades later, on 12 June 1827, a representative of the estate of John Flaxman wrote to him, explaining that, aside from the £45 down payment, he had never made any further payment and still owed more than £65 for Mary's memorial. To this letter, Henry mournfully replied that "soon after I made the last payment to Mr. Flaxman, I lost the whole of my property . . . I have since been subsisting on an annuity supplied by my relations." Although he promised to forward within six months a payment of at least half of what he owed, a letter from the Flaxman estate in 1833 reveals that he did not.[71]

On 10 May 1811, just over a year after the poet's death, her family edited and published in a trade edition with Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, and Brown *Psyche, with Other Poems.*[72] This volume included the full text of *Psyche; or, the Legend of Love,* along with twenty-one sonnets and eighteen additional poems. It came out first in a quarto edition of five hundred copies, and then two thousand more copies were produced, also in 1811, with the type reset in a more affordable octavo format, which the editor labeled "the third edition."[73] The frontispiece was a portrait of the poet engraved by Caroline Watson.[74] The following year, a fourth edition of two thousand copies came out, and in 1816 a further edition of one thousand copies was published. In all, it sold more than 5,500 copies in England in the space of five years.[75] That is to say, it was a literary best seller. It was also reprinted in Philadelphia and in Edinburgh in 1812.[76] The *Annual Register,* surveying the best poetry published in 1811, chose to reprint some stanzas from *Psyche* along with the short lyric "The Lily."

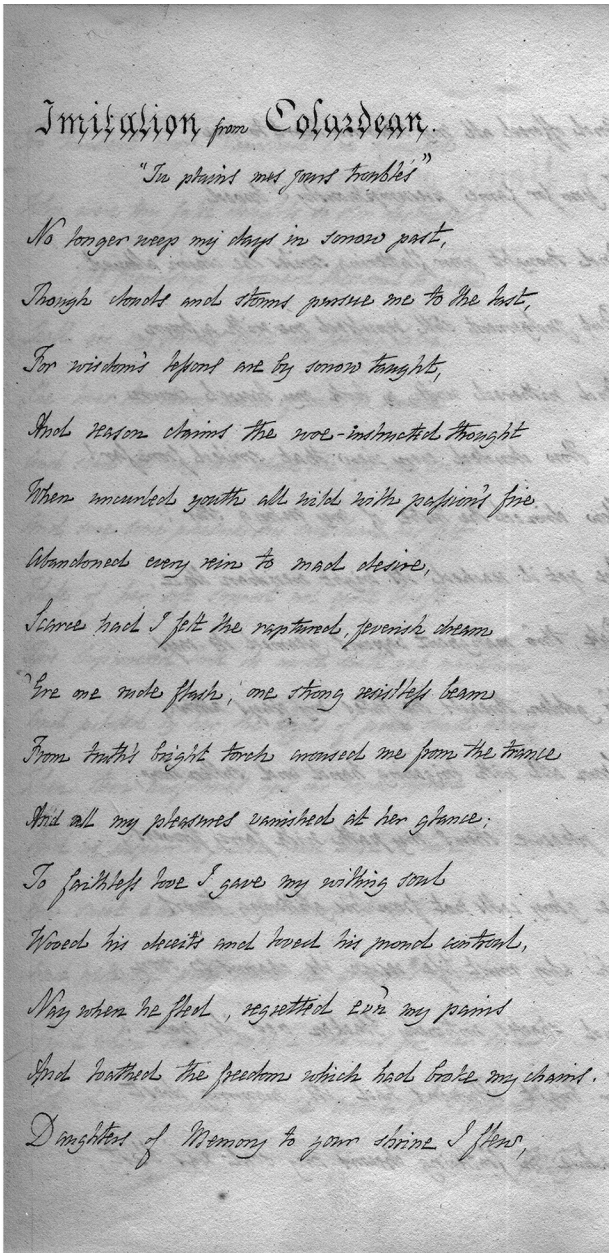
The book was widely reviewed and praised by the most important periodicals, but the title poem was already well known. According to the *British Critic,* "The elegant poem of Psyche was so long circulated in one or two private editions, that to descant upon it as a new performance would be to repeat only what the majority of our readers already know; and to accumulate superfluous praise, where abundance has been already bestowed." Reginald Heber, writing for the *Quarterly*

Review, the periodical that would later publish a harsh assessment of Keats's *Endymion,* found Tighe reminiscent of Ariosto and remarked that *Psyche* possessed "a pleasing repose of style and manner, a fine purity and innocence of feeling, and a delightful ease of versification." In addition he thought that "Her strains are sounding and numerous, without constraint or excessive complication; nor would it be difficult to extract from the poem many passages as flowing and as musical as the finest in the Fairy Queen or [James Thomson's] the Castle of Indolence." The *Gentleman's Magazine* took issue with Tighe's claim in the preface to possessing "deficiency of genius." Not only was this untrue, the reviewer remarked, but the work displayed "a fancy seldom excelled. . . . the memory of this regretted lady will long be celebrated by the admirers of genuine poetry"; *Psyche* renders "as near as possible what Spenser would have written had he lived at present." The *Eclectic Review* preferred Tighe to La Fontaine and Apuleius and believed her poetry "scarcely inferior" to what it deemed the "pre-eminently distinguished" poets Ariosto, Tasso, and Spenser. The *Critical Review* lamented Tighe's allegorical form but lauded her "delicate, simple and unaffected" style, adding, "She seldom thrills, surprises, or deeply engages her reader, but often casts him into a voluptuous and soothing trance," with some of Tighe's description rivaling "the beautiful vignettes of Ovid in his Metamorphoses." Francis Hodgson, writing for the *Monthly Review,* observed that "for elegance of design and accuracy of execution," *Psyche* "much exceeds any poetical composition of the present day" and called it a "rare example . . . of united taste and genius," "a work which is calculated to endure the judgment of posterity." The *British Review and London Critical Journal* devoted twenty-one pages to *Psyche,* finding its spell "potent and its fascination irresistible," its poetry "not only elevated and refined, but pure and correct; chastened by good sense, and directed by a constant reference to the realities of life." It praised Tighe's "descriptive talents, which are of the higher order," and observed that the figure of Psyche "has always been represented as beautiful, but never before had much character. She has always claimed our compassion as a sufferer, but never before our love and admiration as a bright pattern of all that is attractive and engaging in the female character." Commending

its "many passages of exquisite feeling" and its "genuine pathos," it observed that *Psyche* has more "the easy, equable, and majestic flow of one of our southern rivers, than the bold, broken, and vehement stream of a northern torrent; and consequently its effect is rather gradual than instantaneous, it does not command, but wins our admiration. . . . It has a natural elegance, a sustained dignity, and occasionally an uncommon degree of richness."[77] Sir James Mackintosh called the last three cantos exquisitely beautiful and "beyond all doubt the most faultless series of verses ever produced by a woman."[78] In 1826, Richard Ryan observed, "Her beautiful poem of Psyche will be remembered as long as elegance and classical taste can excite admiration, nor will her minor poems be soon forgotten."[79] Even Leigh Hunt gave the poem grudging praise.[80] John Keats was sixteen when he must first have encountered Tighe's luxuriously sensuous poetry. "To Some Ladies," a poem in his 1817 volume, mentions Tighe by name. Although he later disavowed her, her influence in conception and style, even on his most mature poetry, has long been well documented.[81]

Tighe's admiring public wanted more. Robert Pearse Gillies was not alone when, in 1812, after reading *Psyche; or, the Legend of Love,* he exclaimed, "Pure and elevated spirit! Thy 'dreams' have not all died with thee! But we wish for more. Why are the other writings of Mrs. Tighe suppressed? Why are there no accompanying memoir,—no letters,—no records of real life given with the poetry? Or is all this still in contemplation?"[82] The poet's family never published a biography, her journal, or her letters. With the exception of a few short lyrics printed here and there over the years in periodicals, the various other writings of Mary Tighe, both prose and poetry, would remain unavailable to the public throughout the nineteenth and twentieth centuries.

Later in 1811, Theodosia compiled a privately printed collection titled *Mary, a Series of Reflections during Twenty Years,* which contained additional short poems and brief commentary about Tighe's life. The poems for both volumes printed in 1811 were selected with the intention of carefully shaping Tighe's public image.[83] In *Psyche, with Other Poems,* the author is shown as a philosophical, reflective woman; in *Mary,* she is highly spiritual. In both cases, the editors chose not to publish a substantial portion of Tighe's poetry.[84]


Imitation from Colardeau.

"In plaints mes jours troublés"

No longer weep my days in sorrow past,
Though clouds and storms pursue me to the last,
For wisdom's beyond me by sorrow taught,
And reason claims the woe-instructed thought
When encumbered youth all veiled with passion's fire
Abandoned every rein to mad desire,
Scarce had I felt the raptured, feverish dream
Ere one rude flash, one strong reviewless beam
From truth's bright torch aroused me from the trance
And all my pleasures vanished at her glance;
To faithless love I gave my willing tomb
Wooed his deceits and loved his fiend content,
May others he fled, regretted ere my pained
And loathed the freedom which had broke my chains.
Daughter of Memory to your shrine I flew,

Page from Hannah Tighe's Album, 1818. First page of Caroline Hamilton's transcription of Mary Tighe's "Imitation from Colardeau" (private collection)

Mary prints, in an unusually small font, seventeen of Tighe's poems not included in *Psyche, with Other Poems*.[85] Only two copies are known to survive—one in the Houghton Library at Harvard University and another at the National Library of Ireland.[86] The volume at the Houghton Library includes thirteen additional poems written out by hand and previously published in *Psyche, with Other Poems*.[87] *Mary* was assembled for a small circle of friends as a remembrance of and tribute to the poet, and its mood is distinctly elegiac. An inscription by Theodosia on the recto of the front flyleaf observes, "The M.S. lines I wish'd to have printed with those which are printed here, and some others (omitting the dream) as a kind of mental history of the author, to give away to her friends and mine, but as that design was prevented, I have only had a very few copies of this selection printed *privately* by a friend to be given only to her most partial & serious friends." Also in this same hand, written on the inside of the front cover, is the inscription, "Not to be given away nor lent, nor shown to any person uninterested in the subject." She observes, "Many of these Reflections were written in very early youth, and may be inaccurate; but are not the less valuable to those for whom *alone* this Selection is intended."[88] The copy of *Mary* at the Houghton Library was owned by Caroline Turpin, the nurse who attended Mary Tighe during her last illness.[89]

Inserted at the end of the Houghton Library copy are several handwritten items signed "C.W."—a prose explication entitled "An attempt at an intimation of the allegory of Psyche," a poetic fragment, "Wrote on reading Psyche. 1806," and a poem beginning "Ah Psyche thou art fled."[90] Also printed at the end of the volume is the poem "The Mystery of Life," by the Moravian hymn writer Bishop John Gambold (1711–1771), who John Wesley called one of the most "sensible" men in England.[91] The editor added it "because it was a favourite one with the Author of the foregoing reflections, and probably alluded to in one of the last sentences she ever spoke:—*What is Life*?" A prose piece is included entitled "Remarkable Dream," a first-person account of a religious dream Mary Tighe had on 31 January 1780, when she was seven years and three months old.[92] The identity of the volume's editor is not given, but the religious bent of the selections and commentary, as well as the detailed knowledge of a dream from the poet's early childhood, suggests that it was likely her mother.

Throughout the nineteenth century, one of Tighe's most frequently reprinted poems was her last, published in *Psyche, with Other Poems* under the title "On Receiving a Branch of Mezereon which Flowered at Woodstock, December 1809."[93] The *Quarterly Review* observed, "How much of the interest, which it seems calculated to excite, must be ascribed to the circumstances amidst which it was composed, we are not able, and not very willing, to determine; but, most assuredly, the reader to whose bosom it conveys no emotion, is incompetent to feel the true charm of poetry."[94] Indeed, Tighe's illness and suffering during the composition of her final poem commanded the same kind of interest as did Felicia Hemans's "Sabbath Sonnet," composed several decades later. The alluring story of a brilliant poet, dying young of "consumption," was a powerful constituent of Tighe's posthumous reputation, as it was later for Keats, to whom Tighe was often compared. In fact, for most of the twentieth century, Tighe's art was seen chiefly in relation to his work. Earle Vonard Weller argued convincingly that *Psyche; or, the Legend of Love* was the "spark that fired the train of Keats's poetic tendencies" and "forms the natural foundation for any study of the genius of Keats, because it shaped his poetic composition; it enriched his vocabulary and furnished him with the material from which he fashioned his greatest verse."[95] But Tighe can be productively read not only in relation to Keats but to Wordsworth and to Spenser and, in fact, to the political context that shaped some of her most important poetry. She shared with the canonical Romantic-era writers a fascination with nature and with place.

Tighe and Keats had more profound commonalities than have so far been recognized. They demonstrate particular virtuosity in their command of difficult and diverse poetic forms. For example, Tighe's exquisite sonnet, "Written in Autumn" demonstrates a particularly complex view of the season that presages Keats's ode "To Autumn." Tighe praises autumn's "solemn stillness," which she feels when listening to the "sounds of [its] reft woods." At the same time, she ends with lines that are peaceful yet strangely disconcerting, for those sounds speak

> Of drear, approaching winter, and the blast
> Which shall e're long their soothing quiet break,
> Here when for faded joys my heaving breast
> Throbs with vain pangs, here will I love to rest. (11–14)

While these lines suggest that Tighe's speaker has made peace with autumn and "approaching winter," the delicate meter begins to come somewhat undone. Line 12 remains iambic pentameter, but the last two lines begin more dramatically with the emphatic trochee so that the anticipated iambic line seems to falter. The final line, with an initial trochee followed by a spondee, echoes the throb the speaker feels before returning to the restful iambs of the last three feet. In that sense, Tighe adds a layer of resistance to what is, otherwise, a poem about acquiescence, just as Keats would later do in "To Autumn."

Unlike Keats, Tighe was deeply concerned with Irish politics, as her works demonstrate and as her early readers recognized.[96] Her contemporary reviewers rarely failed to comment on her nationality. For example, in 1812, the *Critical Review* noted that, "The common observation that letters betray the manners and disposition of the writer, may be extended to poems; and, when it is recollected that traces of his individual or at least national character, are discernable in the works even of Shakespeare . . . it will not appear unreasonable to conclude that Mrs. Tighe's poems are a mirror of herself."[97] This "mirror," the reviewer suggests, is not simply of Tighe the woman but also of Tighe the *Irish*woman. The writer for *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine* declared in 1819 that "Scotland has her Baillie—Ireland her Tighe—and England her Hemans."[98] Sir James Mackintosh wrote of Tighe, "All writers so elegant appear to have less genius than they really have; it is so with Virgil, Racine, and Gray; but I cannot consent to depose Madame de Stael, or even Joanna Baillie, to make room for your Irish queen."[99] Indeed, even Leigh Hunt could not resist writing of *Psyche* that it was "the prettiest 'peep o' day boy' which has appeared in Ireland."[100] Hunt's patronizing remark—a reference to the sectarian violence of the period—is, in its way, an insightful description, because Tighe's work and life were inseparable from the troubles in Ireland. Even though she belonged to the landed gentry, as an Anglo-Irish Methodist, she had strong sympathy for the plight of Irish Catholics. She steeped herself in Irish history and politics, reading frequently about contemporary events, and had a nuanced grasp of the issues driving all sides of the conflict. Paradoxically, she was both conservative and sympathetic to the cause of liberty that stirred France and Ireland at the time. After

reading Helen Maria Williams's *Letters from France,* Tighe wrote that she could "easily forgive the enthusiasm felt for liberty & struggles of an oppress'd people before the disgraceful era of cruelty had commenced."[101] In 1809, she wrote an admiring sonnet to Charles James Fox, despite the Napoleonic-era reaction against him. Of William Parnell's *An Enquiry into the Causes of Popular Discontents in Ireland,* she observed that it was "a very spirited, lively gentlemanlike pamphlet containing truths alas, too just."[102] More importantly, she found his *Historical Apology for the Irish Catholics* "full of very curious anecdotes & written with spirit & temper in favor of a cause which has truth & justice on its side vainly oppos'd to prejudice illiberality & power."[103]

With the exception of Buchanan, recent reconsiderations of Tighe and her work have virtually ignored her Irishness, even though she lived through some of the most eventful years of Irish history. The poet responded in her work to the profound emotional effect that the United Irishmen rising of 1798 had on her family. In 1798, for example, she wrote a poem called "Verses Written when a detachment of Yeomen were sent against the rebel army." Tighe calls the Yeomen "dear defenders" and "Erin's pride"; she offers a prayer for their protection:

> And for you, beloved Yeomen!
> Oh! what tears I shed for you!
> Save them Heaven! from foes inhuman,
> Shield those breasts so firm, so true. (17–20)

Moreover, she terms the rebels a "savage foe," and critiques the Rising.

> In the hour of doubt and terror,
> For myself I felt no fear,
> But I mourned my country's error,
> Shed for her the bitter tear. (13–16)

Tighe wrote a satiric poem, "There was a young Lordling whose wits were all toss'd up," in January 1799 as a response to the debate over the Act of Union. Her pen was highly political, even before the productive and important years that saw the composition of *Psyche; or, the Legend of Love*.

After the Rising, Tighe reconsidered and complicated her immediate reaction in one of her longer compositions, "Bryan Byrne." This harrowing ballad describes the wanton violence of the period, making reference to real people (blending the many deaths surrounding the Tighe estate) and real events, including Henry Tighe's heroic escape from the rebels. In its focus on a man and woman of mixed backgrounds—and the resulting isolation that they suffer—the poem likely mirrors the strange social position in which the Tighes found themselves as religious dissenters—Methodists, who were neither Catholic Irish nor Anglo-Irish Anglicans. More importantly, it demonstrates Tighe's sophisticated understanding of the issues of the day, particularly in her depiction of the impending Union of Ireland and England through the tragic and failed "union" of Bryan and Ellen Byrne and the possibly apocalyptic destiny of their son, the symbolic embodiment of Ireland's frustrated dreams. Indeed, the boy, the "last relic of [their] hope," takes on messianic qualities that reflect Tighe's Methodist background, including John Wesley's fervent belief that the end was nigh.

The poem's title itself is layered with allusion. Tighe drew upon the name of the Bryans, murdered on the family estate, for the first name of her title figure. Indeed, the murder of innocent bystanders likely influenced her story. The Byrnes, whose name Tighe pointedly uses for her central character, were a prominent rebel family in Wicklow.[104] Since their earliest attempts at conquest beyond the Pale, the English had given Tighe's home county of Wicklow the nickname "O'Byrne's County."[105] Even though it is the closest county to the site of traditional English power beyond the Elizabethan Pale, Wicklow was the last part of Ireland to be shired, becoming a county in 1606 after a century of violence.[106]

Tighe begins her poem in an idyllic setting, with hunters and their "cry of joy." Despite its troubled history, by the end of the eighteenth century, Wicklow was idyllic for the gentry, known for its grand houses and great families.[107] For many of these families, the time spent on their country estates was exclusively dedicated to leisure, and one of the most important leisure pursuits in Wicklow was the hunt. By setting the poem in Glenmalure, however, Tighe creates a hint of the era's sectarian violence. Beneath the joy of the hunt are other images, including a massacre described in the important account *The Annals of Ballitore,*

in which the Quaker writer Mary Leadbeater records, "The insurgents had fled on the first alarm, the peaceable inhabitants remained. The trumpet was sounded, and the peaceable inhabitants were delivered up for two hours to the unbridled license of a furious soldiery."[108] Tighe alludes to this history when the hunter's horn startles a child held at its mother's breast.

"'Tis but the hunter's horn my boy,
No death-tongued bugle scares us now."

In vain the widow'd mother smil'd,
And clasp'd her darling to her breast,
Horror and rage o'er all the child
A manly beauty strange imprest. (7–12)

The "horror and rage" that flush the child with a "manly beauty strange" help to give the poem its sense of grim foreboding. Not only is the child harboring profound rage, but it defines his "manhood." The boy's grandfather arrives to explain the circumstances of the child's anger. After the boy saw his father killed, "never more in playful mood/With smiles his infant beauty shone" (59–60). The soldier, with sincere pity but also insulting condescension, remarks that it is sad that the man had to die "some poor deluded rebel youth" (64). The grandfather responds with "sudden warmth" (67) that his son-in-law was not a rebel:

He did not fall in Tara's fight,
No blood of his the Currah stains,
Where many a ghost, that mourns by night,
Of foully broken faith complains. (69–72)

In fact, the poem explains, Bryan Byrne looked on the conflict with "sad dismay" (75). Nonetheless, the grandfather's claim of spectral complaint over "broken faith" reflects the belief that England continually betrayed Ireland, and the reference to the bloodstains of the Curragh serve to underscore this notion. Many Irish believed that the English had acted duplicitously there, slaughtering rebels who were under the impression that they had surrendered.[109]

This section of the poem is, in many ways, its core. Bryan Byrne is no rebel because, as his father-in-law says, he was

. . . wedded to our Ellen's love,
One house was ours, one hope, one soul;
Tho' fierce malignant parties strove,
No party rage could love controul.

Tho' we were sprung from British race,
And his was Erin's early pride,
Yet match'd in every loveliest grace,
No priest could ere their hearts divide. (77–84)

Thus, the Byrne household—the marriage of Ellen and Bryan—suggests the marriage between England (Ellen) and Ireland (Bryan). This union, conceived in a sense of equality before God, for the pair is "match'd in every loveliest grace," is beyond the destructive forces that ravage the land, particularly the religious sectarianism. Additionally, the marriage is Tighe's way of asserting that love is a better policy than the violence of colonial oppression. Though she suggests that the child whom the marriage produces is not evil, the circumstances imposed on him might, indeed, make him dangerous.[110]

Byrne is both ostracized by the Irish and rejected by the Anglo-Irish and English. His father-in-law laments,

What tho' no Yeoman's arms he bore,
'Twas party hate that hope forbad,
What tho' no martial dress he wore,
That dress no braver bosom clad.

And had our gallant Bryan Byrne
Been welcom'd to their loyal band,
Home might I still in joy return
The proudest father in the land. (85–92)

Despite his distinct Irishness, Byrne is entirely neutral. At this point in the poem, his death appears to be one more random casualty of the violence in Ireland.

The soldier's inability to grasp the Irish political situation leads the old man to tell the story of his family and his home in greater detail. He explains the cycle of violence, consciously portraying his family as representative of Ireland's suffering:

"'Twas ours," the sorrowing father cried,
"'Twas ours to mourn the crimes of all
Each night some loyal brother died,
Each morn beheld some victim fall.["] (121–24)

He implies in the final lines that murder begets murder: when a loyalist is killed, a native Irishman must die in response. The old man describes how, in a cruel irony, the slaughter that led to Bryan Byrne's death began as a reaction by loyalists to the murder of his own nephews.

Beneath their very mother's sight,
Three youthful brothers butcher'd lie,
Three loyal yeomen brave in fight,
Butcher'd by savage treachery.
. . . . . .
They were my widow'd sister's joy,
Her hope in age, and dark distress,
And Ellen lov'd each gallant boy,
Even with a sister's tenderness. (137–40, 145–48)

That the old man includes his sister's widowhood in his account is a stark reminder that there are few young men left in Ireland. The old man is alone, no longer young enough to fight. His auditor, the soldier, is a foreigner, if not in fact, then at least in spirit. The tragic events have left dead not only Bryan Byrne but also his cousins, his peers, and so many other young men. In that sort of environment, the old man's tale takes on a mythic quality, and he becomes a bardic figure, safely telling the story of treachery that cannot be avenged. Always in the background, however, is the child, who is full of "manly beauty" brought on by rage.

By the end of the poem, the threat becomes explicit. The old man recounts how, after finding the cousins killed, he and Ellen returned home through scenes of death to find Bryan murdered. As the narrative closes, he refers to the child as "Our orphan darling" and "Sweet child! last relick of our hope / Of love, & injur'd innocence" (242–44). He bids the soldier farewell and cautions,

. . . to thee should power
Commit the fate of life's obscure,
Remember still in fury's hour
The murder'd youths of Glenmalure

And chief, if civil broils return,
  Tho' vengeance urge to waste, destroy,
Ah! pause: think then on Bryan Byrne!
  Poor Ellen, and her orphan boy! (249–56)

These concluding lines are, on one level, a plea for the soldier's sympathy and mercy for others. But sympathy between the soldier and Bryan Byrne's family is not possible; it cannot transcend their cultural differences. Bryan remains, even after his father-in-law explains his innocence, a threatening figure, and the old man, to his great frustration, is aware of this. Because he knows that sympathy is a lost cause, these lines express a threat: if "civil broils return," remember that despite the wholesale slaughter of the men of Ireland, one man (or one who will eventually grow into manhood) remains who is full of a rage to avenge his mother and father.

Clearly, the boy also evokes biblical parallels. At the start of the narrative, he and Ellen Byrne resemble one of Tighe's favorite subjects—Hagar and Ishmael.[111] Both pairs are wandering, abandoned in the waste, and, like Ishmael, who is promised by God to be the father of great races, the young Byrne implicitly could become the patriarch of an angry people. But the boy's fortunate escape from the frenzy draws most of the poem's focus:

Poor Ellen trembled as they rav'd,
  Her pallid cheek forgot its tears;
While, from the hand of fury sav'd
  Her infant darling scarce appears. (173–76)

Similarly, the two great biblical deliverers, Moses and Christ, are narrowly rescued from massacres; the boy's story, in combination with the threat at the end of the poem, gives him a Messianic aura.

Similarly, in *Psyche; or, the Legend of Love* (1805), Tighe draws on her knowledge of the works of Edmund Spenser to create one of her most powerful political statements. Her poetic craftsmanship demonstrates her close reading of Spenser; she adopts Spenserian stanza form but also draws on his mastery of sound to create her sensuous verse. Like Spenser, Tighe came to use alliteration in a manner at once playful and thematically resonant. For example, in Canto I of *Psyche,* she writes:

Unhappy Psyche! soon the latent wound
The fading roses of her cheek confess,
Her eyes bright beams, in swimming sorrows drown'd,
Sparkle no more with life and happiness. (253–56)

She encloses the alliterative *b*s in "bright beams" within the larger pattern of the *s* sounds found in "eyes," "beams," "swimming," and "sorrows," underscoring the feeling of entrapment that Psyche is said to experience. The internal slant rhyme of "soon" and "wound" adds dramatic emphasis. Moreover, the gentle transition from the repeated *b*s to the *s*s and, finally, the repeated *w* sounds in "swimming sorrows drown'd" serves to reflect the "swimming" described in the line.

Beyond her use of Spenserian language and form, Tighe also borrows heavily from *The Faerie Queene* in *Psyche,* perhaps even more than she borrows from Apuleius. Like Spenser, Tighe creates a moral allegory, one that demonstrates the spiritual journey toward purity. The questing Psyche parallels his own questing women. Britomart, like Psyche, loves a "shade, the bodie farre exild." Both Una and Psyche subdue a rampaging lion and luxuriate in lush bowers.[112] One of the most obvious of Tighe's borrowings, however, is the "Blatant Beast," which wounds Cupid as he secretly defends Psyche. Tighe writes that the Beast is "well known of yore." While the Beast has typically been associated with envy and gossip, it is an example of Spenser's indeterminate allegory, suggesting that it may be a mistake to read Tighe's allegory too explicitly. While *Psyche* is undoubtedly about a spiritual journey, the poem is more complicated than that.[113]

Like *The Faerie Queene, Psyche* is a quest poem, and in both poems that quest is, in part, about making a home in Ireland, a place where both poets struggled to belong. As many critics have noted, much of *The Faerie Queene* depicts knights (particularly the recurring Prince Arthur) violently subduing the "wildernesse" in the name of various allegorical representations of Queen Elizabeth I. The poem appears to reflect Spenser's expressed political views, particularly those he advocated in *A View of the Present State of Ireland,* in which, as Julia Reinhard Lupton notes, he calls for "a program of organized famine, massacre, and land transfer, followed by the translation of Irish law and custom into England."[114] Furthermore, Lupton argues, "Artegall executes Irenus'

violent reformation" in book VI, forcibly clearing a space for even the poet eventually to make a home. Tighe explicitly picks up on the underlying theme of exile, but her poem presents a radically different vision of making a home.[115] In *Psyche,* as well as in other works, Tighe posits that love and beauty, not violence, are necessary for reconciling "factions" and creating a home. She writes that Venus "loves the sheltering bowers of home to bless,/Marks with her peaceful hand the favourite spot,/And smiles to see that Love has home his Psyche brought" (VI: 439–441). This message, however, she says is one best understood by the exile.

> Fond youth! whom Fate hath summoned to depart,
> And quit the object of thy tenderest love,
> How oft in absence shall thy pensive heart
> Count the sad hours which must in exile move,
> And still their irksome weariness reprove;
> Distance with cruel weight but loads thy chain
> With every step which bids thee farther rove,
> While thy reverted eye, with fruitless pain,
> Shall seek the trodden path its treasure to regain. (VI: 478–86)

Unlike the person who has "ne'er thy tender woes . . . shared," the exile understands "the bliss which tears of joy convey," that is, feels her "pains compensated." Tighe could identify with this exiled figure personally and politically—in her awkward position as an Anglo-Irishwoman in both the landed gentry and the dissenting Methodist movement. Her life and works demonstrate efforts at personal and political reconciliation and homemaking, a coming in from exile.[116]

Although *Psyche* is generally not read politically, it, too, is informed, in large part, by the Union and the relationship between England and Ireland. Early in the poem, Cytherea, an interesting substitution of an island name for the more-familiar Aphrodite, makes clear that her contest with Psyche is about power. She tells her son,

> With me the world's devotion to contest
> Behold a mortal dares; though on my breast
> Still vainly brilliant shines the magic zone.
> Yet, yet I reign: by you my wrongs redrest,

The world with humbled Psyche soon shall own
That Venus, beauty's queen, shall be ador'd alone.

"Deep let her drink that dark, bitter spring,
Which flows so near thy bright and crystal tide;
Deep let her heart thy sharpest arrow sting,
Its temper'd barb in that black poison dyed.
Let her, for whom contending princes sigh'd,
Feel all the fury of thy fiercest flame. (I: 112–23)

Although the poem becomes largely a domestic drama—the battle between a mother and a young woman for the affections of a son—here, it seems a larger matter. Venus's concern is competition for the "devotion" of "contending princes." She sees in Psyche a political rival, not simply a personal one. As a tyrannical figure, she can brook no rival, and she cannot accept any form of reconciliation short of domination.

During Tighe's time, the marriage plot was frequently an allegory for the Act of Union. Mary Jean Corbett writes that "In the post-Union novels by Maria Edgeworth and Sydney Owenson . . . the marriage plot allegorically suggests the ideological need for altering England's historical relation to Ireland; the heroes . . . must themselves undergo or undertake some transformative work before they can become fit partners for marital/political union."[117] Psyche's journey is a process of purification. In Canto I, Tighe contrasts the image of "All that voluptuous ease could ere supply" with the "Silence and solitude the Muses love" and suggests of the Muses that those "whom they charm they can alone suffice" (437; 505–6). The luxuries initially dazzle and help resound the "hymeneal strain," but the entire course of the poem makes Psyche, who comes from the country of mortals, as well as Cupid, who comes from the country of immortals, more worthy of uniting in marriage. This reading benefits by contrasting the poem to another poem by Tighe about the Union, "There was a young Lordling whose wits were all toss'd up," in which she objects to the corruption in Parliament that led up to the vote for Union:

See Bury & Monk Mason obeying their Lord
With tears in their eyes hobble off at his word

"I want no advice, give your vote, take your pay
Hold your tongues you old fools & get out of my way"—(29–32)

That poem ends, too, with a call for purification in the form of a demand that the "nate little Liffey run thro us with speed" to cleanse both Parliament and Dublin.

"To Lady Asgill, at whose desire Psyche is presented to the Duke of Bedford" connects *Psyche; or, the Legend of Love* to one of Tighe's most explicit statements of her own national sympathies. This poem expresses her admiration for Francis Russell, the fifth Duke of Bedford (1765–1802), whose political mentor was Charles James Fox, another of Tighe's personal heroes.[118] The Duke of Bedford remained faithful to Fox and opposed Pitt's repression of popular liberties, even when Fox was vilified for supporting the French Revolution. Fox described Bedford as "one of the main pillars of the party," and he became the leading spokesman for those supporting Fox in the House of Lords.[119] In 1797 and 1798, he helped persuade Fox to secede from Parliament as a protest against Pitt's repressive policies. In 1798, he protested in the House of Lords against the methods used to suppress the Irish rising as "a system of coercion . . . enforced . . . with a rigour shocking to humanity." He said that he considered torture and the burning of houses as "practices so disgraceful to the British name."[120] After he died at the age of thirty-six on 2 March 1802, Fox and Richard Brinsley Sheridan eulogized him in the House of Commons, as did Lord Holland in the upper house.[121]

"To Lady Asgill" shows how flattered Tighe felt by her friend's gesture of sending a copy of *Psyche* to the Duke of Bedford.[122] Even though she admits to having a "timid muse, who loves the shade," she shows obvious pleasure at the thought that Bedford might enjoy reading her epic. The "soft persuasive claim" of Lady Asgill's friendship works to "Forbid the muse's fear" (23–24). Should Bedford "deign to praise" *Psyche,* she confesses to Lady Asgill, she will not only feel pride but will no longer fear "critic scorn." As an Irish woman, she holds Lord Bedford in the highest esteem, referring to him as

That name to freedom ever dear,
No brighter star can boast,

Than that whose influence calm and clear,
Illumined Erin's coast. (9–12)

She acknowledges that Bedford's battle in defense of Irish interests has been a losing one, when she laments that "Poor Erin's fate" has obscured the "brilliant beams" of Bedford's bright star. While bemoaning the English treatment of Ireland, she lauds Bedford for championing its cause:

And oft, as Erin's harp of woe
Her wrongs shall vainly mourn,
Her Russel's heart shall sighs bestow
His eye indignant burn. (17–20)

The burning of her champion's eye in line 20 reinforces the earlier imagery depicting Bedford as a bright star.

But the last two stanzas of this poem provide a key to the central allegory in *Psyche*. Far from simply hoping for praise for herself alone, she writes,

Enough for me if Erin's name
May win his partial ear,
If friendship's soft persuasive claim
Forbid the muse's fear. (21–24)

In typical fashion, Tighe uses complex syntax to bind her work and Ireland's fate. She may be referring to herself here as "Erin," that is to say, as a specifically Irish poet. But the ambiguity of the passage suggests another reading—that she hopes Ireland itself, as depicted in *Psyche,* might win "his partial ear." If that is the case, then the last line, "Our cause would love to plead," could refer not only to Tighe's cause as an accomplished poet but to the political case she makes for Ireland in her epic. Because the heroine of *Psyche* inspires so much sympathy and compassion, the poem can be read as a plea for Irish liberty and equality. Lady Asgill clearly recognized that when she made a point of sending it to the Duke of Bedford. The poem can be read metaphorically as a consolation—now that the Act of Union is a fait accompli, although the way might be lonely and fraught with difficulties, domestic bliss between the partners can be achieved, despite the greater power of one party.

Given the sympathetic political awareness that these poems demonstrate, it is instructive to read Tighe as an advocate, along with William Wordsworth, for the importance of nature to our humanity in the face of capitalist, industrial, and colonial encroachment.[123] Karl Kroeber writes that for "the romantics, cultural history and personal history appear in the form of ever-shifting interrelations with a physically mutable world—interrelations that demand (and reward) self-conscious scrutiny of how we teach ourselves to keep discovering new ways of understanding 'nature.'"[124] Considering Tighe's work in this context reveals the subtle politics of such virtuoso poems as her three-sonnet series concerning Killarney, originally published in *Psyche, with Other Poems*. While the poet never explicitly defined the poems as a sequence, she carefully records their place and date of composition. Additionally, when read together, the poems form a narrative of arrival and departure from the landscape. These sonnets, written in the same year as Wordsworth's "Preface" to the second edition of *Lyrical Ballads,* illustrate Tighe's engagement with the natural world and with the political issues surrounding it.[125] Her use of the natural landscape goes beyond a Wordsworthian geography of consciousness toward more radical political-ecological meaning.[126]

The sequence begins with "Written at the Eagle's Nest," set at noon, followed by "Written at Killarney" (published in *Psyche, with Other Poems* as "Sonnet Returning at Night"). In many ways, these are companion poems. Each is essentially a description of the natural scene, although the details of each stand in nearly direct opposition. In "Written at the Eagle's Nest," penned on 26 July 1800, Tighe describes how "o'er the Lake no cooling Zephyrs fly,/But on the liquid glass we dazzled gaze,/And fainting ask for shade" (3–5). This description of the scene expresses the desire to take advantage of the forest for shade, to consider it not only as a physical space but also in utilitarian terms. The speaker begins the sequence with a material consideration of the forest. From here, the sonnet sequence records the growing recognition of the space's physicality, and, increasingly, of its autonomy—its independence from human perception and exploitation.

Tighe begins "Written at Killarney" ("Sonnet Returning at Night") penned three days after the first sonnet—29 July 1800—with a consideration of the wind, which is now blowing over the lake: "The fanning

west wind breathes upon our cheeks" (5). The "magic sounds" of the noontime scene in "Written at the Eagle's Nest" contrast with the desire for silence in "Written at Killarney" The latter celebrates the quiet:

> How soft the pause! the notes melodious cease
> Which from each feeling could an echo call;
> Rest on your oars that not a sound may fall
> To interrupt the stillness of our peace. (1–4)

Both poems end with the speaker turning away from factual description of the scene and recounting, instead, its emotional impact—moving from the objective to the subjective. In both, Tighe suggests that the landscape has become a soothing and restorative memory, not unlike the landscape in Wordsworth's "Tintern Abbey." "Written at the Eagle's Nest" concludes, "sure life can grant/No brighter hours than this, and memory oft/Shall paint this happiest scene with pencil soft" (12–14). The landscape becomes a reflection of the speaker's own joy and peace.[127]

The third sonnet in the sequence, "On leaving Killarney," penned a week later, on 5 August 1800, shifts tone. It begins with the speaker bidding farewell to the scenes that have, up until this point, nourished her. No longer, however, does Tighe's speaker seem as sanguine as before, and she admits that

> . . . pensive once more I turn
> Those pointed hills, and wood-fring'd Lakes to view
> With fond regret: while in this last adieu
> A silent tear those brilliant hours shall mourn
> For ever past. (1–5)

Faced with departure from the scene, the speaker appears to balk at the prospect of memory sustaining her. Rather than looking forward to a time when "to my heart, with magic power/Shall these sweet sounds recall this rapturous hour," she admits that these hours are "for ever" lost. In essence, Tighe repudiates what appears to have been in the first two sonnets a powerful statement on the strength of imagination and nature. There, like Wordsworth, she posits that the natural world can provide imagination with food for future times. In "On leaving Killarney," however, she seems to suggest that that is a philosophy for joyful times.

When faced with separation, Tighe no longer expresses confidence that imagination and nature can work together to relieve suffering, as Wordsworth does in "Tintern Abbey." Tighe's sonnet continues in a despairing tone:

> . . . 'Mid those woods no more
> For me the voice of pleasure shall resound,
> Nor soft flutes warbling o'er the placid Lake
> Aerial music shall for me awake,
> And wrap my charmed soul in peace profound. (8–12)

Separated from the scene, her speaker cannot, as previously supposed, recall its beauty and peace. This is a crisis of imagination, for she is unlikely to return. Thus, Tighe moves from a particularly Wordsworthian vision of the relationship between nature and the imagination to one that challenges that vision—a skeptical and melancholy recognition of alienation from the natural world.[128] Tighe's illustrations to all three poems depict—each from a different perspective—the large pyramid-shaped rock near Killarney called the Eagle's Nest. It looms large in the first poem, somewhat recedes from view in the second poem, and becomes even more distant in the third. Ironically, the drawings that seem to be an effort to overcome this "last adieu," to make permanent the landscape that must be relinquished, depict the viewer's withdrawal. The scene gradually recedes—both physically and, by implication, in memory.

In "On leaving Killarney," Tighe reverses the rhetorical strategy of the first two Killarney sonnets. There she began with extended descriptions of the scene and ended by focusing on the speaker's own memory and imagination. Here, she begins with a description of alienation and ends with the forests: "Tho' lost to me, here still may Taste delight/To dwell, nor the rude axe the trembling Dryads fright" (13–14). Though the speaker will not return, she now knows the scene will remain for others to enjoy. Importantly, Tighe ends the sequence with a plea for the forest. In the last line, she portrays the woods as inhabited by "Dryads," spirits who ought to be left undisturbed, independent of the gaze of poets.[129] Unlike Wordsworth, Tighe removes the human observer

from the equation. Her speaker can no longer connect to Nature's spirit; nonetheless, she pleads on its behalf.

Tighe's fascination with place, particularly in her frequent sense of being out of place, stems as much from the conditions of her life as from trends in society or literature. The complex mix of longing and resistance to attachment is at the heart of a poem such as "To ———— 1802," which tells of

> The youth of broken fortune sent to roam
> And banish'd early from his smiling home,
> With aching heart, indignant, and opprest,
> Shame on his cheek, and anguish in his breast,
> [who] Quits the lov'd scenes he hopes no more to view. (1–5)

Similarly, Tighe presents conflicting views of isolation—emotional and spatial—in Psyche's predicament in Canto II.

> No traces of those joys, alas, remain!
> A desert solitude alone appears.
> No verdant shade relieves the sandy plain,
> The wide spread waste no gentle fountain cheers,
> One barren face, the dreary prospect wears;
> Nought through the vast horizon meets her eye
> To calm the dismal tumult of her fears,
> No trace of human habitation nigh,
> A sandy wild beneath, above a threatening sky. (II: 253–261)

Tighe uses a spatial metaphor to describe Psyche's abjection, but she also places her beyond "human habitation." Similarly, at the end of the Killarney sonnet sequence, her speaker's connection to (and Tighe's aestheticization of) the landscape is severed when the speaker is forced to leave, to go "home" to a place that is not her home.

This vision of the shelterless woman appears repeatedly throughout Tighe's work, including the figures of Psyche; Ellen Byrne, whom hunters discover wandering in the wild with her child; and Hagar, whom Tighe depicts lost in the desert after she has been sent away by Abraham. Each woman has been abandoned by a man, and the latter two are further burdened with suffering children. Hagar, in fact, has grown

so desperate that she abandons her son, only to be accosted by an angel who tells her

> Care of Heaven! though man forsake thee,
> Wherefore vainly dost thou mourn?
> From thy dream of woe awake thee,
> To thy rescued child return. (25–28)

What the angel provides is what so many of Tighe's figures seek—shelter, a home:

> Lift thine eyes, behold yon fountain,
> Sparkling mid those fruitful trees;
> Lo! beneath yon sheltering mountain
> Smile for thee green bowers of ease. (29–32)

As in the opening of the Killarney sonnet sequence, the natural world has become a shelter; the previously harsh elements have become something of an earthly paradise.

In *Psyche,* love appears to play a role for the poet similar to that of nature in Wordsworth's "Tintern Abbey"; love and imagination interact to provide solace in times of trouble. Love for Tighe is the wellspring of imagination and is vital to a poet's creative process. Near the end of Canto III, she writes:

> Did fancy never, in some lonely grove,
> Abridge the hours which must in absence roll?
> Those pensive pleasures did you never prove,
> Oh you have never loved! you know not what is love!
>
> They do not love, who can to these prefer
> The tumult of the gay, or folly's roar;
> The Muse they know not; nor delight in her
> Who can the troubled soul to rest restore,
> Calm contemplation . . . (III: 339–47)

Like Wordsworth, Tighe deplores those who "prefer/The tumult of the gay, or folly's roar" to solitude and contemplation, which she sees as necessary to maintaining love—that is, real human connection. But it is imagination in conjunction with love that keeps Psyche true and safe

in her most perilous moments. Most importantly, at the heart of Tighe's vision is the conviction that love is a political force, perhaps the only one suited to overcome tyranny and disorder. In many of her works, she depicts loneliness and isolation not only as a private sorrow but as socially disruptive. Whether the subject is a person crossing sectarian divides in the case of the Byrnes, the spirit in the forest in the case of her Killarney sonnet sequence, or God, in the case of Hagar, only love and reconciliation—only the ability to see past self to something larger—can make peace and order possible.

In *Psyche,* Tighe laments her inability to capture the full power of her vision:

> Might I the swiftly glancing scenes recall!
> Bright as the roseate clouds of summer's eve;
> The dreams which hold my soul in willing thrall,
> And half my visionary days deceive,
> Communicable shape might then receive,
> And other hearts be ravished with the strain;
> But scarce I seek the airy threads to weave,
> When quick confusion mocks the fruitless pain,
> And all the fairy forms are vanished from my brain. (V: 10–18)

This perceived failure leads her to hope her work will disappear with her.

> Fond dreamer! meditate thine idle song!
> But let thine idle song remain unknown,
> The verse which cheers thy solitude, prolong;
> What, though it charm no moment but thine own,
> Though thy loved Psyche smile for thee alone,
> Still shall it yield thee pleasure, if not fame,
> And when escaped from tumult thou hast flown
> To thy dear silent hearth's enlivening flame,
> There shall the tranquil muse her happy votary claim! (V: 19–27)

Paradoxically, in these lines condemning her song as "idle" and worthy of being forgotten, Tighe exhibits the mastery of language and depth of understanding for which she should be read and remembered. These lines are comparable to the finest Romantic poems on imagination. Her personal insecurity, like that of Coleridge, becomes a statement of the

delicacy of imagination; still, as with Wordsworth, she finds private comfort in her vision.

Tighe's work was well known throughout the nineteenth century. It was only in the twentieth century that she was, like so many Romantic-era writers, swept from the canon, making her final lines from *Psyche* prophetic:

> Dreams of Delight farewell! your charms no more
> Shall gild the hours of solitary gloom!
> The page remains—but can the page restore
> The vanished bowers which Fancy taught to bloom?
> Ah no! her smiles no longer can illume
> The path my Psyche treads no more for me;
> Consigned to dark oblivion's silent tomb
> The visionary scenes no more I see,
> Fast from the fading lines the vivid colours flee! (VI: 532–40)

If Tighe's "visionary scenes" were lost for nearly a century, it is not because they lost their "vivid colours." On the contrary, her best work offers more today than ever before. It sheds new light on Ireland at the turn of the nineteenth century, it helps to give a sense of religious complexity in the Romantic period, and it contributes to the burgeoning field of eco-criticism. Also, for contemporary readers, its beauty can "gild the hours of solitary gloom" in the tradition of Spenser, much as it once did for Tighe and for her early readers. Tighe's poetic works reflect the power of her substantial and wide-ranging intellect. She drew upon Irish ballad tradition and current events to question politics, imperialism, and the invasion of the urban into the rural. She explored the glories of the natural world; the pleasures and pains of mortality; sensuous pleasure; the spiritual quest; religious faith and idealism versus the worldly, material life; freedom and constraint; skepticism and religious belief; revolutionary Irish politics; and a strong sense of the importance of place. These explorations situate her not at the periphery but at the very center of what we have come to call Romanticism.

Notes

1. This volume reprinted *Psyche; or, the Legend of Love* along with a selection of MT's shorter poems. It came out in two editions in 1811 (a quarto edition, followed by a more affordable octavo edition), appeared in America the following year, and was reprinted in England in 1812 and 1816.

2. See Weller, *Keats and Mary Tighe*.

3. See, esp., work by Stephen Behrendt, Averill Buchanan, Paula R. Feldman, Harriet Kramer Linkin, Anne K. Mellor, Susan Wolfson, and Duncan Wu.

4. See her surviving reading journal, NLI MS 4804.

5. The spelling of the Tighe family home is inconsistent. It appears at times as "Rossana" and at others as "Rosanna" or "Rossanagh." Similarly, MT's original surname, "Blachford," appears at times as "Blatchford."

6. NLI MS 4810.

7. CH notes that the family burned MT's journals, suggesting that they recorded only her frivolities. She and ThB did copy portions of MT's private writings into their own journals and memoirs. However, these excerpts were carefully selected and do not paint a fully rounded portrait of the author. Her reading journal from 1806 to 1809 somehow survived (NLI MS 4804).

8. For a more extensive biography, see Averill Buchanan's excellent and well-researched study. She discusses the various polemical uses to which family members and others have put MT's life. (See, esp., 117–35.) While Buchanan includes some conjecture, including a discussion of MT's possible anorexia, she is forthright about what is supposition.

9. This piety was largely influenced by her stepmother, Margaret Tighe. See NLI MS 4814.

10. NLI MS 4810. For ThB's account of the dream, see Appendix 4.

11. Crookshank 177.

12. MT to J. C. Walker, 7 Sept. 1807 (TCD 1461 159).

13. 28 Feb. 1788. De la Fléchère was the son of John Fletcher of Madeley, chosen successor to John Wesley. ThB confessed that her "heart became so set upon this match that I do not think any temporal disappointment, except her not having children . . . ever gave me so much pain at its not being accomplished" (NLI 4810). Despite her alarm, she felt a reluctance to intercede and believed that God's will would prevail. This reliance on God's will would be a constant refrain for her and would prevent her from interceding on her daughter's behalf, even in the direst circumstances. ThB's ambivalence about the proposed union continued throughout the courtship. For example, she insisted to Sarah Tighe that she would never let her daughter marry before she turned eighteen, only to hedge with the observation that "the circumstances must be extraordinary indeed" to change her mind (PRONI MSS D/2685).

14. CH wrote, "Henry Tighe's mother, wishing to save her niece from what she considered banishment, and imparting her nervous cough to her reluctance to marry M. de la Flechere, she sent her carriage . . . to bring her to Woodstock" (NLI MS 4810). There was apparently general displeasure at the notion of MT marrying a "Frenchman" and moving to Switzerland.

15. NLI MS 4810. CH would write that "M. de la Flechere was the only person Mrs Blachford seemed to wish her daughter to marry," even though she had grave reservations about him as well (NLI MS 4810). ThB told Sarah Tighe when de la Fléchère left, "it is not without pain I parted with him yesterday with little expectation of ever seeing him again in this world, and perhaps in my situation if you had seen as much of him as I did, you would not have felt less" (PRONI 255).

16. Sarah Tighe to her son, William, 5 May 1791 (PRONI MSS D/2685/1/34), quoted in Buchanan 37.

17. ThB had seen conspiracy in the invitation to Woodstock in 1788 and later wrote that she had wanted to avoid accepting it for MT's sake, because she "had always a secret dread of any intimacy with [Sarah Tighe's] family" (NLI MS 4810).

18. NLI MS 4810.

19. Dated 6 Aug. 1792 (NLI MS 4810, quoted in Buchanan 40).

20. ThB's concern for Henry was sincere and lifelong. Even after MT's death, ThB would write fondly of her son-in-law, claiming that he was a "youth whose tenderness never failed." Even so, she felt that his "want of principle and knowledge of the world encouraged [Mary] in every vanity and folly" (NLI MS 4810). Henry was as kind as he was good looking, but he was also naïve and indolent.

21. ThB details her concerns in a letter of 26 May 1792 to Sarah Tighe: "I suppose you know her fortune is £6,000 and no more, his I apprehend to be about £4,000 including the 1,000 charged on Rossana and the income accommodated by your kindness to him—The interest of their united fortunes would not exceed 500. . . . How . . . could he accustomed to elegance and affluence possibly maintain a family in London on such an income. You know he could not" (PRONI D/2685/2/28, quoted in part in Buchanan 39).

22. Letter to William Tighe, 3 June 1793 (PRONI D2685/1/40, quoted in Buchanan 41).

23. See Buchanan 40.

24. On the marriage, ThB would write, "The 5th October 1793—tied that fatal knot which occasioned sixteen years of sad regret and wanderings to two young people apparently eminently qualified to receive and confer happiness" (NLI MS 4810). Averill Buchanan maintains that the tradition of the unhappy Tighe marriage is likely traceable to an anonymous memoir included in the 1843 edition of *Psyche* and points to the lack of substantiation as an example of the mythologizing of MT's life by later critics and biographers (Buchanan 2–3). However, clear contemporary evidence indicates that the Tighe marriage was troubled, even though

MT and Henry had great affection for each other. CH wrote of her brother that she "often thought him much to be pitied as he saw that his wife did not love him though he loved her" (Henchy 6). Rumors abound about possible causes of their unhappiness, but it is clear that MT's ill health, literary ambitions, intellectual pursuits, and spiritual seriousness were not entirely compatible with her husband's temperament.

25. CH recalled, "Though she spent every evening that she could in society, she always rose early to read for some hours before her companions in dissipation were awake, which her poor mother thought was one means of undermining her health as she never seemed refreshed by sleep" (NLI MS 4810, quoted in HL 255).

26. Journal entry for 3 Mar. [1787], NLI MS 4810, quoted in HL 212.

27. NLI MS 4810, quoted in HL 234.

28. NLI MS 4810, quoted in HL 221.

29. Letter dated 21 Apr. 1798 (NLI MS 4813).

30. Ibid.

31. Ibid.

32. Letter to Sarah Ponsonby, dated 20 June 1798 (NLI MS 4813).

33. Letter dated 9 Oct. 1798, PRONI 2685.

34. Ibid.

35. Ibid.

36. MT to Joseph Cooper Walker, Trinity College, Dublin, MS 1461.

37. According to ThB (NLI MS 4810, quoted in HL 234).

38. See Appendix 5 and Smith 233.

39. These efforts have been complicated by Origen's fellow Carthaginian, Augustine, who apparently believed Apuleius had actually been changed into an ass and was a powerful magician. As early as the 1566 introduction to the first English translation of *The Golden Ass,* William Adlington writes: "although the matter therein seeme very light and merry, yet the effect thereof tendeth to a good and vertuous moral. . . . under the wrap of this transformation is taxed the life of mortall men, when as we suffer our mindes so to bee drowned in the sensuall lusts of the flesh, and the beastly pleasure thereof . . . so can we never bee restored to the right figure of our selves, except we taste and eat the sweet Rose of reason and vertue, which the rather by mediation of praier we may assuredly attaine" (4, 8–9).

40. See Buchanan 66–67.

41. TCD MS 1461, fol. 221.

42. Letter dated 19 Apr. [1805], Trinity College Dublin, MS 1461/6/73-4, quoted in Buchanan 83.

43. For an account of substantive variants between the 1804 manuscript and the 1805 first edition (our copy text), see Appendix 3. All other editions of the poem, beginning with *Psyche, with Other Poems* (1811), were published posthumously. Some emendations made to the 1811 text may have been authorial, but others are clearly editorial.

44. From a letter to J. C. Walker dated 24 Dec. [1804] Trinity College Dublin MS 1461/7/193-4, quoted in Buchanan 82.

45. Hayley's copy is now owned by the University of Alberta.

46. See Appendix 6 for a list of extant copies and their recipients. Buchanan records the inscriptions in many of these copies (211–12).

47. In his 1810 review of *Psyche* in the *British Bibliographer,* Joseph Haslewood observed, "One hundred copies of the Legend of Love have been distributed to the 'chosen few,' while the readers have multiplied above ten fold, and a perusal is only obtained by favour" (162). But Patricia A. Butler in "Printing at Rossanagh" notes that "the general view" is that the volume "was first published in London in 1805 with only fifty copies being printed" (10). MT's own letter of 27 December 1804 to CH supports this latter view (NLI MS 4239, quoted in part in Buchanan 82).

48. Haslewood 169.

49. NLI MS 4804.

50. NLI MS 4742–4746. The eight untitled poems are referred to in this edition by their first line.

51. Ed. Harriet Kramer Linkin.

52. NLI MS 4810. For more about the history and character of *Selena,* see Linkin's introduction (*Selena,* 1–26).

53. NLI MS 4810.

54. Buchanan 8, 142.

55. MT to Joseph Cooper Walker, dated Dublin 19 Jan. 1808 (TCD, MS 1461/6/177-9), quoted in Buchanan 8.

56. P. 313.

57. "The Picture Written for Angela," "Stanzas Written for Angela," "Verses Written for Angela," "Written for Angela" ("How sweetly plaintive"), "Written for Angela" ("'Tis past—the cruel anguish"), and Written for Angela ("Wilt thou begone?").

58. These include coughing, fatigue, shortness of breath, weakness, difficulty walking, loss of appetite, and chest pain. Arguing against tuberculosis, a highly communicable disease, is the absence of any indication that she transmitted the infection to any of the family members, friends, or servants who surrounded her. Moreover, none of the accounts of her illness or death describe her coughing up blood. Even MT herself had doubts that she suffered from consumption. She told J. C. Walker, "were it entirely an asthma I might have intervals of health, or were it simply consumption I might look forward to a speedy & more decided release, but as it is, my life is at present very painful" (letter of 25 Oct. [1804], TCD MS 1461/7/189-90, quoted in Buchanan 76–77).

59. Undated letter to Mrs. Corneille, private collection. See also letter to J. C. Walker 31 July 1805 (TCD MS 1461).

60. NLI MS 4810.

61. NLI MS 4804; entries span from 8 Apr. 1806 to 14 June 1809.

62. NLI Hamilton Papers Acc. 5495 C/8/1-2. Watermarks on the paper read "CURTEIS & SON 1803" and "THO. EDMONDS 1803." "Sonnet to W. Parnell written at Avondale 1808," the next to last poem in the second volume, was, according to a dated manuscript reproduced by E. V. Weller in *Keats and Mary Tighe* (opposite p. 236) penned on 16 June of that year.

63. Buchanan makes a persuasive argument that Henry Tighe was the book's major editor, with assistance from the poet's brother, John Tighe (119–21). Despite long-standing assumptions to the contrary, she contends that William Tighe was not involved. However, a signed presentation copy of the second edition of his book, *The Plants, or the Crown of Love, of Liberty, of Friendship, and of Religion, A Poem in Four Cantos* (London: Thomas Payne, 1812) suggests otherwise. Bound in at the back of the volume and discontinuously paginated are pages 219 to 311 of the fourth edition of *PWOP,* printed in Edinburgh by James Ballantyne. There is no separate title page, but there is a half title, which reads, somewhat inappropriately, "Sonnets," beneath which William Tighe has inscribed "by the late Mrs. Henry Tighe" (private collection). It may well have been that the editing and publication of *PWOP* was a joint family venture led by Henry that included not only John but William and, possibly, ThB.

64. Volume 1 has 139 numbered leaves; all versos are blank, with numbering on rectos only. The physical dimensions of both volumes are 20 cm. wide, 24.6 cm. long, and 2.5 cm. thick. In volume 1, leaves 133–37 are left blank, and leaf 138 has been cut out.

65. Another unusual visual feature of MT's gift to her husband is the artwork tipped in on volume 2's pink front pastedown endpaper. Fastened at the top so that it can be flipped up to reveal the workmanship on the back is a circular piece of cream paper with an elaborate grape leaf design made entirely of pin holes. The design was drawn in pencil on the back of the paper, which was then pierced to conform to the design. The paper seems to match that inside the book, so this may have been the use made of folio 138, which is the only leaf cut out. The technique gives the design the look and texture of a relief.

66. These two volumes went to the Hamilton family. They were purchased on 21 December 1999 by the National Library of Ireland from Charles R. F. Hamilton, Hamwood, Dunboyne, County Meath (NLI Accession records). Tom Desmond of the National Library of Ireland points out that the original shelf numbers were PRONI numbers, rather than NLI numbers, indicating that the Hamilton family may have left them on deposit at PRONI before selling them.

67. Of the Woodstock estate, Arthur Young had written in 1780:

> From Thomastown hither is the finest ride I have yet had in Ireland. The road leaving Thomastown leads on the east side of the river through some beautiful copse woods, which before they were cut must have had a most noble effect with the river Nore winding at the bottom. The country then

opens somewhat, and you pass most of the way for six or seven miles to "Inisteague" [Inistioge, Co. Kilkenny], on a declivity shelving down to the river, which takes a varied winding course. . . .

Taking my leave of Mr. Bushe, I followed the road to Ross [New Ross, Co. Wexford]. Passed Woodstock, of which there is a very fine view from the top of one of the hills, the house in the centre of a sloping wood of 500 English acres and hanging in one noble shade to the river, which flows at the bottom of a winding glen. From the same hill in front it is seen in a winding course for many miles through a great extent of inclosures, bounded by mountains (21).

68. ThB's recollections, NLI MS 4810, published in HL 243.

69. NLI MS 4810.

70. See Appendix 2.

71. See letters in British Library: Add MSS 39790 fols. 60, 66, and 39782 fol. 238.

72. According to Henry Moore, "the copyright of the poem was sold by the husband of the authoress, in the year 1812, for the sum of five hundred pounds, the whole of which that gentleman gave to the funds of the 'House of Refuge,' founded by Mrs. Blachford." This charitable institution for "unprotected female servants out of place" was located in Bagot Street in Dublin (Smith 241–42; 164–65). The money was said to have been used to build and endow a hospital ward dubbed "The Psyche Ward" (Ryan 3:21).

73. The quarto volume was not labeled the second edition, and, in fact, most of the shorter poems had never before been published. This quarto edition cost £1.11.6, according to an advertisement for Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, and Brown publications tipped into a copy of the third volume of Amelia Opie's *Tales of Real Life* (London, 1813), as well as an advertisement tipped into a bound copy of the *Quarterly Review* (London: John Murray) vol. 5 (Feb. and May 1811). The reset octavo "third edition" cost twelve shillings in boards, according to p. 13 of an advertising booklet for Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown & Green publications, tipped into a copy of the 1829 *Literary Souvenir,* and page 6 of an advertising booklet for Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, and Brown publications, tipped into a first edition of Joanna Baillie's *A Series of Plays,* vol. 3 (London, 1812). The fourth edition also cost twelve shillings, according to an advertisement for Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, and Brown publications tipped into a copy of the third volume of Amelia Opie's *Tales of Real Life* (London, 1813).

74. From a miniature by John Comerford after the portrait by George Romney.

75. Print runs discussed in Buchanan, 1, 129, 137, 202, 217, drawing from the Longman Impression Books 4 and 6.

76. Other reprintings took place in 1843, 1844, 1853, 1876, and 1889.

77. *Annual Register* 53 (1812): 601–4; *British Critic* 38 (Dec. 1811): 631–32; *Quarterly Review* 5 (May 1811): 471–85; *Gentleman's Magazine* 82 (Nov. 1812): 464–67;

Eclectic Review 9 (Mar. 1813): 217–29; *Critical Review,* ser. 4, v. 1 (June 1812): 606–9; *Monthly Review,* n.s., 66 (Oct. 1811): 138–52; *British Review and London Critical Journal* 1 (June 1811): 277–98. The book also received favorable notices in the *New Annual Register* 32 (1811): 364, and the *Poetical Register* 8 (1811): 604.

78. Diary entry for 27 Jan. 1812, quoted in Mackintosh 2:195.

79. Ryan 3:21.

80. "The Psyche of Mrs. Tighe has a languid beauty in it, probably resembling that of her own person. . . . The greater part of the poem itself is little worth, except as a strain of elegance; but in the more voluptuous scenes . . . the fair author is more at home; and now and then, from the languor, she warms into the imagination of Spenser" (Hunt, "Review," 382–83.)

81. "M^{rs} Tighe and Beattie once delighted me—now I see through them and can find nothing in them—or weakness—and yet how many they still delight!" (letter to George and Georgiana Keats, 31 Dec. 1818, in *The Letters of John Keats,* 2:18). See, esp., Earle V. Weller and Claude Lee Finney.

82. *Childe Alarique,* 77 n.

83. See Buchanan's well-researched discussion of the editing and publication of *Mary* and her interesting speculation about ThB's motives for publishing it (130–31).

84. However, CH helped to preserve some of the poet's unpublished poems by copying them into commonplace books for MT's extended family.

85. The volume contains no information about the publisher or place of publication. J. R. de J. Jackson speculates that it was printed in Dublin (349), but Patricia A. Butler believes that it may have been printed by George Bull at Roundwood, County Wicklow, near Rossana. In 1810, Bull established a press in that location (12).

86. Houghton shelf number *EC8 .T4484 .811m; NLI shelf number LO 373. The volume at the Houghton Library is 8.5 cm.×13.5 cm., and is comprised of thirty-four leaves between black, soft-cover wrappers.

87. Apparently, Longmans objected to the original plan to republish poems from that collection; a printed passage, which appears before a printed list of a series of eight poem titles with dates, states that MT's "reflections in the next eight years may be found in several of the Poems annexed to her Psyche, and printed the year after her death: they would have been inserted here, but that it was supposed improper to reprint them, the copyright having been purchased" (*Mary* 13). The eight poems found to be "particularly expressive of her feelings" are "As one who late hath lost a friend ador'd," "To Death," "Written At Scarborough Aug^{t} 1799," "The Vartree," "Poor, fond deluded heart!," "Written at Rossana Nov^{r} 18. 1799," "Ye dear associates of my gayer hours," and "Imitated from Petrarca" ("As nearer I approach that fatal day").

88. Printed on page 3, following the title page. On the title page, printed just above the date, are passages from two psalms with the attribution "David": "Blessed

is the man whom thou chastenest, O Lord" (Psalm 94:12), and "He remembered us in our low estate, for his mercy endureth for ever" (Psalm 136:23).

89. Inscribed on the title page: "C. Turpin Nov[embe]r 1811." Initials in the upper left corner of the inside front cover of this volume read "H. M."

90. See Appendix 2.

91. *Journal,* entry for 31 Aug. 1770 (5:383).

92. See Appendix 4 for both texts.

93. Titled "On receiving a branch of Mezeriom which flowered at Woodstock" in "Verses Transcribed for H. T."

94. *Quarterly Review* (May 1811) 484.

95. Weller, *Keats and Mary Tighe,* viii.

96. Though few modern studies have considered MT in her Irish context, she, her mother, and her mother-in-law are all included in *The Field Day Anthology of Irish Writing.* Averill Buchanan's recent *Mary Blachford Tighe: The Irish Psyche* claims MT for Ireland and reconstructs much of her Irish context. Additionally, Julia M. Wright has written on MT's "Pleasure" and correctly recognizes that the poet "participates in a substantial English language poetic tradition that critiques imperial expansion." See "Writing Ireland into Europe: An Edition of Three Nineteenth-Century Poems."

97. *Critical Review* ser. 4, v. 1 (June 1812): 606.

98. *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine* 5 (1819): 683.

99. Diary entry for 27 Jan. 1812, quoted in Mackintosh 2:195.

100. "Review of Alexander, Dyce. *Specimens of British Poetesses,*" originally published in the *Companion* for 2 July 1828 and reprinted in Hunt, *Leigh Hunt as Poet and Essayist,* 354. The passage is included in the "The Tighe Story" found in the Public Record Office of Northern Ireland (PRONI MSS D/2685), although it is slightly misquoted there (43).

101. NLI MS 4804.

102. NLI MS 4804.

103. NLI MS 4804. William Tighe would work exhaustively on the cause of Catholic rights after MT's death. See, e.g., the selection of his letters from 1812 printed in Scully.

104. A statue of Billy Byrne today stands prominently in the town of Wicklow.

105. Henry II's first plantation in Ireland was located in Dublin and the surrounding county, where residents were expected to be loyal to the crown and forced to adhere to English customs. The Anglicized region came to be known as "the Pale," taking its name from the palisade that guarded it (T. A. Jackson, *Ireland,* 38). For the nickname, O'Byrne's County, see O'Donnell 6.

106. In fact, it was at Glenmalure in 1580 that the English and Anglicized Irish forces, led by Lord Grey, were badly defeated by "Old English" and Gaelic forces, led by MacHugh O'Byrne. Richard A. McCabe argues that *The Faerie Queene* begins with an echo of this defeat: "'The Legend of Holinesse' begins with St

George's ill-advised foray into the Wood of Error thereby recalling Spenser's first experience of the Irish campaign, Lord Grey's disastrous defeat in the woods of Glenmalure at the hands of the O'Byrnes and O'Tooles" (63). For Spenser, Glenmalure came to represent the nightmare of Irish disorder to which he returned again and again in his writings.

107. Maxwell 82–83.

108. Donovan, Jeffares, and Kennelly 306.

109. Pakenham 161–63.

110. It is interesting to consider in this context MT's decision to translate "the Death of Lausus" from Virgil's *Aeneid,* which includes a complicated generational battle and the violence that destroys families and nations.

111. See "Hagar in the Desert."

112. *The Faerie Queene,* III. ii. 44.9.

113. As Averill Buchanan notes, *Psyche* is often read as a form of "conduct book" and, starting with ThB, has been taken to be a religious poem about humankind's return to grace (see Buchanan 70–73).

114. Lupton 131.

115. It is possible that MT was influenced by another Spenserian context, the religious connotations of exile. John Breen writes that, in Spenser's day, "A section of the Protestant community in Ireland, like their continental counterparts, saw exile as a formative English Protestant experience, almost a precondition for salvation and nationhood" (229).

116. According to ThB, *Psyche* was finished in the years immediately following the Rising and the Act of Union. Buchanan makes a powerful argument for reading another poem of the period, the sonnet "Written at Rosanna Nov^{r} 18. 1799" (beginning "Oh my rash hand"), as symbolic of the relationship between Ireland and England but does not extend the argument to *Psyche,* even though the evidence for this argument would seem to be stronger (see Buchanan 60–61).

117. Corbett 4.

118. The Duke of Bedford is largely remembered today because of Bedford Square in Bloomsbury and the statue by Richard Westmacott erected in his honor in 1809 in Russell Square. Bedford first made his name as a promoter of agricultural innovation and as a giant of real estate management and development. The estates that he inherited included 119 prime acres in what is now central London, including Covent Garden, Bloomsbury, the West End, and Bedford New Town. We owe to him and his assistants the familiar Georgian townscape of Russell Square, Tavistock Square, Bloomsbury Square, and their surrounding areas (*DNB*).

119. As a supporter of Fox's initiative in the upper house of Parliament, Bedford signed the protest against the suspension of habeas corpus on 22 May 1794 and proposed the motion for peace with France which Fox had previously introduced in the Commons. He opposed Pitt's Treasonable Practices Bill, which extended the law

of treason to the advocacy of radical reform, and voiced his objections to the Seditious Meetings Bill, which restricted the holding of political meetings (*DNB*).

120. *The Parliamentary History of England from the Earliest Period to the Year 1803,* vol. 33 (London: T. C. Hansard, 1818), 1517–18.

121. The Quaker poet Amelia Opie penned the exquisite *Elegy to the Memory of the Late Duke of Bedford Written on the Evening of his Interment,* one of the finest poems of its kind from the period.

122. The date of Lord Bedford's death helps document that a draft of *Psyche; or, the Legend of Love* was circulating before the beginning of March 1802.

123. Michael Löwy and Robert Sayre write, "Romanticism represents a critique of modernity, that is, of modern capitalist civilization, in the name of values and ideals drawn from the past (the precapitalist, premodern past)" (17). While this definition might be controversial, the authors' focus on the "isolated individual [who] emerges along with and because of capitalism" lends itself to a comprehensive reading of MT, whose body of work is dominated by considerations of the isolated individual in contrast to a totality. According to Löwy and Sayre, "Romanticism posits the unity of self with two all-encompassing totalities: the entire universe, or nature, on the one hand, and the human universe, the human collectivity, on the other" (25). MT, however, contemplates a third form of unity—unity with God. Similarly, Saree Makdisi writes that "the romantic period in Britain marks the earliest sustained (though largely doomed) attempt to articulate a form of opposition to the culture of modernization" (9). Even as MT vacillates between faith and skepticism or her rural retreats and her urban cosmopolitanism, she almost always eventually sets herself in opposition to the "culture of modernization."

124. Kroeber 18.

125. Harriet Kramer Linkin briefly compares Wordsworth's imaginative construction of memory to MT's in her essay "More Than *Psyche*: The Sonnets of Mary Tighe." She writes that "Although William Wordsworth will argue for the efficacy of emotion recollected in tranquility, . . . for Tighe there is no tranquility in recollecting emotion; for language stirs emotions and desires that cannot be fulfilled or controlled through form, but neither can the desire to re-experience past desire be resisted, even by a knowing self" (373). Linkin aptly contrasts Wordsworth's notion of "abundant recompense" with MT's relationship to memory and imagination. However, we argue that the two poets differ in what they come to expect from nature. Wordsworth, most famously in "Tintern Abbey," holds fast to the memory of his interaction with the natural world as a form of restorative in dark future days. MT, on the other hand, likely because of her chronic illness, was skeptical that interacting with nature could have this type of restorative function. Rather, she has learned by the end of this sonnet sequence to look from her own illness and sorrow out to the natural world, and she has developed a form of sympathy that leads her to conclude with a plea on behalf of the landscape.

126. In considering Wordsworth and John Clare, Jonathan Bate writes that "Clare merely describes nature, critics are always complaining, whereas Wordsworth reflects self-consciously on the relationship between mind and nature" (166). MT, more like Clare in her consideration of nature for its own sake, considers the interconnectedness of nature and her own physical condition, not, as Wordsworth does, her mental condition. Thus, in this sonnet sequence, her speaker's own suffering and isolated condition enable her to feel a sympathetic response for the suffering of the "Dryads," who live in the woods—the reverse of Wordsworth's method of engaging nature to investigate the inner self.

127. As Saree Makdisi notes, Wordsworth's "concern with the landscape has to do with what it offers the viewing subject in terms of possibilities of immaterial exploitation" (46).

128. This rejection of the conciliation that Wordsworth finds in nature is a move similar to what John G. Pipkin sees in "Written at Scarborough Aug^{t} 1799" ("As musing pensive"). There, he writes, MT also "blends the productions of memory and imagination to draw a series of parallels between personal experience and natural landscape. But these analogies do not produce the restoration that Wordsworth so often seeks in nature; rather, the sonnet underscores the solitude of the narrator's suffering" (614).

129. Saree Makdisi writes, "If for . . . eighteenth-century 'improvers' the land is primarily a material mass whose value resides solely in the degree of material exploitation to which it is (or can be) subjected, for Wordsworth the land is primarily of non-material, imagistic value. And indeed for him the most imagistically valuable land is that which is least valuable, or altogether untapped, in terms of crude material exploitation" (47). MT differs from Wordsworth in considering the land for its own sake rather than from the perspective of viewing subject.

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Psyche; or, the Legend of Love

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Psyche; or, The Legend of Love

———Castos docet et pios amores.
Martial

Psyche; or, the Legend of Love] The first edition (1805), our copy text, was privately printed in London for James Carpenter, Old Bond Street, by C. Whittingham, Union Buildings.

Martial] "She teaches chaste and holy love," from *Epigrammata* 10.35.8 by Martial, or Marcus Valerius Martialis (c. 40 to c. 103 CE), known for perfecting the modern epigram. MT alters his original Latin "probos" (true) to "pios" (holy). Martial's line is written in praise of the poet Sulpicia, said to be the most chaste woman in Rome. He prefaces it by urging: "Let all young wives read Sulpicia, who wish to please their lords alone; let all husbands read Sulpicia, who wish to please their brides alone." He follows by observing that she also teaches "toyings, endearments, and raillery. He who shall weigh well her poems will say no maid was so roguish, will say no maid was so modest." Martial takes a swipe at Sappho when he asserts that she would have benefitted from Sulpicia's example: "With her as your school-mate, or with her as your teacher, you would have been more learned, Sappho, and have been chaste" (Martial 2:181). This seemingly contradictory idea of the sensuous but chaste woman (and poet), playful and a little "roguish" but nonetheless modest and true, underlies *Psyche.* In the 1804 manuscript copy of the poem (NLW MS 22985B, fol. 1) that she wrote out for her cousin Sarah Ponsonby and her life partner Eleanor Butler, popularly known as the "Ladies of Llangollen," MT adds the two words of the epigraph which follow in Martial's original text: "Lusus, delicias" (toyings, endearments).

Preface

The author, who dismisses to the public the darling object of his solitary cares, must be prepared to consider, with some degree of indifference, the various reception it may then meet. But from those, who write only for the more interested eye of friendship, no such indifference can be expected. I may therefore be forgiven the egotism which makes me anxious to recommend to my readers the tale with which I present them, while I endeavour to excuse in it all other defects but that, which I fear cannot be excused, the deficiency of genius.

In making choice of the beautiful ancient allegory of Love and the Soul, I had some fears lest my subject might be condemned by the frown of severer moralists; however I hope, that if such have the condescension to read through a poem which they may perhaps think too long, they will yet do me the justice to allow, that I have only pictured innocent love, such love as the purest bosom might confess. "Les jeunes femmes, qui ne veulent point paroitre coquettes, ne doivent jamais parler de l'amour comme d'une chose ou elles puissent avoir part," says La Rochefoucault; but, I believe, it is only the false refinement of the most profligate court which could give birth to such a sentiment, and that love will always be found to have had the strongest influence, where the morals have been purest.

I much regret, that I can have no hope of affording any pleasure to some, whose opinion I highly respect, whom I have heard profess themselves ever disgusted by the veiled form of allegory, and yet

Preface] In the 1804 manuscript copy, this preface, in slightly modified form, was appended to the end of the text of *Psyche* under the title "Postscript."

Para. 1: genius] According to CH, "When Psyche was concluded her husband admired it so much that he persuaded her to let him print fifty copies of it to be distributed among her friends and as a few of them were given to some of the most distinguished characters of the day (C. Fox, Mr. Hayley) her reputation for talents rose at once. She received many complimentary letters and from that moment her society was eagerly sought for by all within reach of her who had any pretensions to literature or talents" (NLI MS 4810).

Para 2: Rochefoucault] François de La Rochefoucauld (1613–1680), French memoirist and author of *Maximes* (1665). Leonard Tancock translates this maxim (#418): "If young women do not wish to appear coquettish, if elderly men do not wish to be ridiculous, they should never refer to love as something with which they could be personally concerned" (90).

Are not the choicest fables of the poets,
Who were the fountains and first springs of wisdom,
Wrapt in perplexed allegories?

But if I have not been able to resist the seductions of the mysterious fair, who perhaps never appears captivating except in the eyes of her own poet, I have however remembered that my verse cannot be worth much consideration, and have therefore endeavoured to let my meaning be perfectly obvious. The same reason has deterred me from using the obsolete words which are to be found in Spenser and his imitators.

Although I cannot give up the excellence of my subject, I am yet ready to own, that the stanza which I have chosen has many disadvantages, and that it may perhaps be as tiresome to the reader, as it was difficult to the author. The frequent recurrence of the same rhymes is by no means well adapted to the English language, and I know not whether I have a right to offer, as an apology, the restraint which I had imposed upon myself of strictly adhering to the stanza, which my partiality for Spenser first inclined me to adopt.

The loves of Cupid and Psyche have long been a favourite subject for poetical allusion, and are well known as related by Apuleius: to him I am indebted for the outline of my tale in the two first cantos; but, even there, the model is not closely copied, and I have taken nothing from Moliere, La Fontaine, Du Moustier, or Marino. I have seen no imitations of

Para 3: allegories?] Ben Jonson, *The Alchemist,* Act II, sc. 3, ll. 205–7. This passage appears in a conversation between Subtle and Mammon.

Para 4: Spenser] Later in life, MT would recall that Edmund Spenser's epic poem *The Faerie Queene* was "one of the first books I remember reading with delight" (letter to Joseph Cooper Walker, 8 Sept. [1807], TCD MS 1461/6, fols. 159–60). However, she was critical of his political essay "A View of the Present State of Ireland" and remarked in her reading journal for 1 Dec. 1808, "Think of Spenser's ignorance! he never heard of there being a general monarch of Ireland" (NLI MS 4804).

Para 5: stanza] The stanza that Spenser used in *The Faerie Queene* has nine lines with a rhyme scheme of a-b-a-b-b-c-b-c-c. The meter of the first eight lines is iambic pentameter, and the last line is iambic hexameter. MT's choice of the Spenserian stanza is particularly interesting, because her contemporaries considered it an antiquated form. John Keats, a great admirer of Spenser, used this form in "The Eve of St. Agnes."

Para 6: Moliere, La Fontaine, Du Moustier, or Marino] Moliere (1622–1673) wrote *Psyche* (1675), Jean de La Fontaine (1621–1695) wrote *Les Amours de Psyche et de Cupidon* (*The Loves of Cupid and Psyche* [1669]), Charles Albert Demoustier (1760–1801) wrote *Lettres à Emile sur la*

Apuleius except by those authors, nor do I know that the story of Psyche has any other original.

I should willingly acknowledge with gratitude those authors who have perhaps supplied me with many expressions and ideas, but if I have subjected myself to the charge of plagiarism, it has been by adopting the words or images which floated upon my mind, without accurately examining, or being indeed able to distinguish, whether I owed them to my memory or my imagination,

> Si id est peccatum, peccatum imprudentia est
> Poetæ, non qui furtum facere studuerit.
>
> Terentius.

And when I confess, that all I have is but the fruit of a much indulged taste for that particular style of reading, let me be excused if I do not investigate and acknowledge more strictly each separate obligation.

Rossana, Jan. 1802.

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mythologie (1786–1798), and Giambattista Marino (1569–1625) wrote *Adone* (1623) about the love of Adonis and Venus. See MT's "Verses Imitated from Du Moustier."

Para 7: *Terentius*] "If our author slipped, it was ignorance, void/Of any intent to steal" (from *Eunuchus,* Prologue, ll. 27–28, trans. Erich Segal). Terentius borrowed from and then modified Menander's Eunuchus and admitted to doing so in his Prologue (Wu 378).

Rossana] One of the Tighe family estates, located near the village of Ashford in County Wicklow, Ireland.

Sonnet Addressed to My Mother

Oh, thou! whose tender smile most partially
  Hath ever bless'd thy child: to thee belong
  The graces which adorn my first wild song,
If aught of grace it knows: nor thou deny
Thine ever prompt attention to supply.
  But let me lead thy willing ear along,
  Where virtuous love still bids the strain prolong
His innocent applause; since from thine eye
  The beams of love first charm'd my infant breast,
And from thy lip Affection's soothing voice
  That eloquence of tenderness express'd,
Which still my grateful heart confess'd divine:
Oh! ever may its accents sweet rejoice
The soul which loves to own whate'er it has is thine!

My Mother] ThB confessed in a letter to the Rev. Henry Moore, accompanying a copy of the 1805 first edition of *Psyche,* which MT had inscribed: "With some hesitation, both on dear Mary's part and my own, this book is left for you . . . having had a few copies of it printed to give those she felt herself particularly bound to, either by affection or gratitude . . . she desires me to say she 'is not so blind as to think it worth such a portion of your time as it will take you in its perusal.' I cannot but wish you to read it, and to accept it as a token of her peculiar regard. I knew not of its being in the press, till I saw the proof-sheet containing the lines addressed to myself; she was at the time, as I thought, within a few hours of death, and what I felt on reading them was indeed to me shame and agony. She has received great flattery from the literati on its account, and I need not say it serves to amuse her" (dated 27 Aug. 1805, quoted in Smith 212–13).

Chi pensa quanto un bel desio d'amore
Un spirto pellegrin tenga sublime;
Non vorria non averne acceso il core;
Chi gusta quanto dolce il creder sia
Solo esser caro a chi sola n'e cara,
Regna in un stato a cui null' altro e pria.
Ariosto, Eleg. xii.

Ariosto] "He who thinks that a beautiful lover can lift a sad spirit, will want to set her heart on fire; he who knows how sweet it is to know that he is loved only by her, is the sole ruler in this state" (*Elegia* XII: 1–3, 7–9; translation by Duncan Wu [378 n.]). Ludovico Ariosto (1474–1533) is best known for his epic *Orlando Furioso* (1532), although he wrote elegies, satire, comedy, and other lyrical poetry.

PSYCHE

Argument

Proem—Psyche introduced—Her royal origin—Envy of Venus—Her instructions to Cupid—The island of Pleasure—The fountains of Joy and of Sorrow—The appearance of Love—Psyche asleep—Mutually wounded—Psyche reveals her dream to her Mother—The Oracle consulted—Psyche abandoned on the Rock by its decree—Carried by Zephyrs to the island of Pleasure—The Palace of Love—Banquet of Love—Marriage of Cupid and Psyche—Psyche's daily solitude—Her request to her Lover—His reluctant consent.

Psyche

Let not the rugged brow the rhymes accuse,
Which speak of gentle knights and ladies fair,
Nor scorn the lighter labours of the muse,
Who yet, for cruel battles would not dare
The low-strung chords of her weak lyre prepare;
But loves to court repose in slumbery lay,
To tell of goodly bowers and gardens rare,
Of gentle blandishments and amorous play,
And all the lore of love, in courtly verse essay.

And ye, whose gentle hearts in thraldom held
The power of mighty Love already own,
When you the pains and dangers have beheld,
Which erst your lord hath for his Psyche known,
For all your sorrows this may well atone,
That he you serve the same hath suffered;
And sure, your fond applause the tale will crown
In which your own distress is pictured,
And all that weary way which you yourselves must tread.

Most sweet would to my soul the hope appear,
That sorrow in my verse a charm might find,
To smooth the brow long bent with bitter cheer,
Some short distraction to the joyless mind
Which grief, with heavy chain, hath fast confin'd
To sad remembrance of its happier state;
For to myself I ask no boon more kind
Than power another's woes to mitigate,
And that soft soothing art which anguish can abate.

1–9: essay] In his long review of *PWOP* in the *Quarterly Review,* Reginald Heber quoted this stanza and observed, "It will remind the reader of Ariosto and Spenser, and is thrown off with much spirit and gaiety" (479).

And thou, sweet sprite, whose sway doth far extend,
Smile on the mean historian of thy fame!
My heart in each distress and fear befriend,
Nor ever let it feel a fiercer flame
Than innocence may cherish free from blame,
And hope may nurse, and sympathy may own;
For, as thy rights I never would disclaim,
But true allegiance offer'd to thy throne,
So may I love but one, by one belov'd alone.

That anxious torture may I never feel,
Which, doubtful, watches o'er a wand'ring heart.
Oh! who that bitter torment can reveal,
Or tell the pining anguish of that smart!
In those affections may I ne'er have part,
Which easily transferr'd can learn to rove:
No, dearest Cupid! when I feel thy dart,
For thy sweet Psyche's sake may no false love
The tenderness I prize lightly from me remove!

CANTO I

Much wearied with her long and dreary way,
And now with toil and sorrow well nigh spent,
Of sad regret and wasting grief the prey,
Fair Psyche through untrodden forests went,
To lone shades uttering oft a vain lament.
And oft in hopeless silence sighing deep,
As she her fatal error did repent,
While dear remembrance bade her ever weep,
And her pale cheek in ceaseless showers of sorrow steep.

'Mid the thick covert of that woodland shade,
A flowery bank there lay undress'd by art,
But of the mossy turf spontaneous made;
Here the young branches shot their arms athwart,
And wove the bower so thick in every part,
That the fierce beams of Phœbus glancing strong
Could never through the leaves their fury dart;
But the sweet creeping shrubs that round it throng,
Their loving fragrance mix, and trail their flowers along.

And close beside a little fountain play'd,
Which through the trembling leaves all joyous shone,
And with the cheerful birds sweet music made,
Kissing the surface of each polish'd stone
As it flow'd past: sure as her favorite throne
Tranquillity might well esteem the bower,
The fresh and cool retreat have call'd her own,
A pleasant shelter in the sultry hour,
A refuge from the blast, and angry tempest's power.

Woo'd by the soothing silence of the scene
Here Psyche stood, and looking round, lest aught
Which threaten'd danger near her might have been,

Awhile to rest her in that quiet spot
She laid her down, and piteously bethought
Herself on the sad changes of her fate,
Which in so short a space so much had wrought,
And now had rais'd her to such high estate,
And now had plung'd her low in sorrow desolate.

Oh! how refreshing seem'd the breathing wind
To her faint limbs! and while her snowy hands
From her fair brow her golden hair unbind,
And of her zone unloose the silken bands,
More passing bright unveil'd her beauty stands;
For faultless was her form as beauty's queen,
And every winning grace that Love demands,
With mild attemper'd dignity was seen
Play o'er each lovely limb, and deck her angel mien.

Though solitary now, dismay'd, forlorn,
Without attendant through the forest rude,
The peerless maid of royal lineage born
By many a royal youth had oft been woo'd;
Low at her feet full many a prince had sued,
And homage paid unto her beauty rare;
But all their blandishments her heart withstood;
And well might mortal suitor sure despair,
Since mortal charms were none which might with hers compare.

Yet nought of insolence or haughty pride
Found ever in her gentle breast a place;
Though men her wondrous beauty deified,
And rashly deeming such celestial grace
Could never spring from any earthly race,

48: lineage] Psyche's father was a king.

Lo! all forsaking Cytherea's shrine,
Her sacred altars now no more embrace,
But to fair Psyche pay those rites divine,
Which, Goddess! are thy due, and should be only thine.

But envy of her beauty's growing fame
Poison'd her sisters' hearts with secret gall,
And oft with seeming piety they blame
The worship which they justly impious call;
And oft, lest evil should their sire befall,
Besought him to forbid the erring crowd
Which hourly throng'd around the regal hall,
With incense, gifts, and invocations loud,
To her whose guiltless breast, ne'er felt elation proud.

For she was timid as the wintry flower,
That, whiter than the snow it blooms among,
Droops its fair head submissive to the power
Of every angry blast which sweeps along
Sparing the lovely trembler, while the strong
Majestic tenants of the leafless wood
It levels low. But, ah! the pitying song
Must tell how, than the tempest's self more rude,
Fierce wrath and cruel hate their suppliant prey pursued.

Indignant quitting her deserted fanes,
Now Cytherea sought her favorite isle,
And there from every eye her secret pains
'Mid her thick myrtle bowers conceal'd awhile;
Practis'd no more the glance, or witching smile,

60: Cytherea's] Venus, or Aphrodite, was also called "Cytherea," or the "Cyprian." She sprang to life from sea foam near the island of Cytherea and was wafted to Cyprus; henceforth, both islands were sacred to her. See MT's "Imitation from Horace" ("At last the wintry gloom is o'er").

85: bowers] The myrtle was Venus's sacred tree, an emblem of love. See, e.g., Samuel Taylor Coleridge's "The Æolian Harp," l. 4. See also MT's "The Myrtle Written at West Aston."

But nurs'd the pang she never felt before,
Of mortified disdain; then to beguile
The hours which mortal flattery sooth'd no more,
She various plans revolv'd her influence to restore.

She call'd her son with unaccustom'd voice;
Not with those thrilling accents of delight
Which bade so oft enchanted Love rejoice,
Soft as the breezes of a summer's night:
Now chok'd with rage its change could Love affright;
As all to sullen discontent a prey,
Shunning the cheerful day's enlivening light,
She felt the angry power's malignant sway,
And bade her favourite boy her vengeful will obey.

Bath'd in those tears which vanquish human hearts,
"Oh, son belov'd!" (the suppliant goddess cries,)
"If e'er thy too indulgent mother's arts
Subdued for thee the potent deities
Who rule my native deep, or haunt the skies;
Or if to me the grateful praise be due,
That to thy sceptre bow the great and wise,
Now let thy fierce revenge my foe pursue,
And let my rival scorn'd her vain presumption rue.

"For what to me avails my former boast
That, fairer than the wife of Jove confest,
I gain'd the prize thus basely to be lost?
With me the world's devotion to contest
Behold a mortal dares; though on my breast

111: prize] Eris, the goddess of Discord, threw a golden apple marked "For the fairest" into a feast to which she had not been invited. This beauty contest, known as the Judgment of Paris, sowed the seeds of the Trojan War. Zeus refused to judge and instead sent Hera, Athena, and Aphrodite to Paris, son of Priam. The goddesses offered him bribes. Hera offered to make him lord of Europe and Asia, while Athena offered him the chance to lead Troy to victory against the Greeks and also to destroy Greece. Aphrodite offered him the love of the fairest woman in the world, and he chose her.

Still vainly brilliant shines the magic zone.
Yet, yet I reign: by you my wrongs redrest,
The world with humbled Psyche soon shall own
That Venus, beauty's queen, shall be ador'd alone.

"Deep let her drink of that dark, bitter spring,
Which flows so near thy bright and crystal tide;
Deep let her heart thy sharpest arrow sting,
Its temper'd barb in that black poison dyed.
Let her, for whom contending princes sigh'd,
Feel all the fury of thy fiercest flame,
For some base wretch to foul disgrace allied,
Forgetful of her birth and her fair fame,
Her honours all defil'd, and sacrific'd to shame."

Then, with sweet pressure of her rosy lip,
A kiss she gave bath'd in ambrosial dew;
The thrilling joy he would for ever sip,
And his moist eyes in ecstasy imbrue.
But she whose soul still angry cares pursue,
Snatch'd from the soft caress her glowing charms;
Her vengeful will she then enforc'd anew,
As she in haste dismiss'd him from her arms,
The cruel draught to seek of anguish and alarms.

'Mid the blue waves by circling seas embrac'd
A chosen spot of fairest land was seen;
For there with fav'ring hand had Nature plac'd
All that could lovely make the varied scene:
Eternal Spring there spread her mantle green;
There high surrounding hills deep-wooded rose

114: zone] The magical belt that Vulcan made for Venus had the power to make anyone whom she wanted desire her. When wearing it, even an unattractive person could inspire love.

129: sip] Apuleius suggests incest here: "With these words she kissed her son long and hungrily with parted lips" (trans. Walsh 77).

O'er placid lakes; while marble rocks between
The fragrant shrubs their pointed heads disclose,
And balmy breathes each gale which o'er the island blows.

Pleasure had call'd the fertile lawns her own,
And thickly strew'd them with her choicest flowers;
Amid the quiet glade her golden throne
Bright shone with lustre through o'erarching bowers:
There her fair train, the ever downy Hours,
Sport on light wing with the young Joys entwin'd;
While Hope, delighted, from her full lap showers
Blossoms, whose fragrance can the ravish'd mind
Inebriate with dreams of rapture unconfin'd.

And in the grassy centre of the isle,
Where the thick verdure spreads a damper shade,
Amid their native rocks conceal'd awhile,
Then o'er the plains in devious streams display'd,
Two gushing fountains rise; and thence convey'd,
Their waters through the woods and vallies play,
Visit each green recess and secret glade,
With still unmingled, still meand'ring way,
Nor widely wand'ring far, can each from other stray.

But of strange contrast are their virtues found,
And oft the lady of that isle has tried
In rocky dens and caverns under ground,
The black deformed stream in vain to hide;
Bursting all bounds, her labours it defied;
Yet many a flowery sod its course conceals
Through plains where deep its silent waters glide,

149: Hours] Jupiter's three daughters—symbolizing winter, spring, and summer—who often accompanied Venus and the Graces.

158: fountains] This garden sports the two fountains of Joy and Sorrow, rather than the four rivers of the biblical Eden. There is also no mention here of anything resembling the tree of knowledge of good and evil or the tree of life (see Genesis 2:9, 3:3, and 2:10–14).

Till secret ruin all corroding steals,
And every treacherous arch the hideous gulph reveals.

Forbidding every kindly prosperous growth,
Where'er it ran, a channel bleak it wore;
The gaping banks receded, as though loth
To touch the poison which disgrac'd their shore:
There deadly anguish pours unmix'd his store
Of all the ills which sting the human breast,
The hopeless tears which past delights deplore,
Heart-gnawing jealousy which knows no rest,
And self-upbraiding shame, by stern remorse opprest.

Oh, how unlike the pure transparent stream,
Which near it bubbles o'er its golden sands!
Th' impeding stones with pleasant music seem
Its progress to detain from other lands;
And all its banks, inwreath'd with flowery bands,
Ambrosial fragrance shed in grateful dew:
There young Desire enchanted ever stands,
Breathing delight and fragrance ever new,
And bath'd in constant joys of fond affection true.

But not to mortals is it e'er allow'd
To drink unmingled of that current bright;
Scarce can they taste the pleasurable flood,

188: ever new] See Jonathan Wordsworth's discussion of this stanza as a source for lines 21–30 of John Keats's "Ode on a Grecian Urn."

191: bright] The idea of mortals drinking from both streams originated long before MT. In book 24 of the *Iliad,* Achilles attempts to console Priam after Hector's death:

> So the immortals spun our lives that we, we wretched men
> live on to bear such torments—the gods live free of such sorrows.
> There are two great jars that stand on the floor of Zeus's halls
> and hold his gifts, our miseries one, the other blessings.
> When Zeus who loves the lightning mixes gifts for a man,
> now he meets with misfortune, now good times in turn. (Homer, ll. 613–18, p. 605)

See also MT's "A faithful friend is the medicine of life."

Defil'd by angry Fortune's envious spite;
Who from the cup of amorous delight
Dashes the sparkling draught of brilliant joy,
Till, with dull sorrow's stream despoiled quite,
No more it cheers the soul nor charms the eye,
But 'mid the poison'd bowl distrust and anguish lie.

Here Cupid tempers his unerring darts,
And in the fount of bliss delights to play;
Here mingles balmy sighs and pleasing smarts,
And here the honied draught will oft allay
With that black poison's all-polluting sway,
For wretched man. Hither, as Venus will'd,
For Psyche's punishment he bent his way:
From either stream his amber vase he fill'd,
For her were meant the drops which grief alone distill'd.

His quiver, sparkling bright with gems and gold,
From his fair plumed shoulder graceful hung,
And from its top in brilliant chords enroll'd
Each little vase resplendently was slung:
Still as he flew, around him sportive clung
His frolic train of winged Zephyrs light,
Wafting the fragrance which his tresses flung:
While odours dropp'd from every ringlet bright,
And from his blue eyes beam'd ineffable delight.

Wrapt in a cloud unseen by mortal eye,
He sought the chamber of the royal maid;
There, lull'd by careless soft security,
Of the impending mischief nought afraid,
Upon her purple couch was Psyche laid,
Her radiant eyes a downy slumber seal'd;
In light transparent veil alone array'd,

213: Zephyrs] Cupid was often accompanied by winged infant servants, portrayed here as gentle breezes.

Her bosom's opening charms were half reveal'd,
And scarce the lucid folds her polish'd limbs conceal'd.

A placid smile plays o'er each roseate lip,
Sweet sever'd lips! why thus your pearls disclose,
That slumbering thus unconscious she may sip
The cruel presage of her future woes?
Lightly, as fall the dews upon the rose,
Upon the coral gates of that sweet cell
The fatal drops he pours; nor yet he knows,
Nor, though a God, can he presaging tell
How he himself shall mourn the ills of that sad spell!

Nor yet content, he from his quiver drew,
Sharpen'd with skill divine, a shining dart:
No need had he for bow, since thus too true
His hand might wound her all exposed heart;
Yet her fair side he touch'd with gentlest art,
And half relenting on her beauties gaz'd;
Just then awaking with a sudden start
Her opening eye in humid lustre blaz'd,
Unseen he still remain'd, enchanted and amaz'd.

The dart which in his hand now trembling stood,
As o'er the couch he bent with ravish'd eye,
Drew with its daring point celestial blood
From his smooth neck's unblemish'd ivory:
Heedless of this, but with a pitying sigh
The evil done now anxious to repair,
He shed in haste the balmy drops of joy
O'er all the silky ringlets of her hair;
Then stretch'd his plumes divine, and breath'd celestial air.

Unhappy Psyche! soon the latent wound
The fading roses of her cheek confess,

231: cell] That is to say, her lips are the gates to her mouth.

Her eyes bright beams, in swimming sorrows drown'd,
Sparkle no more with life and happiness
Her parents fond exulting heart to bless;
She shuns adoring crowds, and seeks to hide
The pining sorrows which her soul oppress,
Till to her mother's tears no more denied,
The secret grief she owns, for which she ling'ring sigh'd.

A dream of mingled terror and delight
Still heavy hangs upon her troubled soul,
An angry form still swims before her sight,
And still the vengeful thunders seem to roll;
Still crush'd to earth she feels the stern control
Of Venus unrelenting, unappeas'd:
The dream returns, she feels the fancied dole;
Once more the furies on her heart have seiz'd,
But still she views the youth who all her sufferings eas'd.

Of wond'rous beauty did the vision seem,
And in the freshest prime of youthful years;
Such at the close of her distressful dream
A graceful champion to her eyes appears;
Her lov'd deliverer from her foes and fears
She seems in grateful transport still to press;
Still his soft voice sounds in her ravish'd ears;
Dissolv'd in fondest tears of tenderness
His form she oft invokes her waking eyes to bless.

Nor was it quite a dream, for as she woke,
Ere heavenly mists conceal'd him from her eye,
One sudden transitory view she took
Of Love's most radiant bright divinity;
From the fair image never can she fly,

268: dole] Distress.

280: dream] Compare this scene to that in which Madeline awakens from her dream of love in Keats's "The Eve of St. Agnes" (stanzas 36 and 37).

As still consum'd with vain desire she pines;
While her fond parents heave the anxious sigh,
And to avert her fate seek holy shrines
The threaten'd ills to learn by auguries and signs.

And now, the royal sacrifice prepar'd,
The milk-white bull they to the altar lead,
Whose youth the galling yoke as yet had spar'd,
Now destin'd by the sacred knife to bleed:
When lo! with sudden spring his horns he freed,
And head-long rush'd amid the frighted throng:
While from the smoke-veil'd shrine such sounds proceed
As well might strike with awe the soul most strong;
And thus divinely spoke the heav'n inspir'd tongue:

"On nuptial couch, in nuptial vest array'd,
On a tall rock's high summit Psyche place,
Let all depart, and leave the fated maid
Who never must a mortal Hymen grace,
A winged monster of no earthly race
Thence soon shall bear his trembling bride away;
His power extends o'er all the bounds of space,
And Jove himself has own'd his dreaded sway,
Whose flaming breath sheds fire, whom earth and heaven obey."

With terror, anguish, and astonishment
The oracle her wretched father hears,
Now from his brow the regal honors rent,
And now in frantic sorrow wild appears.
Nor threaten'd plagues, nor punishment he fears,
Refusing long the sentence to obey,
Till Psyche, trembling with submissive tears,

290: lead] See Weller on the connection between the first two lines of this stanza and lines 31–33 of Keats's "Ode on a Grecian Urn" ("Keats and Mary Tighe," 982–83).

295: shrine] Psyche's parents offer a sacrifice to Apollo's Delphic oracle at the end of a pilgrimage, as was a common practice for truth seekers in Greek mythology.

Bids them the sacrifice no more delay,
Prepare the funeral couch and leave the destin'd prey.

Pleas'd by th' ambiguous doom the Fates promulge,
The angry Goddess and enamour'd Boy
Alike content their various hopes indulge;
He, still exploring with an anxious eye
The future prospect of uncertain joy,
Plans how the tender object of his care
He may protect from threaten'd misery;
Ah sanguine Love! so oft deceiv'd, forbear
With flattering tints to paint illusive hope so fair.

But now what lamentations rend the skies!
In amaracine wreaths the virgin choir
With Io Hymen mingle funeral cries:
Lost in the sorrows of the Lydian lyre
The breathing flutes' melodious notes expire;
In sad procession pass the mournful throng
Extinguishing with tears the torches' fire,
While the mute victim weeping crowds among,
By unknown fears oppress'd, moves silently along.

But on such scenes of terror and dismay,
The mournful Muse delights not long to dwell,
She quits well pleas'd the melancholy lay,
Nor vainly seeks the parents' woes to tell,
But what to wond'ring Psyche then befell
When thus abandon'd, let her rather say,

317: Goddess . . . Boy] Venus and Cupid.

326: amaracine] Marjoram (*origanum marjorana*), a fragrant herb sacred to Venus; in ancient Greece and Rome, amaracine wreaths were worn by brides and grooms.

327: Io Hymen] At wedding ceremonies, an expression used to invoke the god of marriage.

328: Lydian lyre] Lydia was a country in western Turkey known for its music. The ancient Greeks used the lyre to accompany song and recitation, and it came to represent poetry in general.

Who shuddering looks to see some monster fell
Approach the desert rock to seize his prey,
With cruel fangs devour, or tear her thence away.

When lo! a gentle breeze began to rise,
Breath'd by obedient Zephyrs round the maid,
Fanning her bosom with its softest sighs
Awhile among her fluttering robes it stray'd
And boldly sportive latent charms display'd:
And then, as Cupid will'd, with tenderest care
From the tall rock, where weeping she was laid,
With gliding motion through the yielding air
To Pleasure's blooming isle their lovely charge they bear.

On the green bosom of the turf reclin'd,
They lightly now th' astonish'd virgin lay,
To placid rest they sooth her troubled mind;
Around her still with watchful care they stay,
Around her still in quiet whispers play;
Till lulling slumbers bid her eyelids close,
Veiling with silky fringe each brilliant ray,
While soft tranquillity divinely flows
O'er all her soul serene, in visions of repose.

Refresh'd she rose, and all enchanted gaz'd
On the rare beauties of the pleasant scene.
Conspicuous far a lofty palace blaz'd
Upon a sloping bank of softest green;
A fairer edifice was never seen;
The high rang'd columns own no mortal hand,
But seem a temple meet for Beauty's queen.
Like polish'd snow the marble pillars stand
In grace-attemper'd majesty sublimely grand.

Gently ascending from a silvery flood,
Above the palace rose the shaded hill,

The lofty eminence was crown'd with wood,
And the rich lawns, adorn'd by nature's skill,
The passing breezes with their odours fill;
Here ever blooming groves of orange glow,
And here all flowers which from their leaves distil
Ambrosial dew in sweet succession blow,
And trees of matchless size a fragrant shade bestow.

The sun looks glorious mid a sky serene,
And bids bright lustre sparkle o'er the tide;
The clear blue ocean at a distance seen
Bounds the gay landscape on the western side,
While closing round it with majestic pride,
The lofty rocks mid citron groves arise;
"Sure some divinity must here reside,"
As tranc'd in some bright vision Psyche cries,
And scarce believes the bliss, or trusts her charmed eyes.

When lo! a voice divinely sweet she hears,
From unseen lips proceeds the heavenly sound;
"Psyche approach, dismiss thy timid fears,
At length his bride thy longing spouse has found,
And bids for thee immortal joys abound;
For thee the palace rose at his command,
For thee his love a bridal banquet crown'd;
He bids attendant nymphs around thee stand
Prompt every wish to serve, a fond obedient band."

Increasing wonder fill'd her ravish'd soul,
For now the pompous portals open'd wide,
There, pausing oft, with timid foot she stole
Through halls high dom'd, enrich'd with sculptur'd pride,

397: wonder fill'd her ravish'd soul] See Keats's "I Stood Tip-toe upon a Little Hill," line 147: "The silver lamp,—the ravishment,—the wonder—," a borrowing first noticed by Weller in "Keats and Mary Tighe" (968).

While gay saloons appear'd on either side
In splendid vista opening to her sight;
And all with precious gems so beautified,
And furnish'd with such exquisite delight,
That scarce the beams of heaven emit such lustre bright.

The amethyst was there of violet hue,
And there the topaz shed its golden ray,
The chrysoberyl and the sapphire blue
As the clear azure of a sunny day,
Or the mild eyes where amorous glances play;
The snow white jasper and the opal's flame,
The blushing ruby and the agate grey,
And there the gem which bears his luckless name
Whose death by Phœbus mourn'd, ensur'd him deathless fame.

There the green emerald, there cornelians glow,
And rich carbuncles pour eternal light,
With all that India and Peru can shew,
Or Labrador can give so flaming bright
To the charm'd mariner's half dazzled sight:
The coral paved baths with diamonds blaze:
And all that can the female heart delight
Of fair attire, the last recess displays,
And all that Luxury can ask, her eye surveys.

Now through the hall melodious music stole,
And self-prepar'd the splendid banquet stands,
Self-pour'd the nectar sparkles in the bowl,
The lute and viol touch'd by unseen hands
Aid the soft voices of the choral bands;
O'er the full board a brighter lustre beams

401: saloons] Large apartments or halls (*OED*).

413: luckless name] Hyacinth, named after Hyacinthus, a Spartan youth brought up by and loved by Phœbus. He was accidentally killed while playing with a discus. The hyacinth flower sprang from his blood, and the bluish-purple gem was named after him.

Than Persia's monarch at his feast commands:
For sweet refreshment all inviting seems
To taste celestial food, and pure ambrosial streams.

But when meek eve hung out her dewy star
And gently veil'd with gradual hand the sky,
Lo! the bright folding doors retiring far,
Display to Psyche's captivated eye
All that voluptuous ease could ere supply
To sooth the spirits in serene repose,
Beneath the velvet's purple canopy
Divinely form'd a downy couch arose,
While alabaster lamps a milky light disclose.

Once more she hears the hymeneal strain,
Far other voices now attune the lay,
The swelling sounds approach, awhile remain,
And then retiring faint dissolved away:
The expiring lamps emit a feebler ray,
And soon in fragrant death extinguished lie:
Then virgin terrors Psyche's soul dismay,
When through the obscuring gloom she nought can spy
But softly rustling sounds declare some Being nigh.

Oh, you for whom I write! whose hearts can melt
At the soft thrilling voice whose power you prove,
You know what charm, unutterably felt,
Attends the unexpected voice of Love:
Above the lyre, the lute's soft notes above,

432: streams] Duncan Wu has aptly suggested that this stanza "may have given Keats the idea for the description of the banquet-room magically supplied with music and food, *Lamia* ii 117–31" (390 n.). After the trade edition of *Psyche* was published, the reviewer for the *Gentleman's Magazine* called this description of the palace "fanciful and rich as a brilliant imagination can well depict; and the magic operations of her attendants are described with an exuberance of taste peculiar to herself, and equal to the manner in which she relates the impression made upon the heart of Cupid by the charms of Psyche when he executed the harsh commands of his mother" (466).

With sweet enchantment to the soul it steals
And bears it to Elysium's happy grove;
You best can tell the rapture Psyche feels
When Love's ambrosial lip the vows of Hymen seals.

"'Tis he, 'tis my deliverer! deep imprest
Upon my heart those sounds I well recal,"
The blushing maid exclaimed, and on his breast
A tear of trembling ecstasy let fall.
But, ere the breezes of the morning call
Aurora from her purple, humid bed,
Psyche in vain explores the vacant hall,
Her tender lover from her arms is fled
While sleep his downy wings had o'er her eye-lids spread.

Again the band invisible attend,
And female voices sooth the mournful bride;
Light hands to braid her hair assistance lend,
By some she sees the glowing bracelet tied,
Others officious hover at her side,
And each bright gem for her acceptance bring,
While some, the balmy air diffusing wide,
Fan softer perfumes from each odorous wing
Than the fresh bosom sheds of earliest, sweetest spring.

With songs divine her anxious soul they cheer,
And woo her footsteps to delicious bowers,
They bid the fruit more exquisite appear
Which at her feet its bright profusion showers:
For her they cull unknown, celestial flowers;
The gilded car they bid her fearless guide,
Which at her wish self-moved with wondrous powers,

459: Hymen seals] Reginald Heber, writing for the *Quarterly Review,* observed that this stanza had "few rivals in delicacy of sentiment, style, or versification" (480).

465: Aurora] The Roman goddess of dawn is frequently described rising from the bed of her husband, Tithonus.

The rapid bird's velocity defied,
While round the blooming isle it rolled with circuit wide.

Again they spread the feast, they strike the lyre,
But to her frequent questions nought reply,
Her lips in vain her lover's name require,
Or wherefore thus concealed he shuns her eye.
But when reluctant twilight veils the sky,
And each pale lamp successively expires;
Again she trembling hears the voice of joy,
Her spouse a tender confidence inspires,
But with a fond embrace ere dawn again retires.

To charm the languid hours of solitude
He oft invites her to the Muse's lore,
For none have vainly e'er the Muse pursued,
And those whom she delights, regret no more
The social, joyous hours, while rapt they soar
To worlds unknown, and live in fancy's dream:
Oh Muse divine! thee only I implore,
Shed on my soul thy sweet inspiring beams,
And pleasure's gayest scene insipid folly seems!

Silence and solitude the Muses love,
And whom they charm they can alone suffice;
Nor ever tedious hour their votaries prove:
This solace now the lonely Psyche tries,
Or, while her hand the curious needle plies,
She learns from lips unseen celestial strains;
Responsive now with their soft voice she vies,

497: Muse's lore] That is to say, he encourages her poetic creative pursuits.

504: seems] For more about choosing the quiet, pensive life over gay folly, see MT's sonnets beginning "Poor, fond deluded heart!" "For me would Fancy now her chaplet twine," "Ye dear associates of my gayer hours," and "Imitated from Petrarca" ("As nearer I approach that fatal day").

Or bids her plaintive harp express the pains
Which absence sore inflicts where Love all potent reigns.

But melancholy poisons all her joys,
And secret sorrows all her hopes depress,
Consuming languor every bliss destroys,
And sad she droops repining, comfortless.
Her tender lover well the cause can guess,
And sees too plain inevitable fate
Pursue her to the bowers of happiness.
"Oh Psyche! most beloved, ere yet too late,
Dread the impending ills and prize thy tranquil state."

In vain his weeping love he thus advised;
She longs to meet a parent's sweet embrace,
"Oh were their sorrowing hearts at least apprised
How Psyche's wondrous lot all fears may chase;
For whom thy love prepared so fair a place!
Let but my bliss their fond complaints repress,
Let me but once behold a mother's face,
Oh spouse adored! and in full happiness
This love-contented heart its solitude shall bless.

"Oh, by those beauties I must ne'er behold!
The spicy-scented ringlets of thine hair:
By that soft neck my loving arms enfold,
Crown with a kind consent thy Psyche's prayer!
Their dear embrace, their blessing let me share;
So shall I stain our couch with tears no more.
But, blest in thee, resign each other care,
Nor seek again thy secret to explore,
Which yet, denied thy sight, I ever must deplore."

512: harp] MT learned to play the harp as a child, and it remained important to her throughout her life. See "Address to my Harp" and "Song to my Harp."

Unable to resist her fond request,
Reluctant Cupid thus at last complied,
And sighing clasped her closer to his breast.
"Go then, my Psyche! go my lovely bride!
But let me in thy faith at least confide,
That by no subtle, impious arts betrayed,
Which ah! too well I know will all be tried,
Thy simply trusting heart shall e'er be swayed
The secret veil to rend which fate thy screen hath made.

"For danger hovers o'er thy smiling days,
One only way to shield thee yet I know;
Unseen I may securely guard thy ways
And save thee from the threatened storm of woe;
But forced, if known, my Psyche to forego,
Thou never, never must again be mine!
What mutual sorrows hence must ceaseless flow!
Compelled thy dear embraces to resign,
While thou to anguish doomed for lost delights shalt pine.

"Solace thy mind with hope of future joy!
In a dear infant thou shalt see my face;
Blest mother soon of an immortal boy
In him his father's features thou shalt trace!
Yet go! for thou art free, the bounds of space
Are none for thee: attendant zephyrs stay,
Speak but thy will, and to the wished for place
Their lovely mistress swift they shall convey:
Yet hither ah! return ere fades the festive day."

"Light of my soul, far dearer than the day!"
(Exulting Psyche cries in grateful joy)

561: immortal boy] In book 6 of *The Golden Ass,* Cupid and Psyche expect a son but have a daughter named Volupta or Pleasure (113). MT's passage seems reminiscent of the angel's Annunciation to Mary; see Luke 1:30–33.

"Me all the bliss of earth could ill repay
For thy most sweet, divine society;
To thee again with rapture will I fly,
Nor with less pleasure hail the star of eve
Than when in tedious solitude I sigh;
My vows of silent confidence believe,
Nor think thy Psyche's faith will e'er thy love deceive."

Her suit obtained, in full contentment blest,
Her eyes at length in placid slumbers close.
Sleep, hapless fair! sleep on thy lover's breast!
Ah not again to taste such pure repose!
Till thy sad heart by long experience knows
How much they err, who to their interest blind,
Slight the calm peace which from retirement flows;
And while they think their fleeting joys to bind
Banish the tranquil bliss which heaven for man designed!

573: star of eve] A planet, esp. Venus, when seen in the night sky; also known as Hesperus or Hesper.

580: pure repose] Lines 579 to 580 both echo and foreshadow what the Priest tells Psyche in Canto II after her separation from Cupid. Until she appeases Venus, "never shalt thou taste a pure repose,/Nor ever meet thy lover's circling arms" (384–85).

CANTO II

Argument

Introduction—Dangers of the World—Psyche conveyed by Zephyrs awakes once more in the paternal mansion—Envy of her Sisters—They plot her ruin—Inspire her with suspicion and terror—Psyche's return to the Palace of Love—Her disobedience—Love asleep—Psyche's amazement—The flight of Love—Sudden banishment of Psyche from the island of Pleasure—Her lamentations—Comforted by Love—Temple of Venus—Task imposed on Psyche conditional to her reconciliation with Venus—Psyche soothed and attended by Innocence—Psyche wandering as described in the opening of the first Canto.

Canto II

Oh happy you! who blest with present bliss
See not with fatal prescience future tears,
Nor the dear moment of enjoyment miss
Through gloomy discontent, or sullen fears
Foreboding many a storm for coming years;
Change is the lot of all. Ourselves with scorn
Perhaps shall view what now so fair appears;
And wonder whence the fancied charm was born
Which now with vain despair from our fond grasp is torn!

Vain schemer, think not to prolong thy joy!
But cherish while it lasts the heavenly boon;
Expand thy sails! thy little bark shall fly
With the full tide of pleasure! though it soon
May feel the influence of the changeful moon,
It yet is thine! then let not doubts obscure
With cloudy vapours veil thy brilliant noon,
Nor let suspicion's tainted breath impure
Poison the favoring gale which speeds thy course secure!

Oh Psyche, happy in thine ignorance!
Couldst thou but shun this heart tormenting bane;
Be but content, nor daringly advance
To meet the bitter hour of threatened pain;
Pure spotless dove! seek thy safe nest again;
Let true affection shun the public eye,
And quit the busy circle of the vain,
For there the treacherous snares concealed lie;
Oh timely warned escape! to safe retirement fly!

27: safe retirement] Several of MT's poems extol the safety of life lived away from the throng and the pleasures of society. See, e.g., "Written at Rossana, August 1797."

Bright shone the morn! and now its golden ray
Dispelled the slumbers from her radiant eyes,
Yet still in dreams her fancy seems to play,
For lo! she sees with rapture and surprise
Full in her view the well-known mansion rise,
And each loved scene of first endearment hails;
The air that first received her infant sighs
With wond'ring ecstasy she now inhales,
While every trembling nerve soft tenderness assails.

See from the dear pavilion, where she lay,
Breathless she flies with scarce assured feet,
Swift through the garden wings her eager way,
Her mourning parents ravished eyes to greet
With loveliest apparition strange and sweet:
Their days of anguish all o'erpaid they deem
By one blest hour of ecstasy so great:
Yet doubtingly they gaze, and anxious seem
To ask their raptured souls, "Oh, is this all a dream?"

The wondrous tale attentively they hear,
Repeated oft in broken words of joy,
She in their arms embraced, while every ear
Hangs on their Psyche's lips, and earnestly
On her is fixed each wonder speaking eye;
Till the sad hour arrives which bids them part,
And twilight darkens o'er the ruddy sky;
Divinely urged they let their child depart,
Pressed with a fond embrace to each adoring heart.

Trusting that wedded to a spouse divine
Secure is now their daughter's happiness,
They half contentedly their child resign,
Check the complaint, the rising sigh suppress,
And wipe the silent drops of bitterness.
Nor must she her departure more delay,

But bids them now their weeping Psyche bless;
Then back to the pavilion bends her way,
Ere in the fading west quite sinks expiring day.

But while her parents listen with delight
Her sisters' hearts the Furies agitate:
They look with envy on a lot so bright,
And all the honors of her splendid fate,
Scorning the meanness of their humbler state;
And how they best her ruin may devise
With hidden rancour much they meditate,
Yet still they bear themselves in artful guise,
While 'mid the feigned caress, concealed the venom lies.

By malice urged, by ruthless envy stung
With secret haste to seize their prey they flew,
Around her neck as in despair they clung;
Her soft complying nature well they knew
And trusted by delaying to undo;
But when they found her resolute to go
Their well laid stratagem they then pursue,
And while they bid their treacherous sorrows flow
Thus fright her simple heart with images of woe.

"Oh hapless Psyche! thoughtless of thy doom!
Yet hear thy sisters who have wept for thee,
Since first a victim to thy living tomb,
Obedient to the oracle's decree,
Constrained we left thee to thy destiny.
Since then no comfort could our woes abate;

65: Furies] The three Erinyes ("Furies") are usually depicted pursuing or punishing sinners. Heraclitus wrote, "Not even the sun will transgress his orbit but the Erinyes, the ministers of justice, overtake him" (quoted in Edith Hamilton 41). In Apuleius, the sisters assume the role of Furies (*The Golden Ass,* 87).

72: venom] Through metonymy, MT compares the sisters to the serpent in the Garden of Eden.

While thou wert lulled in false security,
We learned the secret horrors of thy fate,
And heard prophetic lips thy future ills relate.

"Yet fearing never to behold thee more
Our filial care would fain the truth conceal;
But from the sage's cell, this ring we bore,
With power each latent magic to reveal:
Some hope from hence our anxious bosoms feel
That we from ruin may our Psyche save,
Since Heaven propitious to our pious zeal,
Thee to our frequent prayers in pity gave,
That warned, thou yet mayest shun thy sad untimely grave.

"Oh! how shall we declare the fatal truth?
How wound thy tender bosom with alarms?
Tell how the graces of thy blooming youth,
Thy more than mortal, all-adored charms
Have lain enamoured in a sorcerer's arms?
Oh Psyche! seize on this decisive hour,
Escape the mischief of impending harms!
Return no more to that enchanted bower,
Fly the magician's arts, and dread his cruel power!

"If, yet reluctant to forego thy love,
Thy furtive joys and solitary state,
Our fond officious care thy doubts reprove,
At least let some precaution guard thy fate,
Nor may our warning love be prized too late;
This night thyself thou may'st convince thine eyes,
Hide but a lamp, and cautiously await
Till in deep slumber thy magician lies,
This ring shall then disclose his foul deformities.

"That monster by the oracle foretold,
Whose cursed spells both gods and men must fear,

In his own image thou shalt then behold,
And shuddering hate what now is prized so dear;
Yet fly not then, though loathsome he appear,
But let this dagger to his breast strike deep;
Thy coward terrors then thou must not hear,
For if with life he rouses from that sleep
Nought then for thee remains, and we must hopeless weep."

Oh! have you seen, when in the northern sky
The transient flame of lambent lightning plays,
In quick succession lucid streamers fly,
Now flashing roseate, and now milky rays,
While struck with awe, the astonished rustics gaze?
Thus o'er her cheek, the fleeting signals move,
Now pale with fear, now glowing with the blaze
Of much indignant, still confiding love,
Now horror's lurid hue, with shame's deep blushes strove.

On her cold, passive hand the ring they place,
And hide the dagger in her folding vest;
Pleased the effects of their dire arts to trace
In the mute agony that swells her breast,
Already in her future ruin blest:
Conscious that now their poor deluded prey
Should never taste again delight or rest,
But sickening in suspicion's gloom decay,
Or urged by terrors rash their treacherous will obey.

While yet irresolute with sad surprise,
Mid doubt and love she stands in strange suspense,
Lo! gliding from her sister's wondering eyes
Returning Zephyrs gently bear her thence;
Lost all her hopes, her joys, her confidence,
Back to the earth her mournful eyes she threw,

130: rays] The aurora borealis, also know as the northern lights.

As if imploring pity and defence;
While bathed in tears her golden tresses flew,
As in the breeze dispersed they caught the precious dew.

Illumined bright now shines the splendid dome,
Melodious accents her arrival hail:
But not the torches' blaze can chase the gloom,
And all the soothing powers of music fail;
Trembling she seeks her couch with horror pale,
But first a lamp conceals in secret shade,
While unknown terrors all her soul assail.
Thus half their treacherous counsel is obeyed,
For still her gentle soul abhors the murderous blade.

And now, with softest whispers of delight,
Love welcomes Psyche still more fondly dear;
Not unobserved, though hid in deepest night,
The silent anguish of her secret fear.
He thinks that tenderness excites the tear
By the late image of her parents' grief,
And half offended seeks in vain to cheer,
Yet, while he speaks, her sorrows feel relief,
Too soon more keen to sting from this suspension brief!

Allowed to settle on celestial eyes
Soft sleep exulting now exerts his sway,
From Psyche's anxious pillow gladly flies
To veil those orbs, whose pure and lambent ray
The powers of heaven submissively obey.
Trembling and breathless then she softly rose
And seized the lamp, where it obscurely lay,
With hand too rashly daring to disclose
The sacred veil which hung mysterious o'er her woes.

Twice, as with agitated step she went,
The lamp expiring shone with doubtful gleam,

As though it warned her from her rash intent.
And twice she paused, and on its trembling beam
Gazed with suspended breath, while voices seem
With murmuring sound along the roof to sigh;
As one just waking from a troublous dream,
With palpitating heart and straining eye,
Still fixed with fear remains, still thinks the danger nigh.

Oh daring muse! wilt thou indeed essay
To paint the wonders which that lamp could shew?
And canst thou hope in living words to say
The dazzling glories of that heavenly view?
Ah! well I ween, that if with pencil true
That splendid vision could be well exprest,
The fearful awe imprudent Psyche knew
Would seize with rapture every wondering breast,
When Love's all potent charms divinely stood confest.

All imperceptible to human touch,
His wings display celestial essence light,
The clear effulgence of the blaze is such,
The brilliant plumage shines so heavenly bright
That mortal eyes turn dazzled from the sight;
A youth he seems in manhood's freshest years;
Round his fair neck, as clinging with delight,
Each golden curl resplendently appears,
Or shades his darker brow, which grace majestic wears.

Or o'er his guileless front the ringlets bright
Their rays of sunny lustre seem to throw,
That front than polished ivory more white!
His blooming cheeks with deeper blushes glow
Than roses scattered o'er a bed of snow:
While on his lips, distilled in balmy dews,
(Those lips divine that even in silence know

The heart to touch) persuasion to infuse
Still hangs a rosy charm that never vainly sues.

The friendly curtain of indulgent sleep
Disclosed not yet his eyes' resistless sway,
But from their silky veil there seemed to peep
Some brilliant glances with a softened ray,
Which o'er his features exquisitely play,
And all his polished limbs suffuse with light.
Thus through some narrow space the azure day
Sudden its cheerful rays diffusing bright,
Wide darts its lucid beams, to gild the brow of night.

His fatal arrows, and celestial bow
Beside the couch were negligently thrown,
Nor needs the god his dazzling arms, to show
His glorious birth, such beauty round him shone
As sure could spring from Beauty's self alone;
The bloom which glowed o'er all of soft desire,
Could well proclaim him Beauty's cherished son;
And Beauty's self will oft these charms admire,
And steal his witching smile, his glance's living fire.

Speechless with awe, in transport strangely lost
Long Psyche stood with fixed adoring eye;
Her limbs immoveable, her senses tost
Between amazement, fear, and ecstasy,
She hangs enamoured o'er the Deity.
Till from her trembling hand extinguished falls

216: sues] According to the reviewer for the *Gentleman's Magazine* (1812), "The consequences of the advice of the sisters afforded Mrs Tighe an opportunity for the display of a fancy, seldom excelled, in detailing the caution, terror, and trepidation of Psyche, who at length, by means of the magic lamp with which she had been furnished, sees Cupid in all the effulgence of his celestial nature; and we trust the description of his manly form and features will excite many warm emotions in the breasts of the female readers of this poem" (466).

The fatal lamp—He starts—and suddenly
Tremendous thunders echo through the halls,
While ruin's hideous crash bursts o'er the affrighted walls.

Dread horror seizes on her sinking heart,
A mortal chillness shudders at her breast,
Her soul shrinks fainting from death's icy dart,
The groan scarce uttered dies but half exprest,
And down she sinks in deadly swoon opprest:
But when at length, awaking from her trance,
The terrors of her fate stand all confest,
In vain she casts around her timid glance,
The rudely frowning scenes her former joys enhance.

No traces of those joys, alas, remain!
A desert solitude alone appears.
No verdant shade relieves the sandy plain,
The wide spread waste no gentle fountain cheers,
One barren face, the dreary prospect wears;
Nought through the vast horizon meets her eye
To calm the dismal tumult of her fears,
No trace of human habitation nigh,
A sandy wild beneath, above a threatening sky.

The mists of morn yet chill the gloomy air,
And heavily obscure the clouded skies;
In the mute anguish of a fixed despair
Still on the ground immoveable she lies;
At length with lifted hands and streaming eyes,
Her mournful prayers invoke offended Love,

262–324: The mists of morn . . . Psyche loved!] In the *Monthly Review* for October 1811, Francis Hodgson singled out for praise this and the following six stanzas: "The description of Cupid asleep is most elegantly finished: but the sudden and terrible change of all the realm of pleasure, to desolation, waste, and sadness, calls forth the nobler powers of the author; and, after a display of animation, vigour, and originality, in the rapid picture of a most striking situation, she gently melts into a pathetic tenderness of which we know not a parallel" (144).

"Oh let me hear thy voice once more (she cries)
In death at least thy pity let me move,
And death, if but forgiven, a kind relief will prove.

"For what can life to thy lost Psyche give,
What can it offer but a gloomy void?
Why thus abandoned should I wish to live?
To mourn the pleasure which I once enjoyed,
The bliss my own rash folly hath destroyed;
Of all my soul most prized, or held most dear,
Nought but the sad remembrance doth abide,
And late repentance of my impious fear;
Remorse and vain regret what living soul can bear!

"Oh art thou then indeed for ever gone!
And art thou heedless of thy Psyche's woe!
From these fond arms for ever art thou flown,
And unregarded must my sorrows flow!
Ah! why too happy did I ever know
The rapturous charms thy tenderness inspires?
Ah! why did thy affections stoop so low?
Why kindle in a mortal breast such fires,
Or with celestial love inflame such rash desires?

"Abandoned thus for ever by thy love
No greater punishment I now can bear,
From fate no farther malice can I prove,
Not all the horrors of this desert drear,
Nor death itself can now excite a fear,
The peopled earth a solitude as vast
To this despairing heart would now appear;
Here then, my transient joys for ever past,
Let thine expiring bride, thy pardon gain at last!"

Now prostrate on the bare unfriendly ground,
She waits her doom in silent agony;

When lo! the well known soft celestial sound
She hears once more with breathless ecstasy,
"Oh! yet too dearly loved! Lost Psyche! Why
With cruel fate wouldst thou unite thy power,
And force me thus thine arms adored to fly?
Yet cheer thy drooping soul, some happier hour
Thy banished steps may lead back to thy lover's bower.

"Though angry Venus we no more can shun,
Appease that anger and I yet am thine!
Lo! where her temple glitters to the sun.
With humble penitence approach her shrine,
Perhaps to pity she may yet incline;
But should her cruel wrath these hopes deceive,
And thou, alas! must never more be mine,
Yet shall thy lover ne'er his Psyche leave,
But if the fates allow, unseen thy woes relieve.

"Stronger than I, they now forbid my stay;
Psyche beloved, adieu!" Scarce can she hear
The last faint words, which gently melt away;
And now more faint the dying sounds appear,
Borne to a distance from her longing ear;
Yet still attentively she stands unmoved,
To catch those accents which her soul could cheer,
That soothing voice which had so sweetly proved
That still his tender heart offending Psyche loved!

And now the joyous sun had cleared the sky,
The mist dispelled revealed the splendid fane;
A palmy grove majestically high
Screens the fair building from the desert plain;
Of alabaster white and free from stain
Mid the tall trees the tapering columns rose;

315: fates] It was said that even Jupiter could not go against the three goddesses of destiny.
326: splendid fane] The temple of Venus.

Thither, with fainting steps, and weary pain,
Obedient to the voice at length she goes,
And at the threshold seeks protection and repose.

Round the soft scene immortal roses bloomed,
While lucid myrtles in the breezes play;
No savage beast had ever yet presumed
With foot impure within the grove to stray,
And far from hence flies every bird of prey;
Thus, mid the sandy Garamantian wild,
When Macedonia's lord pursued his way,
The sacred temple of great Ammon smiled,
And green encircling shades the long fatigue beguiled:

With awe that fearfully her doom awaits
Still at the portal Psyche timid lies,
When lo! advancing from the hallowed gates
Trembling she views with reverential eyes
An aged priest. A myrtle bough supplies
A wand, and roses bind his snowy brows:
"Bear hence thy feet profane (he sternly cries)
Thy longer stay the goddess disallows,
Fly, nor her fiercer wrath too daringly arouse!"

His pure white robe imploringly she held,
And, bathed in tears, embraced his sacred knees;
Her mournful charms relenting he beheld,
And melting pity in his eye she sees;
"Hope not (he cries) the goddess to appease,

334: roses] Venus held roses sacred.

339: Garamantian] The temple of Jupiter Ammon situated in the midst of the deserts of Libya & particularly described by Quintus Curtius [*MT's note, 1804 MS, fol. 23*] The Garamantian Empire lasted from about 400 BCE to 600 CE.

340: Macedonia's lord] Alexander the Great. The Egyptian god Ammon (identified with Jupiter) was said to have miraculously aided the birth of Alexander, who made a pilgrimage to his temple in the desert.

347–48: myrtle bough . . . roses] Venus covered herself in myrtle and rose when bathing and tends to be identified with these plants.

Retire at awful distance from her shrine,
But seek the refuge of those sheltering trees,
And now thy soul with humble awe incline
To hear her sacred will and mark the words divine.

"Presumptuous Psyche! whose aspiring soul
The God of Love has dared to arrogate;
Rival of Venus! whose supreme control
Is now asserted by all ruling fate,
No suppliant tears her vengeance shall abate
Till thou hast raised an altar to her power,
Where perfect happiness, in lonely state,
Has fixed her temple in secluded bower,
By foot impure of man untrodden to this hour!

"And on the altar must thou place an urn
Filled from immortal beauty's sacred spring,
Which foul deformity to grace can turn,
And back to fond affection's eyes can bring
The charms which fleeting fled on transient wing;
Snatched from the rugged steep where first they rise,
Dark rocks their crystal source o'ershadowing,
Let their clear water sparkle to the skies
Where cloudless lustre beams which happiness supplies!

"To Venus thus for ever reconciled,
This one atonement all her wrath disarms,
From thy loved Cupid then no more exiled
There shalt thou, free from sorrow and alarms,
Enjoy for ever his celestial charms.
But never shalt thou taste a pure repose,
Nor ever meet thy lover's circling arms,
Till all subdued that shall thy steps oppose,
Thy perils there shall end, escaped from all thy foes."

With meek submissive woe she heard her doom,
Nor to the holy minister replied;

But in the myrtle grove's mysterious gloom
She silently retired her grief to hide.
Hopeless to tread the waste without a guide,
All unrefreshed and faint from toil she lies:
When lo! her present wants are all supplied,
Sent by the hand of Love a turtle flies,
And sets delicious food before her wondering eyes.

Cheered by the favoring omen, softer tears
Relieve her bosom from its cruel weight:
She blames the sad despondence of her fears,
When still protected by a power so great,
His tenderness her toils will mitigate.
Then with renewed strength at length she goes,
Hoping to find some skilled in secret fate,
Some learned sage who haply might disclose
Where lay that blissful bower the end of all her woes.

And as she went, behold with hovering flight!
The dove preceded still her doubtful way;
Its spotless plumage of the purest white,
Which shone resplendent in the blaze of day,
Could even in darkest gloom a light display;
Of heavenly birth, when first to mortals given
Named Innocence. But ah! too short its stay;
By ravenous birds it fearfully was driven
Back to reside with Love, a denizen of heaven.

Now through the trackless wild, o'er many a mile
The messenger of Cupid led the fair,
And cheered with hope her solitary toil,
Till now a brighter face the prospects wear,

395: turtle] The turtledove was a messenger of love and was sacred to Venus. The dove also represents a guiding spirit of God. In Matthew 3:13–17, when Jesus is baptized, the spirit of God descends like a dove. After the baptism, Jesus enters into the wilderness and is subjected to temptations. Similarly, the dove will lead Psyche through her trials. See also MT's poem, "The Dove."

Past are the sandy wastes and deserts bare,
And many a verdant hill, and grassy dale,
And trace, that mortal culture might declare,
And many a wild wood dark, and joyous vale
Appeared her soul to sooth, could soothing scenes avail.

But other fears her timid soul distress,
Mid strangers unprotected and alone,
The desert wilderness alarmed her less
Than cities, thus unfriended and unknown;
But where the path was all by moss o'ergrown,
There still she chose her solitary way,
Where'er her faithful Dove before had flown
Fearful of nought she might securely stray,
For still his care supplied the wants of every day.

And still she entered every sacred grove
And homage paid to each divinity,
But chief the altar of almighty Love,
Weeping embraced with fond imploring eye;
To every oracle her hopes apply,
Instructions for her dangerous path to gain:
Exclaiming oft, with a desponding sigh,
"Ah! how through all such dangers, toil and pain,
Shall Psyche's helpless steps their object e'er attain?"

And now remote from every peopled town
One sultry day a cooling bower she found:
There, as I whilom sung, she laid her down,
Where rich profusion of gay flowers around
Had decked with artless shew the sloping ground,
There the wild rose and modest violet grow,
There all thy charms, Narcissus! still abound:
There wrapt in verdure fragrant lilies blow,
Lilies that love the vale, and hide their bells of snow.

448: Narcissus] See Ovid, *Metamorphoses,* III: 517–18.

Thy flowers, Adonis! bright vermilion shew,
Still for his love the yellow crocus pines,
There, while indignant blushes seem to glow,
Beloved by Phœbus his Acanthus shines,
Reseda still her drooping head reclines—
With faithful homage to his golden rays,
And, though mid clouds their lustre he resigns,
An image of the constant heart displays,
While silent still she turns her fond pursuing gaze.

And every sweet that spring with fairy hands
Scatters in thy green path, enchanting May!
And every flowering shrub there clust'ring stands
As though they wooed her to a short delay,
Yielding a charm to sooth her weary way;
Soft was the tufted moss, and sweet the breeze,
With lulling sound the murmuring waters play,
With lulling sound from all the rustling trees
The fragrant gale invites to cool refreshing ease.

There as she sought repose, her sorrowing heart
Recalled her absent love with bitter sighs;
Regret had deeply fixed the poisoned dart,
Which ever rankling in her bosom lies;

451: Adonis] After Adonis was killed by a boar, blood-red anemones or windflowers sprang up where each drop of his blood had fallen. His metaphorical resurrection foreshadows Psyche's.

452: crocus] In Greek mythology, Krokos, a mortal, pines for Smilax, a beautiful woodland nymph; in some versions of the story, she does not return his love. The gods transform them into tiny flowers that grow near each another so that they can dwell together for all eternity. Ovid mentions this myth in passing (*Metamorphoses,* IV: 283–84).

454: Acanthus] Apollo (Phœbus) loved the nymph Acanthus, who, after rejecting him, was made immortal as the flower of the same name.

455: Reseda] Reseda Luteola—[*MT's note, 1805*].

455: Reseda . . . reclines] This line in the 1805 text reads, "Her drooping head still Reseda inclines," but MT appended the following note at the end of the volume, presumably after the text had already been printed: "If worth alteration the following line may be substituted to avoid the unfortunate false quantity: Reseda still her drooping head reclines—." We have made the substitution, which the poet clearly saw as an improvement.

457: resigns] That is to say, the luster of the sun's rays is given up to clouds.

In vain she seeks to close her weary eyes,
Those eyes still swim incessantly in tears,
Hope in her cheerless bosom fading dies,
Distracted by a thousand cruel fears,
While banished from his love for ever she appears.

Oh! thou best comforter of that sad heart
Whom fortune's spite assails; come, gentle sleep,
The weary mourner sooth! for well the art
Thou knowest in soft forgetfulness to steep
The eyes which sorrow taught to watch and weep;
Let blissful visions now her spirits cheer,
Or lull her cares to peace in slumbers deep,
Till from fatigue refreshed and anxious fear
Hope like the morning star once more shall re-appear.

486: morning star] The planet Venus, when visible in the east before sunrise. Also see Revelation 22:16, which the *OED* identifies as the first use of the morning star to refer to "a person or thing regarded as the precursor or herald of a new dawn, era, etc." While the morning star symbolizes Christ, it is also associated with Lucifer. The diurnal repetition of Venus as the morning and evening stars is not unlike her cyclical appearance and disappearance as both good and evil mother in MT's narrative. Venus plays both Lucifer and Christ, initially testing Psyche and finally redeeming her.

CANTO III

Argument

Praise of Love—Psyche's Champion, with his attendant Constance, described—The Knight assumes the command of Passion, who appears as a Lion—Psyche proceeds under the protection of the Knight—Persuaded to repose in the Bower of loose Delight—Her escape from thence—Led by Innocence to Retirement—Psyche meets Vanity and Flattery—Betrayed by them into the power of Ambition—Rescued by her Knight.

Canto III

Oh who art thou who darest of love complain?
He is a gentle spirit and injures none!
His foes are ours; from them the bitter pain,
The keen, deep anguish, the heart-rending groan,
Which in his milder reign are never known.
His tears are softer than the April showers,
White-handed Innocence supports his throne,
His sighs are sweet as breath of earliest flowers,
Affection guides his steps, and peace protects his bowers.

But scarce admittance he on earth can find,
Opposed by vanity, by fraud ensnared,
Suspicion frights him from the gloomy mind,
And jealousy in vain his smiles has shared,
Whose sullen frown the gentle godhead scared;
From passion's rapid blaze in haste he flies,
His wings alone the fiercer flame has spared;
From him ambition turns his scornful eyes,
And avarice, slave to gold, a generous lord denies.

But chief inconstancy his power destroys,
To mock his lovely form, an idle train
With magic skill she dressed in transient toys,
By these the selfish votaries she can gain
Whom Love's more simple bands could ne'er detain.
Ah! how shall Psyche through such mortal foes
The fated end of all her toils attain?
Sadly she ponders o'er her hopeless woes,
Till on the pillowy turf she sinks to short repose.

But as the careless lamb whom playful chance
Thoughtless of danger has enticed to rove,
Amidst her gambols casts a sudden glance
Where lurks her wily foe within the grove,

Anxious to fly, but still afraid to move,
All hopeless of escape—so looks the maid,
Such dread her half-awakened senses prove,
When roused from sleep before her eyes dismayed
A knight all armed appears close mid the embowering shade.

Trembling she gazed, until the stranger knight
Tempering with mildest courtesy, the awe
Which majesty inspired, low in her sight
Obeisance made; nor would he nearer draw,
Till, half subdued surprise and fear, he saw
Pale terror yielding to the rosy grace,
The pure congealed blood begin to thaw,
And flowing through her crystal veins apace
Suffuse with mantling blush her mild celestial face.

Gently approaching then with fairest speech
He proffered service to the lonely dame,
And prayed her that she might not so impeach
The honor of his youth's yet spotless fame,
As aught to fear which might his knighthood shame;
But if her unprotected steps to guard,
The glory of her champion he might claim,
He asked no other guerdon or reward,
Than what bright honor's self might to his deeds award.

Doubting and musing much within her mind,
With half suspicious, half confiding eye,
Awhile she stood; her thoughts bewildered find
No utterance, unwilling to deny
Such proffered aid, yet bashful to reply
With quick assent, since though concealed his face
Beneath his helm, yet might she well espy
And in each fair proportion plainly trace
The symmetry of form, and perfect youthful grace.

40: Obeisance] That is to say, he bowed low.

Hard were it to describe the nameless charm
That o'er each limb, in every action played,
The softness of that voice, which could disarm
The hand of fury of its deadly blade:
In shining armour was the youth arrayed,
And on his shield a bleeding heart he bore,
His lofty crest light plumes of azure shade,
There shone a wounded dragon bathed in gore,
And bright with silver beamed the silken scarf he wore.

His milk-white steed with glittering trappings blazed,
Whose reins a beauteous boy attendant held,
On the fair squire with wonder Psyche gazed,
For scarce he seemed of age to bear the shield,
Far less a ponderous lance, or sword to wield;
Yet well this little page his lord had served,
His youthful arm had many a foe repelled,
His watchful eye from many a snare preserved,
Nor ever from his steps in any danger swerved.

Graced with the gift of a perpetual youth,
No lapse of years had power his form to change;
Constance was named the boy, whose matchless truth
Though oft inticed with other lords to range

68: armour] See the New Testament description of the armor of God (Ephesians 6:10–17). MT combines the courtly romance tradition with New Testament scripture.

71: dragon] St. George, the legendary patron saint of England, is most famous for saving a damsel in distress by slaying a dragon. MT could have had in mind several passages of *The Faerie Queene,* including the following ones, in which a distraught maiden goes in search of St. George, "The Redcrosse Knight":

> At last she chaunced by good hap to meet
> A goodly knight, faire marching by the way
> Together with his Squire, arayed meet:
> His glitterand armour shined farre away,
> (canto VII, st. 29, ll. 1–4)

> His haughtie helmet, horrid all with gold,
> Both glorious brightnesse, and great terrour bred;
> For all the crest a Dragon did enfold
> (canto VII, st. 31, ll. 1–3)

Nor fraud, nor force could from that knight estrange;
His mantle of celestial blue was made,
And its bright texture wrought with art so strange
That the fresh brilliant gloss could never fade,
And lustre yet unknown to Psyche's eyes displayed.

Thus while she gazed, behold with horrid roar
A lion from the neighbouring forest rushed,
A golden chain around his neck he bore,
Which richly glowing with carbuncles blushed,
While his fierce eye-balls fiery rage had flushed:
Forth steps the youth before the affrighted fair,
Who in his mighty paw already crushed
Seems in the terrors of her wild despair,
And her mute quivering lips a death-like paleness wear.

But scarce the kingly beast the knight beheld,
When crouching low, submissive at his feet,
His wrath extinguished, and his valour quelled,
He seemed with reverence and obeisance sweet
Him as his long acknowledged lord to greet.
While, in acceptance of the new command,
Well pleased the youth received the homage meet,
Then seized the splendid chain with steady hand
Full confident to rule, and every foe withstand.

And when at length recovered from her fear,
The timid Psyche mounts his docile steed,
Much prayed she tells to his attentive ear
(As on her purposed journey they proceed)
The doubtful course the oracle decreed:
And how observant of her friendly guide,
She still pursued its flight, with all the speed

92: lion] While the lamb traditionally represents the sacrificial nature of Christ, the lion embodies his might. Note that Psyche is identified with the "careless lamb" in stanza 4 of canto III, the same stanza in which the knight first appears.

Her fainting strength had hitherto supplied:
What pathless wilds she crossed! What forests darkling wide!

Which having heard, the courteous knight began
With counsel sweet to sooth her wounded heart;
Divinely eloquent, persuasion ran
The herald of his words, ere they depart
His lips, which well might confidence impart,
As he revealed how he himself was bound
By solemn vow, that neither force nor art
His helmet should unloose, till he had found
The bower of happiness, that long sought fairy ground.

"I too (he said) divided from my love,
The offended power of Venus deprecate,
Like thee, through paths untrodden, sadly rove
In search of that fair spot prescribed by fate,
The blessed term of my afflicted state,
Where I, the mistress of my soul shall find,
For whose dear sake no toil to me seems great,
Nor any dangers to my search assigned
Can from its purpose fright my ardent longing mind.

"Psyche! thy soft and sympathising heart
Shall share the rapture of thy loyal knight,
He too, in thy content shall bear a part,
Blest witness of thy new restored delight;
My vows of true allegiance here I plight,
Ne'er to forsake thee till thy perils end,
Thy steps to guard, in thy protection fight,
By counsel aid, and by my arm defend,
And prove myself in all, thy champion and thy friend."

117: darkling] See Keats's "Ode to a Nightingale": "Darkling I listen" (st. 6, l. 1), and "The Eve of St. Agnes": "Down the wide stairs a darkling way they found" (st. 40, l. 4). Weller argues that these are borrowings from MT ("Keats and Mary Tighe," 976).

So on they went, her cheerless heart revived,
By promised succour in her doubtful way,
And much of hope she to herself derived,
From the warm eagerness his lips display
In their pursuit to suffer no delay:
"And sure, (she softly sighed) my dearest Lord,
Thy watchful love still guides me as I stray,
Not chance alone could such an aid afford,
Lo! beasts of prey confess the heaven-assisted sword."

Now from his crystal urn, with chilling hand,
Vesper had sprinkled all the earth with dew,
A misty veil obscured the neighbouring land,
And shut the fading landscape from their view;
A beaten path they eagerly pursue,
(For now refreshment and repose they need
As Psyche weary of long travel grew)
Where by a river's bank it seemed to lead,
Along its sinuous course they heedlessly proceed.

At length the lordly beast that bore the knight
Explored the river's depth with sudden bound,
Psyche, who heard the plunge with strange affright,
Her champion reassured with welcome sound,
That he the other bank had safely found;
And, while he spoke, emerging from the shade,
A joyous goodly train appear around,
Of many a gallant youth and white robed maid,
Who grateful welcome gave, and courteous greeting paid.

Quick through the trees a thousand torches blazed,
The gloom to banish, and the scene disclose
To Psyche all irresolute, amazed:
A bridge with stately arch at distance rose,

150: dearest Lord] Cupid.
155: Vesper] Another form of Hesper, Venus, the evening star.

Thither at once the gay assembly goes,
Not unattended by the charmed knight,
Inviting Psyche to partake repose,
Pointing where shone their bower illumined bright,
Their bower so passing fair, the bower of loose Delight.

At length with timid foot the bridge she past,
And to her guardian knight clung fearfully,
While many a doubting glance around she cast,
If still her watchful dove she might espy;
Feebly it seemed on labouring wing to fly,
Till, dazzled by the sudden glare around,
In painful trance it closed its dizzy eye,
And had it not fair Psyche's bosom found,
Its drooping pinion soon had touched the unhallowed ground.

Hence there arose within her heart sore dread
Which no alluring pleasure could dispel;
The splendid hall with luscious banquet spread,
The soft-breathed flutes which in sweet concert swell,
With melody of song unspeakable;
Nor the light dancing troop in roses drest,
Could chase the terrors which she dared not tell,
While fondly cherished in her anxious breast
She strove in vain to sooth the fluttering bird to rest.

On a soft downy couch the guests are placed,
And close behind them stands their watchful page,
But much his strict attendance there disgraced,

180: bower of loose Delight] This section of the poem owes much to Spenser's depiction of the tempting but dangerous Bower of Bliss (*The Faerie Queene,* bk. 2, canto 12). See also MT's short poem, "A faithful friend is the medicine of life," which observes:

'Mid the fountain of bliss when it sparkles most bright
Salt mixtures imbitter the spring,
Tho' its lustre may tremble thro' bowers of delight,
In the draught disappointment will sting. (5–8)

201: his strict attendance there disgraced] His disciplined attendance put others to shame.

And much was scorned his green and tender age,
His calm fixed eye and steady aspect sage:
But him nor rude disdain nor mockery,
Nor soothing blandishments could e'er engage,
The wanton mazes of their sports to try,
Or from his lord to turn his firm adhering eye.

White bosomed nymphs around with loosened zones
All on the guests obsequiously tend,
Some sing of love with soft expiring tones,
While Psyche's melting eyes the strain commend;
Some o'er their heads the canopy suspend,
Some hold the sparkling bowl, while some with skill
Ambrosial showers and balmy juices blend,
Or the gay lamps with liquid odours fill
Whose many coloured fires divinest sweets distil.

And now a softer light they seemed to shed
And sweetest music ushered in their queen.
Her languid steps by winged boys are led,
Who in their semblance might have Cupids been;
Close wrapt in veils her following train was seen;
Herself looked lovely in her loose attire,
Her smiling eyes gave lustre to the scene,
And still where'er they turned their wanton fire
Each thrilling nerve confessed the rapture they inspire.

The stranger guests she viewed with welcome glad,
And crowned the banquet with reception sweet,
To fill the glowing bowl her nymphs she bad,
And graceful rising from her splendid seat
She would herself present the sparkling treat;

219: winged boys] Weller draws attention to Keats's use of this phrase in "Ode to Psyche" (Weller, *Keats and Mary Tighe,* 87): "The wingèd boy I knew;/But who wast thou, O happy, happy dove?/His Psyche true!" (ll. 21–23).

When lo! the dove alarmed with sudden start,
Spurned the bright cup and dashed it at her feet,
For well he knew 'twas mixed with treacherous art
To sting his Psyche's breast with agonizing smart.

Regardless of her supplicating tears
Each eye with vengeful rage the insult sees,
Her knight's protection now in vain appears;
The offended sovereign anxious to appease,
A thousand hands prepare the dove to seize:
Nor was this all, for as the tumult rose,
Sudden more thick than swarm of summer bees,
The secret dens their venomed hoards disclose,
And horror at the sight her vital spirits froze.

Hissing aloud with undulations dire,
Their forked tongues unnumbered serpents show,
Their tainted breath emitting poisonous fire
All turn on Psyche as their mortal foe;
But he, whose arm was never weak or slow,
Now rushed before her with resistless spring,
On either side the oft-repeated blow
Repulsed the malice of their deadly sting,
While sparks of wrathful fire from their fierce jaws they fling.

"Fly, Psyche! these are slander's hellish brood!
Contest I know is vain," her champion cried.
Her passage now the opposing train withstood,
Struck with disgust their hideous forms she spied,
For lo! each silken veil is thrown aside,
And foul deformity, and filth obscene,
With monstrous shapes appear on every side;
But vanished is their fair and treacherous queen,
And with her every charm that decked the enchanted scene.

Meanwhile the dove had soared above their reach,
But hovered still in anxious Psyche's sight,

Precursor of escape, it seemed to teach
Whither she safest might direct her flight,
And find a pass-port in her foes' despite;
One rugged path there lay with briars o'ergrown,
Then dark and dismal with the shades of night,
Thither the dove on rapid wing had flown,
Conspicuous mid the gloom its silver plumage shone.

Yet she delayed, o'ercome by terror's power,
And scarce her fainting form the knight could shield,
When lo! still active in the trying hour,
Constance rushed fearless through the dreadful field,
With breast-plate firm invulnerably steeled,
He heeded not the storms which round him press,
To any perils he disdained to yield,
Endued with prudence as with hardiness,
And ever skilled to bring due succour in distress.

Lo! swift returning on his master's steed,
In his right hand he held the lion's chain,
The mighty beast his gentleness could lead
Though little used to bear the curb or rein,
And mid those groves accustomed to remain,
Yet now prepared, with sweet submissive grace,
He ready stands the knight to bear again,
While trembling Psyche on the steed they place,
Which swift as lightning flies far from the dreadful chase.

Rough was the rude wild way, and many a thorn
Tore her loose garments in their rapid flight,
O'er many a league the panting fair is borne,
Till now, emerging from the shades of night,
The grey-eyed morn stole forth her pallid light.

266: pass-port] Safe passage.

275: breast-plate] In Ephesians 6:14, the breastplate in the armor of God represents righteousness. In this instance, as throughout the poem, Constance's morality allows him to save Psyche.

Then first she paused unable to proceed
Exhausted with fatigue, and pain, and fright.
"Turn, Psyche," cried the youth, "relax thy speed,
And see thyself at length from thy pursuers freed."

Mid the thick forest, was a lonely dell,
Where foot of man was seldom known to tread,
The sloping hills all round, in graceful swell,
The little green with woods environed:
Hither the dove their passive course had led.
Here the thin smoke blue rising mid the trees,
Where broad and brown the deepest umbrage spread,
Spoke the abode of safe retired ease,
And Psyche gladly there her dove descending sees.

In lowly cottage, walled with mossy sod,
Close by a little spring's perpetual rill,
A hermit dwelt, who many a year had trod
With sacred solitude that pine-clad hill,
And loved with holy images to fill
His soul enrapt; yet courteous them besought
A while secluded here to rest; and still
Replete with kind and hospitable thought,
To a sequestered bower the wearied Psyche brought.

Skilled in the virtue of each healing flower,
And the wild fruit's restoring juice to blend,
He spreads the frugal fare of wholesome power,
And heedfully his cares their wants attend,
A docile ear to his advice they lend,
And sage instruction from his precepts take,
Which much their future journey may befriend;
Wisdom with soothing eloquence he spake,
Pleased to resolve their doubts, and all their cares partake.

In those sweet placid scenes awhile they rest,
Till Psyche finds her fainting strength revive,

And here her dove, as in a quiet nest,
Delighted seems to sportive joy alive,
And hence they surest confidence derive.
He plumes his wings, and through his swelling throat
(No more a ruffled, fearful fugitive)
In gentle murmurs pours his dulcet note,
While Psyche listening sits in some still vale remote.

Oh! have you never known the silent charm
That undisturbed retirement yields the soul,
Where no intruder might your peace alarm,
And tenderness hath wept without control,
While melting fondness o'er the bosom stole?
Did fancy never, in some lonely grove,
Abridge the hours which must in absence roll?
Those pensive pleasures did you never prove,
Oh you have never loved! you know not what is love!

They do not love, who can to these prefer
The tumult of the gay, or folly's roar;
The Muse they know not; nor delight in her
Who can the troubled soul to rest restore,
Calm contemplation: Yes, I must deplore
Their joyless state, even more than his who mourns
His love for ever lost; delight no more
Unto his widowed heart indeed returns,
Yet, while he weeps, his soul their cold indifference spurns.

But if soft hope illumines fancy's dream,
Assuring him of love and constancy,
How exquisite do then the moments seem,
When he may hide himself from every eye
And cherish the dear thought in secrecy,
While sweet remembrance sooths his thrilling heart,

344: folly's roar] MT once again privileges silence and solitude over the busyness of the social scene.

And brings once more past hours of kindness nigh,
Recals the look of love when forced to part,
And turns to drops of joy the tears that sadly start.

Forgetful of the dangers of her way,
Imagination oft would Psyche bear
To her long travel's end, and that blest day,
When Love unveiled should to her eyes appear;
When she might view his charms exempt from fear,
Taste his pure kisses, feel his balmy sighs,
Rest in the fond embrace of arms so dear,
Gaze with soft rapture on his melting eyes,
And hear his voice divine, the music of the skies!

Their destined course impatient to achieve,
The knight is urgent onward to proceed:
Cheered with recruited strength they take their leave
Of their kind host, and pay their grateful meed
Of warmest thanks sincere; onward they speed
Their sunless journey long through forests green,
And tangled thickets rank with many a weed,
And when at closing day a hut is seen,
They seek the humble roof, nor scorn its welcome mean.

It happened once that early roused from sleep,
(Ere her damp veil the virgin morn had cast
From her pale face, not yet with blushes deep
Lovely suffused, as when approaching fast
His herald star proclaims her spouse at last)
Psyche forsaking soon her homely bed,
Alone had fearless the low threshold past,
And, to beguile the hours which lingering fled,
Light o'er the dewy plain walked forth with nimble tread.

387: nimble tread] See Keats's "Sleep and Poetry": "Another, bending o'er her nimble tread" (l. 113), a borrowing first noticed by Weller (968).

Yet though the knight close wrapt in slumber lay,
Her steps, at distance, still the page pursued,
Fearful that danger might befal her way,
Or lest, entangled in the mazy wood,
Returning she should miss the pathway rude.
The lark now hails the sun with rapturous song,
The cheerful earth resounds with gratitude,
O'er the gay scene, as Psyche tript along,
She felt her spirits rise, her lightened heart grow strong.

And hark, soft music steals upon the ear!
'Tis woman's voice most exquisitely sweet!
Behold two female forms approaching near
Arrest with wonder Psyche's timid feet;
On a gay car, by speckled panthers fleet
Is drawn in gallant state a seeming queen,
And at her foot on low but graceful seat,
A gentle nymph of lovely form is seen,
In robe of fairest white, with scarf of pleasant green.

In strains of most bewitching harmony,
And still adapted to her sovereign's praise,
She filled the groves with such sweet melody,
That, quite o'ercome with rapture and amaze,
Psyche stood listening to the warbled lays;
Yet with a sullen, scarce approving ear

393: lark] MT mentions the lark in a similar fashion in "Morning:"

High trills the lark his wild extatic measure,
The groves resound with liberty and love.

E're his glad voice proclaim'd thy dawning early
How oft deceiv'd I rose thy light to hail (31–34)

399: two female forms] In her argument, MT identifies these two forms as "Vanity and Flattery."

401: panthers] In MT's day, panthers, leopards, and cheetahs were terms often used interchangeably. Leopards were said to have pulled Bacchus's chariot, as Keats recounts in "Ode to a Nightingale": "Away! away! for I will fly to thee,/Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards" (ll. 31–32).

Her mistress sits, but with attentive gaze,
Her eyes she fixes on a mirror clear
Where still by fancy's spell, unrivalled charms appear.

And, as she looked with aspect ever new,
She seemed on change and novel grace intent,
Her robe was formed of ever varying hue
And whimsically placed each ornament;
On her attire, with rich luxuriance spent,
The treasures of the earth, the sea, the air,
Are vainly heaped her wishes to content;
Yet were her arms and snowy bosom bare
And both in painted pride shone exquisitely fair.

Her braided tresses in profusion drest,
Circled with diadem, and nodding plumes,
Sported their artful ringlets o'er her breast,
And to the breezes gave their rich perfumes;
Her cheek with tint of borrowed roses blooms:
Used to receive from all rich offerings,
She quaffs with conscious right the fragrant fumes
Which her attendant from a censer flings,
Who graceful feeds the flame with incense while she sings.

Soon as her glance fair Psyche's form had caught
Her soft attendant smiling she addressed:
"Behold Lusinga! couldst thou ere have thought
That these wild woods were so in beauty blest?
Let but that nymph in my attire be drest

435: Lusinga] Italian for "flattery." See also the opening to MT's short poem, "Pleasure":

Ah! Syren Pleasure! when thy flatt'ring strains
Lur'd me to seek thee thro' thy flowery plains,
Taught from thy sparkling cup full joys to sip
And suck sweet poison from thy velvet lip,
Didst thou in opiate charms my Virtue steep,
Was Reason silent and did Conscience sleep? (1–6)

And scarce her loveliness will yield to mine!
At least invite her in our bower to rest,
Before her eyes let all my splendor shine,
Perhaps to dwell with us, her heart we may incline."

With softest smile applauding all she heard,
Lusinga bowing left her golden seat,
And Psyche, who at first in doubt, had feared
While listening to the lay so silver sweet,
Now passive followed with unconscious feet;
Till Constance, all alarmed, impatient flew,
And soft his whispers of the maid entreat
To fly the Syren's song, for well he knew
What lurking dangers hence would to his Lord ensue.

"Oh do not trust her treacherous lips," he cried,
"She is the subtle slave of Vanity,
Her queen, the child of folly, and of pride,
To lure thee to her power each art will try,
Nor ever will release thee peaceably."
He spoke, but spoke in vain, for lo! from far,
Of giant port they fast approaching spy
A knight, high mounted on a glittering car,
From whose conspicuous crest flames wide a dazzling star.

"Psyche! escape! Ambition is at hand!"
The page exclaims: while swift as thought he flies;
She would have followed, but with parley bland,
Lusinga soon her terrors pacifies.
"Fair nymph, ascend my car," the sovereign cries,
"I will convey thee where thy wishes lead,
Haply the safest course I may advise

449: Syren's song] In Greek mythology, the Sirens were beautiful creatures, part bird and part sea nymph, whose irresistible song lured sailors to their deaths on the rocks.
462: parley bland] Coaxing argument.

How thou thy journey may'st perform with speed;
For ne'er in woods to dwell such beauty was decreed."

So gently urgent her consent they wooed
With much persuasion of the stranger knight;
That yielding Psyche now no more withstood,
But pointing out to her observant sight
The humble cot where she had passed the night,
She prayed her kind conductress there to turn,
And promised to herself what vast delight
Her wondering knight would feel at her return,
And with what blushing shame, the timid page would burn.

But scarcely had she climbed the fatal car
When swifter than the wind the panthers flew,
The traversed plains and woods, receding far,
Soon shut from trembling Psyche's anxious view
The spot where she had left her guardian true;
With desperate efforts, all in vain she tries
To escape the ills which now too sure she knew
Must from her ill-placed confidence arise,
Betrayed—Ah! self-betrayed, a wretched sacrifice.

She strove to quit the car with sudden bound,
Ah vain attempt! she now perceived too late,
A thousand silken trammels, subtly wound
O'er her fair form, detained her as she sate:
Lost in despair she yields to her sad fate,
And silent hears but with augmented fright
The queen describe her brother's splendid state,
Who now outstripped them by his rapid flight,
And prest his foaming steeds to gain the arduous height.

High o'er the spacious plain a mountain rose,
A stately castle on its summit stood:
Huge craggy cliffs behind their strength oppose

To the rough surges of the dashing flood;
The rocky shores a boldly rising wood
On either side conceals; bright shine the towers
And seem to smile upon the billows rude.
In front the eye, with comprehensive powers,
Sees wide extended plains enriched with splendid bowers.

Hither they bore the sad reluctant fair,
Who mounts with dizzy eye the awful steep;
The blazing structure seems high poised in air,
And its light pillars tremble o'er the deep:
As yet the heavens are calm, the tempests sleep,
She knows not half the horrors of her fate:
Nor feels the approaching ruin's whirlwind sweep:
Yet with ill-boding fears she past the gate,
And turned with sick'ning dread from scenes of gorgeous state.

In vain the haughty master of the hall
Invites her to partake his regal throne,
With cold indifference she looks on all
The gilded trophies, and the well-wrought stone
Which in triumphal arches proudly shone:
And, as she casts around her timid eye,
Back to her knight her trembling heart is flown,
And many an anxious wish, and many a sigh
Invoke his gallant arm protection to supply.

Sudden the lurid heavens obscurely frown,
And sweeping gusts the coming storm proclaim;
Flattery's soft voice the howling tempests drown,
While the roofs catch the greedy lightning's flame.
Loud in their fears, the attendant train exclaim
The light built fabric ne'er can stand the blast,
And all its insecure foundations blame,
Tumultuously they rush: the chief aghast
Beholds his throne o'erturned, his train dispersing fast.

Psyche dismayed, yet thoughtful of escape,
In anxious silence to the portal prest;
And freedom would have hailed in any shape
Though seen in death's tremendous colours drest:
But ah! she feels the knight's strong grasp arrest
Her trembling steps. "Think not" he cries, "to fly
With yon false crowd who by my favours blest,
Can now desert me when with changeful eye
Inclement fortune frowns from yon dark angry sky."

While yet he spoke loud bursts the groaning hall,
With frightful peal the thundering domes resound,
Disjointed columns in wild ruin fall,
While the huge arches tremble to the ground.
Yet unappalled amid the crush is found
The daring chief: his hold he firm maintains
Though hideous devastation roars around;
Plunged headlong down his prey he still sustains,
Who in his powerful grasp in death-like swoon remains.

Down sinks the palace with its mighty lord,
Hurled from the awful steep with vehemence
Even to the floods below, which angry roared
And gaping wide received the weight immense:
Indignant still, with fearless confidence
He rose, high mounting o'er the heaving waves;
Against their rage one arm is his defence,
The other still his lovely burden saves,
Though strong the billows beat, and fierce the tempest raves.

The blazing star yet shone upon his brow,
And flamed triumphant o'er the dashing main;
He rides secure the watery waste, and now
The sheltering shore he might in safety gain,
The sheltering shore he shuns with proud disdain,

And breasts the adverse tide. Ah rash resource!
Yon vessel, Prince, thou never shalt attain!
For plunging 'mid the deep, with generous force,
See where the lion's lord pursues thy hardy course!

Psyche a well known voice to life restores,
Once more her eyes unclosing view the light,
But not the waters, nor receding shores,
One only object can arrest her sight,
High o'er the flood she sees her valiant knight,
And sudden joy, and hopes scarce trusted cheer
Even in that awful moment's dread affright,
Her feeble cry indeed he cannot hear,
But sees her out-stretched arms, and seems already near.

In vain the giant knight exerts his strength,
Urged by the impetuous youth the lion prest,
And gaining fast upon his flight, at length,
Prepared his daring progress to arrest,
He seized with furious jaw his struggling breast.
Gasping he loosed his hold—and Psyche lost
The o'erwhelming wave with ruin had opprest,
But Constance ever near when needed most,
The sinking beauty caught and bore her to the coast.

Stung with the shame of the relinquished prey,
Mad with revenge and hate and conscious pride,
The knight recovers from his short dismay,
And dashed resistless through the foaming tide;

564: Ah rash resource!] MT heavily revised this line and the three that follow. In the 1804 holograph manuscript, they read:

And turns his breast to the opposing tide,
Resolv'd a distant vessel to attain:
When lo! appearing on the other side
The Lion's lordly force the opening waves divide

The billows yielding to his arm divide,
As rushing on the youth he seeks the shore;
But now a combat strange on either side
Amid the waves begins; each hopes no more
The engulphing deep his foe shall e'er to light restore.

Beside the cold inhospitable lands
Where suns long absent dawn with lustre pale,
Thus on his bark the bold Biscayen stands,
And bids his javelin rouse the parent whale:
Fear, pain, and rage at once her breast assail,
The agitated ocean foams around,
Lashed by the sounding fury of her tail,
Or as she mounts the surge with frightful bound,
Wide echoing to her cries the bellowing shores resound.

Fierce was the contest, but at length subdued
The youth exulting sees his giant foe.
With wonder still the enormous limbs he viewed
Which lifeless now the waves supporting show;
His starred helm, that now was first laid low,
He seized as trophy of the wonderous fight,
And bade the sparkling gem on Constance glow,
While Psyche's eyes, soft beaming with delight,
Through tears of grateful praise applaud her gallant knight.

597: bold Biscayen stands] The whale fishery, on the coast of Greenland, was first carried on by the sailors of the Bay of Biscay. See Goldsmith's *Animated Nature,* Vol. VI [*MT's note, 1805*]. Oliver Goldsmith's *An History of the Earth and Animated Nature* (London, 1774) was published in eight volumes and sought to describe from a biological perspective everything known about the earth, including its flora, fauna, and human inhabitants. Basques, natives of Biscay, were the first to hunt whales commercially in the seventh and eighth centuries.

CANTO IV

Argument

Introduction—Sympathy—Suspicion—Psyche benighted—Credulity represented, according to a Picture by Apelles, as an old Woman the devoted prey of Slander, or the Blatant Beast—Contest between the Knight and Slander—The Knight wounded—Slander flies—Credulity leads Psyche to the Castle of Suspicion—Psyche deluded, laments the desertion of her Knight to the train of Inconstancy—Psyche betrayed by Suspicion into the power of Jealousy—Persuaded by him that her Knight, by whom she was then abandoned, was indeed Love—Psyche delivered by her Knight—Reconciliation.

Argument: Apelles] Appelles (fl. 330–320 BCE), a distinguished Greek painter, lived during the time of Alexander the Great. This painting does not survive, but Lucian of Samosata (c. 125–80) described it in one of his *Dialogues*. Girolamo Mocetto's (1470–1531) "The Calumny of Apelles" is based upon it, as is Sandro Botticelli's "La Calumnia di Appelle" (1494–1495), which now hangs in the Uffizi Gallery in Florence.

Canto IV

Full gladsome was my heart ere while to tell
How proud Ambition owned superior Love;
For ah! too oft his sterner power could quell
The mild affections which more gently move,
And rather silent fled than with him strove:
For Love content and tranquil saw with dread
The busy scenes Ambition's schemes approve,
And by the hand of Peace obscurely led,
From pride of public life disgusted ever fled.

There are who know not the delicious charm
Of sympathising hearts, let such employ
Their active minds; the trumpet's loud alarm
Shall yield them hope of honourable joy,
And courts may lure them with each splendid toy:
But ne'er may vanity or thirst of fame
The dearer bliss of loving life destroy!
Oh! blind to man's chief good who Love disclaim,
And barter pure delight for glory's empty name!

Blest Psyche! thou hast 'scaped the tyrant's power!
Thy gentle heart shall never know the pain
Which tortures pride in his most prosperous hour:
Yet dangers still unsung for thee remain,
Nor must thou unmolested hope to gain
Immortal beauty's never failing spring,
Oh! no—nor yet tranquillity attain:
But though thy heart the pangs of doubt may sting,
Thy faithful knight shall yet thy steps in safety bring.

Warned by late peril now she scarcely dares
Quit for one moment his protecting eye:
Sure in his sight, her soul of nought despairs,

And nought looks dreadful when that arm is nigh
On which her hopes with confidence rely;
By his advice their constant course they bend,
He points where hidden danger they should fly,
On him securely, as her heaven-sent friend,
She bids her grateful heart contentedly depend.

Oh! who the exquisite delight can tell,
The joy which mutual confidence imparts!
Or who can paint the charm unspeakable
Which links in tender bands two faithful hearts?
In vain assailed by fortune's envious darts,
Their mitigated woes are sweetly shared,
And doubled joy reluctantly departs:
Let but the sympathising heart be spared,
What sorrow seems not light, what peril is not dared?

Oh! never may suspicion's gloomy sky
Chill the sweet glow of fondly trusting love!
Nor ever may he feel the scowling eye
Of dark distrust his confidence reprove!
In pleasing error may I rather rove,
With blind reliance on the hand so dear,
Than let cold prudence from my eyes remove
Those sweet delusions, where nor doubt nor fear
Nor foul disloyalty nor cruel change appear.

The noble mind is ever prone to trust,
Yet love with fond anxiety is joined;
And timid tenderness is oft unjust,
The coldness which it dreads, too prompt to find,
And torture the too susceptible mind.
Hence rose the gloom which oft o'er Psyche stole
Lest he she loved, unmindful or unkind,
Should careless slight affection's soft control,
Or she long absent lose her influence o'er his soul.

'Twas evening, and the shades which sudden fell
Seemed to forebode a dark unlovely night,
The sighing wood-nymphs from their caves foretell
The storm which soon their quiet shall affright:
Nor cheering star, nor moon appears in sight,
Nor taper twinkles through the rustling leaves
And sheds afar its hospitable light,
But hark! a dismal sound the ear receives,
And thro' the obscuring gloom the eye strange forms perceives.

It was a helpless female who exclaimed,
Whose blind and aged form an ass sustained:
Misshaped and timorous, of light ashamed,
In darksome woods her hard-earned food she gained,
And her voracious appetite maintained,
Though all devouring yet unsatisfied;
Nor aught of hard digestion she disdained,
Whate'er was offered greedily she tried,
And meanly served, as slave, whoever food supplied.

A cruel monster now her steps pursued,
Well known of yore and named the Blatant Beast,
And soon he seized his prey with grasp so rude,
So fiercely on her feeble body prest,
That had the courteous knight not soon released
Her unresisting limbs from violence,
She must have sunk by his rough jaws opprest;
The spiteful beast, enraged at the defence,
Now turned upon the knight with foaming vehemence.

66: wood-nymphs] Dryads, whose lives are bound to the trees they inhabit.

69: taper] A wax candle but used figuratively for a faint light.

73: helpless female] Credulity, as represented by Apelles. In Girolamo Mocetto's rendition, the king has the ears of an ass.

83: Blatant Beast] In books 5 and 6 of *The Faerie Queene,* the Blatant Beast, born of Detraction and Envy, embodies calumny and slander.

But when his fury felt the couched spear,
On Psyche's unarmed form he bellowing flew;
'Twas there alone the knight his rage could fear,
Swifter than thought his flaming sword he drew,
And from his hand the doubtful javelin threw
Lest erring it might wound the trembling fair.
Eager the cruel monster to subdue
He scorned to use his shield's protecting care,
And rashly left his side in part exposed and bare.

Sharp were the wounds of his avenging steel,
Which forced the roaring beast to quit the field:
Yet e'er he fled, the knight unused to feel
The power of any foe, or ere to yield
To any arm which sword or spear could wield,
Perceived the venom of his tooth impure;
But, with indignant silence, unrevealed
The pain he bore, while through the gloom obscure
The beast in vain pursued urged on his flight secure.

And now the hag, delivered from her fear,
Her grateful thanks upon the knight bestowed,
And as they onward went, in Psyche's ear
Her tongue with many a horrid tale o'erflowed,
Which warned her to forsake that venturous road,
And seek protection in the neighbouring grove;
Where dwelt a prudent dame, who oft bestowed
Her sage advice, when pilgrims doomed to rove
Benighted there had else with lurking dangers strove.

The knight now softly bade his charge beware
Nor trust Credulity whom well he knew:
Yet he himself, harassed with pain and care,
And heedful of the storm which fiercer grew,
Yielded, a path more sheltered to pursue;
Where soon entangled in a gloomy maze

Psyche no longer has her knight in view,
Nor sees his page's star-crowned helmet blaze;
Close at her side alone the hag loquacious stays.

Fearful she stops, and calls aloud in vain,
The storm-roused woods roar only in reply,
Anxious her loved protector to regain
She trembling listens to Credulity,
Who points where they a glimmering light may spy,
Which through the shade of intervening trees,
And all the misty blackness of the sky,
Casting a weak and dubious ray she sees,
And fain by this would seek her terrors to appease.

Yet hoping that, allured by that same light
Which singly seemed through all the gloom to shine,
She there at last might meet her wandering knight,
Thither her footsteps doubtingly incline
As best the uncertain path they could divine,
All tangled as it wound through brake and briar:
While to affright her soul at once combine
A thousand shapeless forms of terror dire,
Here shrieks the ill-omened bird, there glares the meteor's fire.

In the deep centre of the mazy wood,
With matted ivy and wild vine o'ergrown,
A Gothic castle solitary stood,
With massive walls built firm of murky stone;
Long had Credulity its mistress known,
Meagre her form and tawny was her hue,
Unsociably she lived, unloved, alone,
No cheerful prospects gladdened e'er her view,
And her pale hollow eyes oblique their glances threw.

144: meteor's fire] Meteors were thought to be omens of disaster.
147: Gothic castle] MT's 1804 *Psyche* manuscript names this the "castle of Suspicion."

Now had they reached the sad and dreary bower
Where dark Disfida held her gloomy state,
The grated casements strong with iron power,
The huge port-cullis creaking o'er the gate,
The surly guards that round the draw-bridge wait,
Chill Psyche's heart, with sad foreboding fears;
Nor ever had she felt so desolate
As when at length her guide the porter hears,
And at the well-known call reluctantly appears.

In hall half-lighted with uncertain rays,
Such as expiring tapers transient shed,
The gloomy princess sat, no social blaze
The unkindled hearth supplied, no table spread
Cheered the lone guest who weetless wandered,
But melancholy silence reigned around,
While on her arm she leaned her pensive head,
And anxious watched, as sullenly she frowned,
Of distant whispers low, to catch the doubtful sound.

Startled to hear an unaccustomed noise,
Sudden she rose, and on the intruders bent
Her prying eye askance; but soon the voice
Of her old slave appeased her discontent,
And a half welcome to her guests she lent;
Her frequent questions satisfied at last,
Through all the neighbouring woods her scouts she sent
To seek the knight, while Psyche's tears flowed fast,
And all the live-long night in anxious woe she past.

The sullen bell had told the midnight hour,
And sleep had laid the busy world to rest,

155: Disfida] Italian for "duel," "challenge," or "provocation." According to the "Argument," Disfida lives in the Castle of Suspicion, a setting that allows MT to play with many common tropes from Gothic narratives. The poem traces something of a genealogy of fiction—it begins in a mythic mode, moves into Romance, and then mimics the Gothic.

All but the watchful lady of that bower,
And wretched Psyche: Her distracted breast
The agony of sad suspense opprest,
Now to the casement eagerly she flies,
And now the wished-for voice her fancy blest:
Alas! the screaming night-bird only cries;
Only the drear obscure there meets her straining eyes.

Has thy heart sickened with deferred hope?
Or felt the impatient anguish of suspense?
Or hast thou tasted of the bitter cup
Which disappointment's withered hands dispense?
Thou knowest the poison which o'erflowed from hence
O'er Psyche's tedious, miserable hours.
The unheeded notes of plaintive Innocence
No longer sooth her soul with wonted powers,
While false Disfida's tales her listening ear devours.

Of rapid torrents, and deep marshy fens,
Of ambushed foes, and unseen pits they tell,
Of ruffians rushing from their secret dens,
Of foul magicians and of wizard spell,
The poisoned lance, and net invisible;
While Psyche shuddering sees her knight betrayed
Into the snares of some enchanter fell,
Beholds him bleeding in the treacherous shade,
Or hears his dying voice implore in vain for aid.

At length the cruel messengers return,
Their trampling steeds sound welcome in her ear;
Her rapid feet the ground impatient spurn,
As eagerly she flies their news to hear.
Alas! they bring no tidings which may cheer
Her sorrowing soul opprest, disconsolate!
"Dismiss" they cry, "each idly timid fear!
No dangers now thy faithless knight await,
Lured by a wanton fair to bowers of peaceful state.

"We saw him blithely follow where she led,
And urged him to return to thee in vain:
Some other knight insultingly he said,
Thy charms might soon for thy protection gain,
If still resolved to tread with weary pain
The tedious road to that uncertain land,
But he should there contentedly remain;
No other bliss could now his heart demand
Than that new lady's love, and kindly proffered hand."

A while she stood in silent wonder lost,
And scarce believes the strange abandonment;
No fears like this her heart had ever crost,
Nor could she think his mind so lightly bent
Could swerve so quickly from its first intent;
Till sudden bursting forth in angry mood
Disfida gave her indignation vent,
"Ah well I know" she cried, "that wicked brood
Whose cursed ensnaring arts in vain my cares withstood.

"Vile Varia's fickle and inconstant train,
Perpetual torments of my harassed days;
Their nightly thefts my fruits, my flowers sustain,
Their wanton goats o'er all my vineyards graze,
My corn lies scattered, and my fences blaze,
My friends, my followers, they basely lure,
I know their mischievous detested ways!
My castle vainly have I built so sure
While from their treacherous wiles my life is insecure.

"But I will lead thee to the glittering sands,
Where shines their hollow many-coloured fane:
There, as the circling group fantastic stands,
Thy truant knight perhaps thou may'st regain
From the light arts of that seductive train."

235: Varia's] Latin prefix meaning "variable."

She paused—but Psyche spoke not in reply;
Her noble heart, which swelled with deep disdain,
Forbad the utterance of a single sigh,
And shamed the indignant tear which started to her eye.

At length with firm, but gentle dignity
And cold averted eye she thus replies:
"No! let him go: nor power nor wish have I
His conduct to control. Let this suffice
Before my path a surer guardian flies,
By whose direction onward I proceed
Soon as the morn's first light shall clear the skies."
She ceased, then languishing her griefs to feed,
Her cold dark chamber sought from observation freed.

'Twas there regret indulged the bitter tear,
She feels herself forsaken and alone;
"Behold" she cries, "fulfilled is every fear,
Oh! wretched Psyche, now indeed undone!
Thy love's protecting care no more is shown,
He bids his servant leave thee to thy fate,
Nor longer will the hopeless wanderer own,
Some fairer, nobler spouse, some worthier mate,
At length by Venus given shall share his heavenly state.

"Oh! most adored! Oh! most regretted love!
Oh! joys that never must again be mine,
And thou lost hope, farewell!—vainly I rove,
For never shall I reach that land divine,
Nor ever shall thy beams celestial shine
Again upon my sad unheeded way!
Oh! let me here with life my woes resign,
Or in this gloomy den for ever stay,
And shun the scornful world, nor see detested day.

"But no! those scenes are hateful to mine eyes,
And all who spoke or witnessed my disgrace;

My soul with horror from this dwelling flies
And seeks some tranquil, solitary place
Where grief may finish life's unhappy race!"
So past she the long night, and soon as morn
Had first begun to show his cheerful face,
Her couch, which care had strewn with every thorn,
With heavy heart she left, disquieted, forlorn.

Not thus Disfida suffered her to part,
But urged her there in safety to remain,
Repeating oft to her foreboding heart
That fairy land she never could attain;
But when she saw dissuasion was in vain,
And Psyche bent her journey to pursue,
With angry brow she called a trusty train
And bade them keep the imprudent fair in view,
And guard her dangerous path with strict observance true.

In vain their proffered service she declines,
And dreads the convoy of the scowling band;
Their hateful presence with her loss combines,
She feels betrayed to the destroyer's hand;
And trembling wanders o'er the dreary land;
While as she seeks to escape Disfida's power,
Her efforts still the officious guards withstand,
Led in vain circles many a tedious hour,
Undistanced still she sees the gloomy turrets lower.

Till wearied with her fruitless way, at length
Upon the ground her fainting limbs she threw,
No wish remained to aid exhausted strength,

287: thorn] MT also uses thorns as a metaphor for life's troubles in "Song" ("How hard with anguish unreveal'd")—"Strew not with thorns his rugged road/Who fainting pants for rest (11–12)—and "To Fortune"—"Unstable Goddess! why, with care severe, /Still dost thou strew with thorns my rugged path?" (1–2).

305: tedious hour] Keats uses this phrase in "The Eve of St. Agnes": "But for one moment in the tedious hours,/That he might gaze and worship all unseen" (79–80).

The mazy path she cared not to pursue,
Since unavailing was the task she knew:
Her murmuring guards to seek for food prepare,
Yet mindful of their charge, still keep in view
The drooping victim of their cruel care,
Who sees the day decline in terror and despair.

Hark! a low hollow groan she seems to hear
Repeated oft; wondering she looks around:
It seemed to issue from some cavern near,
Or low hut hidden by the rising ground;
For, though it seemed the melancholy sound
Of human voice, no human form was nigh;
Her eye no human habitation found,
But as she listening gazed attentively,
Her shuddering ears received the deep and long drawn sigh.

The guard who nearest stood now whispering said,
"If aught of doubt remain within thy mind,
Or wish to know why thus thou wert betrayed,
Or what strange cause thy faithless knight inclined
To leave the charge he with such scorn resigned,
Each curious thought thou now may'st satisfy,
Since here the entrance of a cave we find,
Where dwells, deep hid from day's too garish eye,
A sage whose magic skill can solve each mystery."

He staid not her reply, but urged her on
Reluctant to the dark and dreary cave;
No beam of cheerful Heaven had ever shone
In the recesses of that gloomy grave,
Where screaming owls their daily dwelling crave.
One sickly lamp the wretched master shewed;

332: day's too garish eye] The bright sun.
338: screaming owls] Owls are sacred to Athena, chief of the maiden goddesses.

Devouring fiend! Who now the prey shall save
From his fell gripe, whose hands in blood imbrued,
In his own bosom seek his lacerated food?

On the damp ground he sits in sullen woe,
But wildly rolls around his frenzied eye,
And gnaws his withered lips, which still o'erflow
With bitter gall; in foul disorder lie
His black and matted locks; anxiety
Sits on his wrinkled brow and sallow cheek;
The wasted form, the deep-drawn, frequent sigh,
Some slow consuming malady bespeak,
But medicinal skill the cause in vain shall seek.

"Behold," the treacherous guard exclaimed, "behold,
At length Disfida sends thy promised bride!
Let her, deserted by her knight, be told
What peerless lady lured him from her side;
Thy cares her future safety must provide."
Smiling maliciously as thus he spoke,
He seemed her helpless anguish to deride,
Then swiftly rushing from the den he broke,
Ere from the sudden shock astonished she awoke.

She too had fled, but when the wretch escaped
He closed the cavern's mouth with cruel care,
And now the monster placed his form mis-shaped
To bar the passage of the affrighted fair;
Her spirits die, she breathes polluted air,
And vaporous visions swim before her sight:
His magic skill the sorcerer bids her share,
And lo! as in a glass, she sees her knight
In bower remembered well, the bower of loose Delight.

369: bower of loose Delight] Psyche and her knight first encounter the bower of loose Delight in canto III, st. 20.

But oh! what words her feelings can impart!
Feelings to hateful envy near allied!
While on her knight her anxious glances dart,
His plumed helmet, lo! he lays aside;
His face with torturing agony she spied,
Yet cannot from the sight her eyes remove,
No mortal knight she sees had aid supplied,
No mortal knight in her defence had strove;
'Twas Love! 'twas Love himself, her own adored Love.

Poured in soft dalliance at a lady's feet,
In fondest rapture he appeared to lie,
While her fair neck with inclination sweet
Bent o'er his graceful form her melting eye,
Which his looked up to meet in ecstasy.
Their words she heard not, words had ne'er exprest,
What well her sickening fancy could supply,
All that their silent eloquence confest,
As breathed the sigh of fire from each impassioned breast

While thus she gazed, her quivering lips turn pale,
Contending passions rage within her breast,
Nor ever had she known such bitter bale,
Or felt by such fierce agony opprest:
Oft had her gentle heart been sore distrest,
But meekness ever has a lenient power
From anguish half his keenest darts to wrest;
Meekness for her had softened sorrow's hour,
Those furious fiends subdued which boisterous souls devour.

For there are hearts that, like some sheltered lake,
Ne'er swell with rage, nor foam with violence;

390: bitter bale] Emotional pain. Notice how this scene mirrors Psyche's transgressive gazing on Cupid slumbering (canto II, ll. 199–239).

394: darts] Ironic play on the idea of Cupid's darts.

Though its sweet placid calm the tempests shake,
Yet will it ne'er with furious impotence
Dash its rude waves against the rocky fence,
Which nature placed the limits of its reign:
Thrice blest! who feel the peace which flows from hence,
Whom meek-eyed gentleness can thus restrain,
Whate'er the storms of fate, with her let none complain!

That mild associate Psyche now deserts,
Unlovely passions agitate her soul,
The vile magician all his art exerts,
And triumphs to behold his proud control;
Changed to a serpent's hideous form, he stole
O'er her fair breast to suck her vital blood;
His poisonous involutions round her roll;
Already is his forked tongue imbrued,
Warm in the stream of life, her heart's pure purple flood.

Thus wretchedly she falls Geloso's prey!
But her, once more, unhoped for aid shall save!
Admitted shines the clear blue light of day
Upon the horrors of that gloomy grave;
Her knight's soft voice resounds through all the cave,
The affrighted serpent quits his deadly hold,
Nor dares the vengeance of his arm to brave,
Shrunk to a spider's form, while many a fold
Of self-spun web obscene the sorcerer vile enrolled.

Scarce had the star of his attendant youth
Blazed through the cavern, and proclaimed the knight,
When all those spells and visions of untruth,

410: serpent's hideous form] This demonic creature seems to roll into one the traditions of the serpent (Satan), vampire, and incubus. As Psyche descends into the cave, MT is signaling her descent into the underworld, a convention of epic poetry.

415: Geloso's] Italian for "Jealousy's." Psyche falls prey to one of the seven deadly sins, Envy.

Bred in dark Erebus, and nursed in night,
Dissolving vanished into vapour light;
While Psyche, quite exhausted by her pains,
And hardly trusting her astonished sight,
Now faint and speechless in his arms remains,
Nor memory of the past, nor present sense retains.

Borne from the cavern, and to life restored,
Her opening eyes behold her knight once more,
She sees whom lost with anguish she deplored;
Yet a half-feigned resentment still she bore,
Nor sign of joy her face averted wore,
Though joy unuttered panted at her heart;
In sullen silence much she pondered o'er
What from her side induced him to depart,
And all she since had seen by aid of magic art.

Was it then all a false deluding dream
That wore the semblance of celestial Love?
On this her wavering thoughts bewildered seem
At length to rest; yet onward as they move,
Though much his tender cares her doubts reprove,
And though she longs to hear, and pardon all,
Silence she still preserves: awhile he strove
Her free and cheerful spirits to recall,
But found the task was vain; his words unnoticed fall.

Now in his turn offended and surprised,
The knight in silence from her side withdrew;
With pain she marked it, but her pain disguised,
And heedless seemed her journey to pursue,
Nor backward deigned to turn one anxious view
As oft she wished; till mindful of his lord,

427: Erebus] The underworld, the darkness between Hades and earth. In Greek mythology, Erebus is where the dead go when they die.

433: life restored] Psyche emerging from the cave is reminiscent of Christ emerging from his tomb after three days.

Constance alarmed affectionately flew,
Eager to see their mutual peace restored,
And blames her cold reserve in many a soft breathed word.

"Oh Psyche! wound not thus thy faithful knight,
Who fondly sought thee many an anxious hour,
Though bleeding yet from that inglorious fight,
Where thou wert rescued from the savage power
Of that fell beast who would thy charms devour:
Still faint with wounds, he ceased not to pursue
Thy heedless course: let not displeasure lower
Thus on thy brow: Think not his heart untrue!
Think not that e'er from thee he willingly withdrew!"

With self-reproach and sweet returning trust,
While yet he spoke, her generous heart replies,
Soft melting pity bids her now be just,
And own the error which deceived her eyes;
Her little pride she longs to sacrifice,
And ask forgiveness of her suffering knight;
Her suffering knight, alas! no more she spies,
He has withdrawn offended from her sight,
Nor can that gentle voice now hope to stay his flight.

Struggling no more her sorrows to restrain,
Her streaming eyes look round with anxious fear;
Nor are those tender showers now shed in vain,
Her soft lamenting voice has reached his ear,
Where latent he had marked each precious tear;
Sudden as thought behold him at her feet!
Oh! reconciling moment! charm most dear!
What feeling heart thy pleasures would repeat,
Or wish thy dearly purchased bliss, however sweet?

The smiles of joy which swell her glowing cheek,
And o'er her parting lips divinely play,
Returning pleasure eloquently speak,

Forgetful of the tears which lingering stay,
(Like sparkling dew drops in a sunny day)
Unheeded tenants of rejoicing eyes;
His wounds her tender care can well repay,
There grateful kindness breathes her balmy sighs,
Beneath her lenient hand how swiftly suffering flies!

Freed from the mazes of Disfida's groves,
The opening landscape brightens to their view;
Psyche, with strength revived, now onward moves
In cheerful hope, with courage to renew
Repeated toils, and perils to pursue:
Thus when some tender plant neglected pines,
Shed o'er its pendant head the kindly dew,
How soon refreshed its vivid lustre shines!
Once more the leaf expands, the drooping tendril twines.

Thus cheered, the knight intreats her to impart
The dangers which her way had since befell,
Her timid lips refuse to speak the art
Which clothed him in a form she loved so well;
That she had thought him Love, she blushed to tell!
Confused she stopped; a gentle pause ensued;
What chance had brought him to the dæmon's cell
She then enquires; what course he had pursued,
And who his steps had led throughout the mazy wood.

Sooth he had much to say, though modest shame
His gallant deeds forbade him to declare;
For while through those bewildering woods he came,
Assisted by his page's active care,
He had detected Varia's wily snare,
And forced her wanton retinue to flee.
With like disgrace, malignant in despair,
Disfida's slaves their plots defeated see,
Their feeble malice scorned, their destined victims free.

But he had marked the traces of their feet,
And found the path which to the cavern led:
Whence now, rejoicing in reunion sweet,
Their way together cheerfully they tread,
Exempt awhile from danger and from dread;
While Psyche's heart, with confidence more bold,
Full oft the hour of rapture pictured,
When those celestial charms she should behold,
And feel the arms of Love once more his bride enfold.

CANTO V

Argument

Introduction—Charm of Poetry—Psyche beholds the Palace of Chastity—Pleads for the admission of her Knight—Obtains it through the intervention of Hymen—Hymn celebrating the triumphs of Chastity—Psyche, enraptured, desires to devote herself solely to the service of Chastity—Entrusted by her to the protection of the Knight—Psyche's Voyage—Tempest—Coast of Spleen—Psyche received and sheltered by Patience.

Canto V

Delightful visions of my lonely hours!
Charm of my life, and solace of my care!
Oh! would the muse but lend proportioned powers,
And give me language, equal to declare
The wonders which she bids my fancy share,
When rapt in her to other worlds I fly,
See angel forms unutterably fair,
And hear the inexpressive harmony
That seems to float on air, and warble through the sky.

Might I the swiftly glancing scenes recall!
Bright as the roseate clouds of summer's eve;
The dreams which hold my soul in willing thrall,
And half my visionary days deceive,
Communicable shape might then receive,
And other hearts be ravished with the strain;
But scarce I seek the airy threads to weave,
When quick confusion mocks the fruitless pain,
And all the fairy forms are vanished from my brain.

Fond dreamer! meditate thine idle song!
But let thine idle song remain unknown,

18: brain] The following lines appear in MT's 1804 holograph manuscript immediately after this line and form the third stanza of the canto.

'Tis better still to weave such simple rhymes
And thus the hours of indolence beguile,
Than magnify my bleeding country's crimes
Or torture truth to win a party smile,
Tho' future ages might applaud the toil
And credulous record th' historian's name—
For patriot Virtue still shall weep the while,
And blush indignant thus expos'd to shame,
Oh! may the pious Muse such laurels never claim!

This entire stanza was excised from the 1805 first edition text.

20: unknown] Despite intense pressure to publish *Psyche,* MT's fear of the critical reception held her back. See the introduction for her letter to J. C. Walker on the subject.

The verse which cheers thy solitude, prolong;
What, though it charm no moments but thine own,
Though thy loved Psyche smile for thee alone,
Still shall it yield thee pleasure, if not fame,
And when escaped from tumult thou hast flown
To thy dear silent hearth's enlivening flame,
There shall the tranquil muse her happy votary claim!

My Psyche's wanderings then she loves to trace,
Unrols the glowing canvass to my sight;
Her chaste calm eye, her soft attractive grace,
The lightning of her heavenly smile so bright,
All yield me strange and unconceived delight:
Even now entranced her journey I pursue,
And gaze enraptured on her matchless knight;
Visions of love, pure, innocent, and true!
Oh! may your graceful forms for ever bless my view!

See as they tread the green, soft-levelled plain,
Where never weed, nor noxious plant was found!
Psyche, enchanted, bids her knight explain
Who rules that lovely and well cultured ground,
Where fairest flowers and purest springs abound:
"Oh! object of my anxious cares," (he cried,
As with a half-breathed sigh he gazed around)
"A stranger here, full oft I vainly tried
Admittance to obtain, and sooth the sovereign's pride.

"Here Castabella reigns, whose brow severe
Oft chilled my sanguine spirit by its frown;

31: bright] E'l lampeggiar del' angelico riso—Petrarca [*MT's note, 1804 MS, fol. 48*]. Felicia Hemans translated this line from Petrarch's Rime 292 (l. 6) as "With eyes whose lightning laughter hath beguiled." The translation appears in a note to her long poem *The Forest Sanctuary,* reprinted in *The Works of Mrs Hemans,* 4:71.

46: Castabella] Italian for "beautiful chaste woman." Upon reading these stanzas, Sir James Mackintosh wrote in his diary, "How beautiful is the description of the dwelling and appearance of that prude Castabella!" (entry for 27 Jan. 1812, Mackintosh 196).

Yet have I served her with adoring fear,
Though her ungrateful scorn will oft disown
The faithful homage by her servant shown;
Me she hath banished from her fair domain,
For crimes my loyal heart had never known;
While thus excluded vainly I complain,
And feel another's guilt my injured honour stain.

"With false assumption of my arms and name,
Knight of the Bleeding Heart miscalled too long,
A vile impostor has disgraced my fame,
And much usurped by violence and wrong,
Which to the virgin queen by right belong;
On me her irritated vengeance falls,
On me, repulsed by force of arms so strong
That, never suffered to approach her walls,
Unheard, indignant truth in vain for justice calls.

"Yet she alone our progress can assist,
And thou, Oh Psyche! must her favour gain,
Nor from thy soft entreaties ere desist
Till thou free entrance for thy knight obtain;
Here let his faithful services remain
Fixed on thy grateful heart! nor thou consent,
Nor let their force thy gentleness constrain
To leave him, thus disgraced, yet innocent,
Thine undeserved neglect forsaken to lament."

While yet he speaks, before her ravished eyes
The brilliant towers of Castabella shine;
The sun that views them from unclouded skies
Sheds not through heaven a radiance more divine;

54: honour stain] Given what mythology recounts about Cupid's philandering, it is little wonder that he has not been admitted to the palace of Chastity, even if his story about infamy by identity theft is true.

The adamantine walls with strength combine
Inimitable lustre ever clear;
Celestial temple! 'tis not lips like mine
Thy glories can reveal to mortal ear,
Or paint the unsullied beams which blaze for ever here.

Approaching now the well defended gates,
Which placed at distance guard the sacred fane,
Their lowly suit a stern repulse awaits,
The timid voice of Psyche pleads in vain,
Nor entrance there together can they gain:
While yet they stay, unwilling to retreat,
The dove, swift-sailing through the ethereal plain,
Has reached already Castabella's seat,
And in her spotless breast has found a welcome sweet.

Caressing oft her well remembered guest,
Serener smiles illumed her softened brow,
The heaven-sent messenger her soul confest,
And mildly listened to his murmurs low,
Which seemed in pleading eloquence to flow;
His snowy pinions then he wide displayed,
And gently lured her from her throne to go
Even to the gates, where Psyche blushing stayed
Beside her awe-struck knight half doubtingly afraid.

That form majestic might the bravest awe;
Yet Psyche gazed with love unmixed with fear,
And felt those charms her soul attracted draw
As to maternal tenderness most dear;
Congenial souls! they at one glance appear
Linked to each other by a mutual tie:
Her courteous voice invites her to draw near.
And lo! obedient to their sovereign's eye,
To Psyche's willing steps the barriers open fly.

88: ethereal plain] The sky.

But to the lion, and his gallant lord
Sudden the affrighted guards the portals close.
Psyche looks back, and mindful of her word,
Mindful of him who saved her from her foes,
Guide of her course, and soother of her woes,
The tear that started to her downcast eye,
The deepening blush which eloquently rose,
Silent assistant of the pleading sigh,
To speed the unuttered suit their powers persuasive try.

And now the knight, encouraged to approach,
Asserts his injured fame, and justice claims,
Confutes each charge, repels each foul reproach,
And each accusing falsehood boldly shames,
While conscious innocence his tongue inflames;
A firm attachment to her reign he vows,
The base impostor's guilty madness blames,
And, while the imputed crimes his spirit rouse,
No intercourse with him his nobler soul allows.

Mean time his faithful page had not been mute,
And he had found a ready warm ally;
For (while his master urged the eager suit,)
As through the goodly train he cast his eye,
He chanced exulting mid the group to spy
A joyous youth, his fondly cherished friend;
Hymen, the festive, love-attending boy,
Delighted his assistance hastes to lend,
Laughing unbars the gates, and bids the parley end.

Around their queen the timid virgins crowd,
Who half consentingly receives the knight,
And checks her sportive boy, whose welcome loud
Speaks his gay triumph and his proud delight;

133: Hymen] Note the metaphorical effect of Hymen's role; the god of marriage helps Cupid and Psyche pass the threshold of the impenetrable walls of Chastity.

Yet graceful smiles her happy guests invite
To share the feast with sacred honours blest;
The palace opens to their dazzled sight;
Still as they gazed, the adoring eye confest
That wondering awe which filled each consecrated breast.

All was divine, yet still the fairest queen
Like Dian mid her circling nymphs appear'd,
Or as Minerva on Parnassus seen,
When condescendingly with smiles she cheered
The silent Muses who her presence feared:
A starry crown its heavenly radiance threw
O'er her pale cheek; for there the rose revered
The purer lilies of her saint-like hue,
Yet oft the mantling blush its transient visits knew.

The hand of Fate, which wove of spotless white
Her wondrous robe, bade it unchangeable
Preserve unsullied its first lustre bright,
Nor ere might be renewed that sacred spell
If once destroyed; wherefore to guard it well
Two hand-maids she entrusts with special care,
Prudence and Purity, who both excel,
The first in matron dignity of air,
The last in blooming youth unalterably fair.

Favourite of heaven! she at her birth received
With it the brilliant zone that bound her waist,
Which, were the earth of sun and stars bereaved,

146: Dian] Diana, Apollo's twin sister and the daughter of Zeus and Leto, was goddess of the moon, of the hunt, and of fertility and was one of the three maiden goddesses of Olympus. She was attended by twenty virgin nymphs, in addition to sixty virgin Oceanides. When she bathed, her nymphs famously surrounded her to shield her from Actaeon's view.

147: Minerva on Parnassus] Minerva is the Roman name for Pallas Athena, virgin goddess of the arts and wisdom. Parnassus is the mountain in central Greece that was sacred to the Muses. A spring on Mt. Parnassus was named Castalia, a possible source for the name "Castabella."

149: silent Muses] The Muses were thought to have beautiful voices.

By its own light beneficently cast
Could cheer the innocent and guide the chaste;
Nor armour ever had the virgin bore,
Though oft in warlike scenes her youth she past,
For while her breast this dazzling cestus wore,
The foe who dared to gaze beheld the light no more.

But when her placid hours in peace are spent,
Concealed she bids its latent terrors lie,
Sheathed in a silken scarf, with kind intent
Wove by the gentle hand of Modesty;
And see, the blushing maid with down-cast eye
Behind her mistress hides her charms retired!
While foremost of the group, of stature high,
Firm Courage lifts her brow by Truth inspired,
Who holds a crystal lamp in flames celestial fired.

See, fresh as Hebe blooming Temperance stand,
Present the nectared fruits, and crown the bowl!
While bright-eyed Honour leads the choral band,
Whose songs divine can animate the soul,
Led willing captive to their high control:
They sing the triumphs of their spotless queen,
And proudly bid immortal fame enrol
Upon her fairest page such as had been
The champions of her cause, the favourites of her reign.

From Pallas first begins the lofty song,
And Cynthia brightest goddess of the skies;

170: cestus] A belt worn by a bride in ancient times. Both Venus and Aphrodite wore one. The magic cestus of Venus was thought to inspire love in all who looked upon it. Venus was Zeus's favorite child; Castabella may be modeled upon the goddess, which would explain her designation as "Favourite of heaven" at the opening of this stanza.

181: Hebe] Goddess of youth and spring.

190: Pallas] Short for Pallas Athena, or Minerva.

191: Cynthia] Diana, the twin sister of Apollo. Just as the sun is sacred to Apollo, the moon is sacred to her. Diana is called Cynthia because her birthplace was Mount Cynthus in Delos.

To her the virgin deities belong,
And each beholds her with a sister's eyes;
The mystic honours next of Fauna rise;
Her solemn rites which purest hands require;
And Vesta, who her virgins taught to prize,
And guard the sacred symbols of the fire
Which earth could ne'er revive if suffered to expire.

Emblem divine of female purity!
Whose trust betrayed to like sad fate shall doom;
Pursued by scorn, consigned to infamy,
The hapless victims perish in their bloom
Mid the dark horrors of a living tomb;
Effulgent queen! Thou wilt the pure defend
From the dark night of this opprobrious gloom;

192: virgin deities] The three maiden goddesses of Olympus were Athena, Diana, and Vesta and were outside of Venus's control.

194: Fauna] Fauna, called also the Bona Dea, during her life was celebrated for the exemplary purity of her manners, and after death was worshipped only by women [*MT's note, 1805*]. In her 1804 MS note, MT remarks that Fauna "never saw any other man but her husband." Fauna was the Roman goddess of the fields. The women who worshipped this goddess of fertility and chastity would not mention myrtle or wine at their gatherings, in remembrance of an incident in which her father, Faunus, got her intoxicated and beat her with a stick of myrtle.

196: Vesta] Vesta, or Hestia, was the sister of Zeus. According to Edith Hamilton, she was "Goddess of the Hearth, the symbol of the home. . . . Each city too had a public hearth sacred to Hestia, where the fire was never allowed to go out. If a colony was to be founded, the colonists carried with them coals from the hearth of the mother-city with which to kindle the fire on the city's new hearth. In Rome her fire was cared for by six virgin priestesses, called Vestals" (33–34).

203: living tomb] For an account of the living entombment of the guilty Vestals *vide* Dionys: Halicar [*MT's note, 1804 MS, fol. 51*]. The Greek historian, critic, and rhetorician Dionysius of Halicarnassus (fl. late first century BCE) taught at Rome and wrote *The Roman Antiquities,* which recounts the city's history to the third century BCE. There he describes how vestals convicted of breaking their vows were buried alive: "Vestals who are guilty of lesser misdemeanours they scourge with rods, but those who have suffered defilement they deliver up to the most shameful and most miserable death. While they are yet alive they are carried upon a bier with all the formality of a funeral, their friends and relations attending them with lamentations, and after being brought as far as the Colline Gate, they are placed in an underground cell prepared within the walls, clad in their funeral attire; but they are not given a monument or funeral rites or any other customary solemnities" (2:509).

Nor even with life thy favouring smiles shall end,
They bid illustrious fame beyond the grave extend.

First of the noble youths whose virtue shone
Conspicuous chief in Castabella's train,
They sing the firm unmoved Bellerophon;
And Peleus flying the Magnesian plain,
Pursued by all a wanton's fierce disdain.
You too, Hyppolytus, their songs employ!
Beloved by Phædra, but beloved in vain;
With the chaste honours of the Hebrew boy,
Which time shall ne'er obscure, nor idle scorn destroy.

208: First of the noble youths . . .] In his appreciative assessment of *Psyche,* published in the October 1811 *Monthly Review,* Francis Hodgson singles out for censure the section of the poem which begins here, complaining, "The 'Hymn to Chastity' . . . is to our apprehension one of the rare instances of false taste in the volume. It is crowded with stale classical allusions, and drest out in all the moth-eaten finery of the mythological wardrobe" (148).

211: plain]

Ut Praetum mulier perfida credulum
Falsis impulerit criminibus, nimis
Casto Bellerophonti
Maturare necem, refert,
Narrat pene datum Pelea Tartaro,
Magnessam Hyppolyten dum fugit abstinens.
Hor. Ode vii. lib. iii [*MT's note, 1805*]

In the translation by Philip Francis, these lines read:

He tells him how Prœtus, deceiv'd by his wife,
Attempted, ah dreadful! Bellerophon's life;
And urg'd by false crimes, how he sought to destroy
The youth for refusing, too chastely, the joy.
How Peleus was almost dispatch'd to the dead,
While the lovely Magnessian, abstemious, he fled. (13–18)
(Horace Ode 7, bk. 3)

While a guest at the court of King Proetus of Argos, Bellerophon was falsely accused of trying to seduce Proetus's wife. Reluctant to kill him outright, Proetus devised a series of dangerous adventures for Bellerophon, believing one would surely kill him. With Athena's help, Bellerophon tamed the winged horse Pegasus, killed the Chimaera, and defeated the fierce warriors of the Solymi and the Amazons, thereby thwarting Proetus's plan.

214: in vain] Hyppolytus was the son of Theseus. Phaedra was Ariadne's sister and Theseus's wife in his later years. She fell in love with her stepson Hyppolytus, who hated all women.

215: Hebrew boy] Joseph [*MT's note, 1805*].

Nor was unsung whom on Hymettus' brow
The bright Aurora wooed with amorous care;
He, mindful of his sacred nuptial vow,
Refused the goddess though celestial fair,
Breathing pure perfumes and ambrosial air:
Of wanton Circe's baffled arts they tell,
And him, too wise her treacherous cup to share,
Who scorned the enchantress, and her mystic spell,
And all the Syrens' arts could gloriously repel.

The long tried virtue of his faithful spouse
Now sweetly animates the tuneful string,
Unsullied guardian of her virgin vows!
Who twice ten years had wept her wandering king.
Acastus' mourning daughter next they sing,
The chaste embrace which clasped her husband's shade:
And thee Dictynna! who, with daring spring,
Called from the Cretan rock on Dian's aid:
And still the goddess loves her favourite luckless maid.

221: ambrosial air] Cephalus [*MT's note, 1805*]. vide Ovid Metam: lib VII [*MT's note, 1804 Ms, fol. 52 verso*]. See Ovid, *Metamorphoses,* bk. 7. Ovid tells the story of how Aurora fell in love with Cephalus, a hunter, who was married to Procris. Aurora abducted him but could not make him love her, so she returned him to his wife. Hymettus is a mountain in Attica.

223: share] Ulysses [*MT's note, 1805*].

225: Syrens'] Circe, daughter of the sun, was a beautiful and dangerous enchantress, who turned Odysseus's men into swine but fell in love with Odysseus when, thanks to Hermes, her powers did not affect him. Circe told Odysseus that he must visit the underworld if he wanted to return home, and she warned him of the Sirens. See also MT's "Verses Written for Emily."

226: spouse] Penelope, the wife of Odysseus, who rejected many suitors to remain faithful to her absent husband.

230: Acastus' mourning daughter] Laodamia [*MT's note, 1805*]. vide Ovid: Ep: 13: [*MT's note, 1804 MS, fol. 52 verso*]. See Ovid, Epistles 13. Laodamia's husband Protesilaus was the first off the ship when the Greeks reached Troy, though he knew that the oracle had prophesied that the first to land would be the first to die. The oracle was proved correct; Protesilaus was killed by a Trojan spear. The Greeks treated him as a hero, and the gods showed him honor as well, allowing Hermes to bring him up from the underworld to see his grief-stricken wife. Laodamia refused to lose him twice and killed herself so that she might accompany him back to the underworld.

Pleased to assume herself a name so dear
She bids her altars to Dictynna rise,
Thus called, she ever turns, with willing ear,
To aid each nymph who for her succour cries.
See how the trembling Arethusa flies
Through pathless woods, o'er rocks and open plains;
In vain to escape the ravisher she tries,
Fast on her rapid flight Alpheus gains,
And scarce her fainting strength the unequal course sustains.

And now more near his dreaded step she hears,
His lengthened shadow flies before her feet,
Now o'er her neck his panting breath appears
To part her locks, which, in disorder sweet,
Ambitious seemed to fan the fervid heat
That flushed her glowing cheek, and heightened charms;
Hear how her gasping sighs for aid entreat!
"Dictynna! pitying see my just alarms,
And snatch thy fainting maid from those polluting arms."

The goddess hears, and in a favouring cloud
Conceals her suppliant from Alpheus' sight;

236: Dictynna] A virgin of Crete, who threw herself from a rock into the sea, when pursued by Minos. The Cretans, not contented with giving her name to the rock which she had thus consecrated, were accustomed to worship Diana by the name of her unfortunate votary [*MT's note, 1805*]. Compare Diana's benevolence to her votary with the treatment that Psyche receives from Venus, when her beauty detracts from the worship of the goddess.

239: Arethusa] According to Hamilton's *Mythology,* Arethusa was "a fair young [mortal] huntress and follower of Artemis" (p. 158). One day Alpheus, god of the river Alpheus, spied on her as she bathed naked, and she ran; this began a long pursuit, "because he loved her," and though she was faster, he had more stamina and gained on her. MT alters several key elements of the story. In Ovid, Artemis changes Arethusa into a spring and creates a cleft in the earth through which runs a tunnel from Greece to Sicily. Hamilton recounts, "Arethusa plunged down and emerged in Ortygia, where the place in which her spring bubbles up is holy ground, sacred to Artemis." But Alpheus changed back into a river, followed her into the tunnel, and mingled with her. "They say that often Greek flowers are seen coming up from the bottom, and that if a wooden cup is thrown into the Alpheus in Greece, it will appear in Arethusa's well in Sicily" (p. 159). MT has the goddess change Arethusa into a cloud, then into a "silver stream," which "still unmingled flows."

In vain he looks around, and calls aloud,
And wondering seeks the traces of her flight,
Enveloped, still she views him with affright,
An icy coldness creeps o'er all her frame,
And soon, dissolving in a current bright,
The silver stream retains her honoured name,
And still unmingled flows, and guards its virgin fame.

'Twas thus Castalia's sacred fountain sprung,
Once a fair nymph by bright Apollo loved;
To Daphne too his amorous strain he sung,
But sung in vain: her heart remained unmoved,
No vain delight her modest virtue proved
To be the theme of all his wanton lays;
To shun the god the silvan scene she roved,
Nor prized the flattery of his tuneful praise,
Nor one relenting smile his splendid gifts could raise.

Yet were his lips with eloquence endued,
And melting passion warbled o'er his lyre,
And had she yielding listened as he wooed,
The virgin sure had caught the kindling fire,
And fallen a victim to impure desire;
For safety cautious flight alone remained,
While tears of trembling innocence require
Her parents aid; and lo! that aid obtained,
How suddenly her charms immortal laurels gained!

262: Castalia's] Castalia was a nymph who fled from Apollo and dived into the spring at Delphi, at the base of Mt. Parnassus. This spring was then named after her. Its water was sacred and was used to clean the Delphian temples and inspire poets. According to legend, Castalia is also the mouth of the river Styx. See MT's "Verses Written in Solitude, April 1792," l. 4.

264: Daphne] Yet another mythological woman who had to flee from a sexual aggressor, Daphne was a huntress and despised men's affections. When Apollo saw her in the woods, her knees and arms exposed, he chased her, whereupon she called out to her father, the river god Peneus, who transformed her into a laurel tree. Apollo then possessively named the laurel his tree. The head of the finest poet was wreathed with laurel, the origin of the term "laureate."

Dear to the Muses still her honours live:
And they too glory in their virgin name;
To pure delights their tranquil hours they give,
And fear to mingle with a grosser flame
The chaster fires which heaven hath bid them claim;
They smiled when Pan, on Ladon's banks deceived,
The fair Syringa clasped, who snatched from shame,
Already had her tuneful form received,
And to the breathing winds in airy music grieved.

Still in that tuneful form to Dian dear
She bids it injured innocence befriend;
Commands her train the sentence to revere,
And in her grove, the vocal reeds suspend
Which Virtue may from calumny defend,
Self-breathed, when virgin purity appears,
What notes melodious they spontaneous send!
While the rash guilty nymph with horror hears
Deep groans declare her shame to awe-struck wondering ears.

The spotless virgins shall unhurt approach
The stream's rude ordeal, and the sacred fire;

281: virgin name] The Muses, originally represented as virgins, have their own story of defeating sexual aggression. Taking shelter one day with Pyreneos, king of Daulis in Phocis, the Muses were attacked by the king. They flew to safety, and when he attempted to pursue them, he fell from the top of his palace and was killed. The Muses' representation as virgins did not endure; they have some well-known offspring. Calliope is the mother of the master musician Orpheus, and Melpomone's union with the river god Achelous produced the Sirens.

289: Dian] In a grove, sacred to Diana, was suspended a syrinx (the pipe into which the nymph Syringa had been metamorphosed) which was said to possess the miraculous power of thus justifying the calumniated [*MT's note, 1805*]. Vide Achil: Tat: [*MT's note, 1804 MS, fol. 53 verso*]. Achilles Tatius was a second-century Greek rhetorician and author of *Leucippe and Cleitophon,* a prose romance, which features love triumphant over many obstacles. Pan was often in love with nymphs but was often rejected because of his goats' hooves and horns. He was known for his musical talent and chased Syringa, an Acadian nymph usually called Syrinx, until she reached the river Ladon, where she begged the nymphs to change her form. They changed her into reeds, which Pan played as pipes.

299: stream's rude ordeal] The trial of the Stygian fountain, by which the innocent were acquitted, and the guilty disgraced; the waters rising in a wonderful manner, so as to cover

See the pure maid, indignant of reproach,
The dreadful test of innocence require,
Amid the holy priests and virgin choir!
See her leap fearless on the blazing shrine!
The lambent flames bright-circling, all aspire
Innoxious wreathes around her form to twine,
And crown with lustrous beams the virgin's brow divine.

Nor was the daring Clusia then unsung,
Who plunged illustrious from the lofty tower,
The favouring winds around the virgin clung,
And bear her harmless from the tyrant's power;
Nor those, whom Vesta in the trying hour
Protects from slander, and restores to fame;

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the laurel wreath of the unchaste female, who dared the examination [*MT's note, 1805*]. vide Ach: Tat: [*MT's note, 1804 MS, fol. 54*]. In her 1804 note, MT describes the innocent as "virgins." She also revised this note to substitute "rising" for "swelling," "unchaste" for "contaminated," and "examination" for "trial."

300: pure maid] Chariclea vide Heliodor: [*MT's note, 1804 MS, fol. 54*]. In book 8 of *The Æthiopica,* Heliodorus of Emesa (fl. third century) tells of the trial of the chaste Chariclea, who, protesting her innocence, is condemned to be executed by being burned alive:

> She stood there a good while without harm and the fire went every way about her, but approached not near to do any hurt . . . so that by reason of the light around her beauty was made the fairer and more wonderful, seeming like to a bride married in a chamber of fire. She went sometimes into this side and sometimes into that, marvelling what it meant and hastening to die; but it prevailed not, for the fire always gave way and fled as it were from her. . . . the people . . . supposing that she had help from heaven cried: "The woman is clean, the woman is not guilty." . . . when Chariclea saw and heard, thinking that God preserved her, she . . . leapt out of the fire. (245–46)

307: Clusia] Who, to avoid the violence of Torquatus, cast herself from a tower, and was preserved by the winds, which, swelling her garments, supported her as she gently descended to the earth [*MT's note, 1805*]. Plutarch recounts in his *Moralia* the tale of Valerius Torquatus, a Roman general, and Clusia, daughter of the Etruscan king with whom he was warring. When the Etruscan refused to hand over his daughter, Torquatus tried to sack the town. Clusia jumped from the battlements and was saved by Venus, whose foresight insured that she landed gently and safely.

312: fame] Claudia, a vestal, who having been accused of violating her vow, attested her innocence by drawing up the Tiber a ship, bearing a statue of the goddess, which many thousand men had not been able to remove.——Æmilia, who was suspected of unchastity

Nor Clelia, shielded from the arrowy shower;
Nor thou! whose purest hands the Sibyls claim,
And bid the modest fane revere Sulpicia's name.

O'er her soft cheek how arch the dimples play,
While pleased the goddess hears Sinope's wiles!
How oft she mocked the changeful lord of day,
And many a silvan god who sought her smiles,
But chief when Jove her innocence beguiles:
"Grant me a boon," the blushing maid replies,
Urged by his suit: hope o'er his amorous toils
Exulting dawns. "Thine oath is past," she cries,
"Unalterably pure, thy spotless virgin dies!"

---

from having inadvertently suffered the sacred flame to expire, by entrusting it to the care of a novice, but, imploring Vesta to justify her innocence, she tore her linen garment, and threw it upon the extinguished ashes of the cold altar; when, in the sight of priests and virgins, a sudden and pure fire was thus enkindled.——Tucia, who being falsely accused, carried water from the Tiber to the forum, in a sieve, her accuser miraculously disappearing at the same time [*MT's note, 1805*].

313: Clelia] *Vide* Liv. lib2 [*MT's note, 1804 MS., fol. 51 verso*]. Livy (Titus Livius) tells the story of Cloelia in his *History of Rome* (bk. 2). According to Roman legend, she was a maiden given as a hostage to Porsenna, an Etruscan invader, but in 508 BCE, she escaped by swimming across the Tiber River, despite the spears raining down upon her.

314: hands] Sulpicia, a Roman lady of remarkable chastity; chosen by the Sibyls to dedicate a temple to Venus Verticordia, in order to obtain greater purity for her contemporary countrywomen [*MT's note, 1805*]. See MT's "Imitated from an Elegy attributed to Sulpicia."

314: Sibyls] Ten female prophets, who worshipped the god Apollo and were named for Sibyl, the first of their kind.

317: Sinope's] *Vide* Apol: Rohd: & after him Val: Flac: [*MT's note, 1804 MS, fol. 52*].

The nymph Sinope, being persecuted by the addresses of Jupiter, at length stipulated for his promise to grant her whatever she might ask, and having obtained this promise, claimed the gift of perpetual chastity:

Sinope
Nympha prius, blandosque Jovis quæ luserat ignes
Cœlicolis inmota procis.
Val. Flac. lib. v. ver. 110. [*MT's note, 1805*]

J. H. Mozley translates these lines from Valerius Flaccus, *Argonautica,* to read, "Sinope, once a nymph and one who mocked Jove's ardent wooing, unmoved by heavenly suitors" (V: 109–11).

Rome shall for ages boast Lucretia's name!
And while its temples moulder into dust
Still triumph in Virginia's rescued fame,
And Scipio's victory over baffled lust;
Even now the strain prophetically just,
In unborn servants bids their queen rejoice;
And in her British beauties firmly trust;
Thrice happy fair! who still adore her voice,
The blushing virgin's law, the modest matron's choice!

Psyche with ravished ear the strain attends,
Enraptured hangs upon the heaven-strung lyre;
Her kindling soul from sensual earth ascends;
To joys divine her purer thoughts aspire;
She longs to join the white robed spotless choir,
And there for ever dwell a hallowed guest:
Even Love himself no longer can inspire

325: Lucretia's] Famous for her industry, loyalty, beauty, and chastity, Lucretia, daughter of the poet Lucretius, was raped by Sextus Tarquinius (c. 510 BCE), whose advances she had rejected. After summoning Collantinus, her husband, and other men to defend her virtue, she informed on her attacker. Upon hearing her story, the men vowed vengeance on her rapist. However, Lucretia stabbed herself to death in the presence of those who heard her story, insisting that her name would never be used as an example to women to live unchaste lives. Her ordeal inspired revolution, which ended the Tarquin dynasty and led to the establishment of the Roman Republic.

327: Virginia's] Virginia's death rescued her from sexual violation. While Virginia's fiancé and her father were away, Appius Claudius, one of the ruling Roman legislators, attempted to seduce her but was rejected. He then devised a plan whereby Virginia would be declared his slave. Her father Lucius Verginius returned just as the plan was coming to fruition and, begging audience with his daughter, stabbed and killed her, while crying out that in death she would now find freedom. MT's tales about chaste women take a horrifying turn with the stories of Lucretia and Virginia. Unlike the nymphs, who are transformed into trees or streams, these mortal women find escape from sexual violation only through death.

328: Scipio's] After a distinguished military career, the Roman general Publius Cornelius Scipio (236–184 BCE) was accused of sexual indiscretion and corruption. Livy recounts his military exploits in *The History of Rome,* bk. 21. MT also would have known Pietro Metastasio's "The Dream of Scipio."

332: still adore] MT brings her readers from the world of Greek mythology and ancient Rome firmly into the present, urging "British beauties" to justify the trust placed in them to be chastity personified.

The wishes of the soft enthusiast's breast,
Who, filled with sacred zeal, would there for ever rest.

Despising every meaner low pursuit,
And quite forgetful of her amorous care,
All heedless of her knight, who sad and mute
With wonder hears the strange ungrateful fair,
A prostrate suppliant, pour the fervent prayer
To be received in Castabella's train,
And that in tranquil bliss secluded there,
Her happy votary still she might remain,
Free from each worldly care, and each polluting stain.

With gracious smile the Queen her favorite heard,
And fondly raised, and clasped her to her breast;
A beam of triumph in her eye appeared,
While ardent Psyche offered her request,
Which to the indignant knight her pride confest:
"Farewell, mistaken Psyche!" he exclaims,
Rising at length with grief and shame opprest,
"Since thy false heart a spouse divine disclaims,
I leave thee to the pomp which here thy pride enflames."

"Yet stay, impetuous youth," the Queen replies,
Abashed, irresolute as Psyche stands,
"My favorite's happiness too dear I prize,
Far other services my soul demands
Than those which here in these sequestered lands
Her zeal would pay: no, let her bear my fame
Even to the bowers where Love himself commands:
There shall my votary reign secure from blame,
And teach his myrtle groves to echo to my name.

"My lovely servant still defend from harms,
And stem with her yon strong opposing tide:
Haste, bear her safely to her lover's arms!

Be it thy care with steady course to guide
The light-winged bark I will myself provide;
Depart in peace! thou chosen of my heart!
Leave not thy faithful knight's protecting side.
Dear to me both, oh may no treacherous art
Your kindred souls divide, your fair alliance part!

"Here rest to-night! to-morrow shall prepare
The vessel which your destined course shall speed;
Lo! I consign my Psyche to thy care,
Oh gallant youth! for so hath Fate decreed,
And Love himself shall pay the generous meed."
She said, and joined their unreluctant hands.
The grateful knight, from fear and sorrow freed,
Receives with hope revived the dear commands,
And Psyche's modest eye no other law demands.

Now Peace with downy step and silent hand
Prepares for each the couch of soft repose:
Fairest attendant! she with whispers bland
Bids the obedient eye in slumbers close;
She too the first at early morning goes
With light-foot Cheerfulness the guests to greet,
Who soothed by quiet dreams refreshed arose,
Ready the labours of the day to meet,
But first due homage pay at Castabella's feet.

Bright was the prospect which before them shone;
Gay danced the sun-beams o'er the trembling waves;
Who that the faithless ocean had not known,
Which now the strand in placid whispers laves,
Could e'er believe the rage with which it raves
When angry Boreas bids the storm arise,
And calls his wild winds from their wintry caves?

402: Boreas] God of the north wind.

Now soft Favonius breathes his gentlest sighs,
Auspicious omens wait, serenely smile the skies.

The eager mariners now seize the oar,
The streamers flutter in the favoring gale;
Nor unattended did they leave the shore;
Hymen, whose smiles shall o'er mischance prevail,
Sits at the helm, or spreads the swelling sail;
Swift through the parting waves the vessel flies,
And now at distance scarce can Psyche hail
The shore, so fast receding from her eyes,
Or bless the snowy cliffs which o'er the coast arise.

Pleased with her voyage and the novel scene,
Hope's vivid ray her cheerful heart expands;
Delighted now she eyes the blue serene,
The purple hills, and distant rising lands,
Or, when the sky the silver queen commands,
In pleasing silence listens to the oar
Dashed by the frequent stroke of equal hands,
Or asks her knight if yet the promised shore
May bless her longing eyes when morn shall light restore?

The impatient question oft repeated thus
He smiling hears, and still with many a tale,
Or song of heavenly lore unknown to us
Beguiles the live-long night, or flagging sail
When the fresh breeze begins their bark to fail.
Strong ran the tide against the vessel's course,
And much they need the kind propitious gale
Steady to bear against its rapid force,
And aid the laboring oars, their tedious last resource.

404: Favonius] Zephyr, god of the west wind.
419: silver queen] The moon, Diana or Cynthia.

But lo! the blackening surface of the deep
With sullen murmurs now begins to swell,
On ruffled wing the screaming sea fowl sweep
The unlovely surge, and piteous seem to tell
How from the low-hung clouds with fury fell
The demons of the tempest threatening rage;
There, brooding future terrors, yet they dwell,
Till with collected force dread war they wage,
And in convulsive gusts the adverse winds engage.

The trembling Psyche, supplicating Heaven,
Lifts to the storm her fate-deploring eye,
Sees o'er her head the livid lightnings driven,
Then, turned in horror from the blazing sky,
Clings to her knight in speechless agony:
He all his force exerts the bark to steer,
And bids the mariners each effort try
To escape the rocky coast which threatens near,
For Hymen taught the youth that dangerous shore to fear.

Who has not listened to his tuneful lay,
That sings so well the hateful cave of Spleen?
Those lands, submitted to her gloomy sway,
Now open to their view a dreary scene,
As the sad subjects of the sullen queen
Hang o'er the cliffs, and blacken all the strand;

452: Spleen] The "tuneful lay" is Alexander Pope's "The Rape of the Lock." In canto 4, he introduces the "Cave of Spleen":

> Umbriel, a dusky melancholy sprite
> As ever sullied the fair face of light,
> Down to the central earth, his proper scene,
> Repaired to search the gloomy Cave of Spleen. (13–16)

As in Pope's text, Psyche's trip to the cave of Spleen is a journey to the underworld. Additionally, MT's use of Pope's mock-heroic poem should alert readers to the satirical possibilities of Psyche's various melodramatic episodes. Spleen was a fashionable malady, which combined self-pity, melancholy, and hypochondria. MT's attention to the north and west winds brings to mind the fact that the east wind was thought to bring about fits of spleen.

And where the entrance of the cave is seen
A peevish, fretful, melancholy band,
Her ever wrangling slaves, in jarring concert stand.

Driven by the hurricane they touch the shore,
The frowning guards prepare to seize their prey,
The knight (attentive to the helm no more)
Resumes his arms, and bids his shield display
Its brilliant orb: "Psyche, let no dismay
Possess thy gentle breast," he cheerly cries,
"Behind thy knight in fearless safety stay,
Smile at the dart which o'er thee vainly flies,
Secure from each attack their powerless rage despise.

"Soon shall the fury of the winds be past,
Serener skies shall brighten to our view,
Let us not yield to the imperious blast
Which now forbids our vessel to pursue
Its purposed course; soon shall the heavens renew
Their calm clear smile; and soon our coward foes,
Despairing thus our courage to subdue,
Shall cease their idle weapons to oppose,
And unmolested peace restore our lost repose."

Still as he spoke, where'er he turned his shield
The darts drop quivering from each slackened bow,
Unnerved each arm, no force remains to wield
The weighty falchion, or the javelin throw;
Each voice half choked expires in murmurs low,
A dizzy mist obscures their wondering sight,
Their eyes no more their wonted fury know,
With stupid awe they gaze upon the knight,
Or, as his voice they hear, trembling disperse in flight.

Yet raged the storm with unabated power;
A little creek the laboring vessel gains;

There they resolve to endure the blustering hour,
The dashing billows, and the beating rains.
Soon as the bark the sheltering bay attains,
And in the shallows moored securely rides,
Attentive still to soften all her pains,
The watchful knight for Psyche's ease provides;
Some fisher's hut perchance the shelving harbour hides.

Deep in the steril bank a grotto stood,
Whose winding caves repel the inclement air,
Worn in the hollowed rock by many a flood
And sounding surge that dashed its white foam there,
The refuge now of a defenceless fair,
Who issuing thence, with courteous kind intent
Approached the knight, and kindly bad him share
Whatever good indulgent Heaven had lent
To cheer her hapless years in lonely suffering spent.

More sweet than Health's fresh bloom the wan hue seemed
Which sat upon her pallid cheek; her eye,
Her placid eye, with dove-like softness beamed;
Her head unshielded from the pitiless sky,
Loose to the rude wild blast her tresses fly,
Bare were her feet which prest the shelly shore
With firm unshrinking step; while smilingly
She eyes the dashing billows as they roar,
And braves the boisterous storms so oft endured before.

Long had she there in silent sorrow dwelt,
And many a year resigned to grief had known;
Spleen's cruel insolence she oft had felt,
But never would the haughty tyrant own,
Nor heed the darts which, from a distance thrown,
Screened by her cavern she could safely shun;
The thorny brakes she trod for food alone,

Drank the cold stream which near the grotto run,
And bore the winter's frosts and scorching summer's sun.

In early youth, exchanging mutual vows,
Courage had wooed and won his lovely bride;
Tossed on those stormy seas, her daring spouse
From her fond arms the cruel waves divide,
And dashed her fainting on that rock's rough side.
Still hope she keeps, and still her constant heart
Expects to hail with each returning tide
His dear remembered bark; hence can no art
From those unlovely scenes induce her to depart.

When the vexed seas their stormy mountains roll,
She loves the shipwrecked mariner to cheer;
The trembling wretch escaped from Spleen's control,
Deep in her silent cell conceals his fear,
And panting finds repose and refuge here;
Benevolently skilled each wound to heal,
To her the sufferer flies, with willing ear
She wooes them all their anguish to reveal,
And while she speaks, they half forget the woes they feel.

Now to her cave has Patience gently brought
Psyche, yet shuddering at the fearful blast,
Largely she heaped with hospitable thought
The blazing pile, and spread the pure repast;
O'er her chilled form her own soft mantle cast,
And soothed her wearied spirits to repose,
Till all the fury of the storm is past,
Till swift receding clouds the heavens disclose,
And o'er subsiding waves pacific sunshine glows.

CANTO VI

Argument

Introduction—The power of Love to soften adversity—Exhortation to guard Love from the attacks of Ill-temper, which conduct to Indifference and Disgust—Psyche becalmed—Psyche surprised and carried to the Island of Indifference—Pursued and rescued by her Knight—The Voyage concluded—Psyche brought home beholds again the Temple of Love—Is reunited to her Lover, and invited by Venus to receive in Heaven her Apotheosis—Conclusion.

Canto VI

When pleasure sparkles in the cup of youth,
And the gay hours on downy wing advance,
Oh! then 'tis sweet to hear the lip of Truth
Breathe the soft vows of love, sweet to entrance
The raptured soul by intermingling glance
Of mutual bliss; sweet amid roseate bowers,
Led by the hand of Love, to weave the dance,
Or unmolested crop life's fairy flowers,
Or bask in Joy's bright sun through calm unclouded hours.

Yet they, who light of heart in May-day pride
Meet love with smiles, and gaily amorous song,
(Though he their softest pleasures may provide,
Even then when pleasures in full concert throng)
They cannot know with what enchantment strong
He steals upon the tender suffering soul,
What gently soothing charms to him belong,
How melting sorrow owns his soft control,
Subsiding passions hushed in milder waves to roll.

When vexed by cares and harassed by distress,
The storms of fortune chill thy soul with dread,
Let Love, consoling Love! still sweetly bless,
And his assuasive balm benignly shed;
His downy plumage o'er thy pillow spread
Shall lull thy weeping sorrows to repose,
To Love the tender heart hath ever fled,
As on its mother's breast the infant throws
Its sobbing face, and there in sleep forgets its woes.

10: May-day] The first day of May, traditionally a day for springtime festivities with decidedly pagan overtones.

Oh! fondly cherish then the lovely plant,
Which lenient Heaven hath given thy pains to ease;
Its lustre shall thy summer hours enchant,
And load with fragrance every prosperous breeze,
And when rude winter shall thy roses seize,
When nought through all thy bowers but thorns remain,
This still with undeciduous charms shall please,
Screen from the blast and shelter from the rain,
And still with verdure cheer the desolated plain.

Through the hard season Love with plaintive note
Like the kind red-breast tenderly shall sing,
Which swells mid dreary snows its tuneful throat,
Brushing the cold dews from its shivering wing,
With cheerful promise of returning spring
To the mute tenants of the leafless grove.
Guard thy best treasure from the venomed sting
Of baneful peevishness; oh! never prove
How soon ill-temper's power can banish gentle Love!

Repentance may the storms of passion chase,
And Love, who shrunk affrighted from the blast,
May hush his just complaints in soft embrace,
And smiling wipe his tearful eye at last:
Yet when the wind's rude violence is past
Look what a wreck the scattered fields display!
See on the ground the withering blossoms cast!
And hear sad Philomel with piteous lay
Deplore the tempest's rage that swept her young away.

34: undeciduous] Everlasting.

53: Philomel] In *The Metamorphoses* (VI: 438–85), Ovid retells the tragic story from Greek mythology of the virgin Philomel. Tereus, her brother-in-law, rapes her and then cuts out her tongue to keep her from speaking of it. Philomel defiantly weaves a tapestry depicting Tereus' crime and has it brought to her sister Procne, who then exacts the terrible revenge of killing the son she had with Tereus and serving him to Tereus for supper. The gods turn Philomel into a nightingale, a bird that sings a beautiful, piteous song. In line 54, MT uses the term "tempest's rage" to allude to the rape; "swept her young away" should be read as if commas enclose "young," for the rape of Philomel meant the end of her young life.

The tears capricious beauty loves to shed,
The pouting lip, the sullen silent tongue,
May wake the impassioned lover's tender dread,
And touch the spring that clasps his soul so strong;
But ah beware! the gentle power too long
Will not endure the frown of angry strife;
He shuns contention, and the gloomy throng
Who blast the joys of calm domestic life,
And flies when discord shakes her brand with quarrels rife.

Oh! he will tell you that these quarrels bring
The ruin, not renewal of his flame:
If oft repeated, lo! on rapid wing
He flies to hide his fair but tender frame;
From violence, reproach, or peevish blame
Irrevocably flies. Lament in vain!
Indifference comes the abandoned heart to claim,
Asserts for ever her repulsive reign,
Close followed by disgust and all her chilling train.

Indifference, dreaded power! what art shall save
The good so cherished from thy grasping hand?
How shall young Love escape the untimely grave
Thy treacherous arts prepare? or how withstand
The insidious foe, who with her leaden band
Enchains the thoughtless, slumbering deity?
Ah never more to wake! or e'er expand
His golden pinions to the breezy sky,
Or open to the sun his dim and languid eye.

Who can describe the hopeless silent pang
With which the gentle heart first marks her sway?
Eyes the sure progress of her icy fang
Resistless, slowly fastening on her prey;
Sees Rapture's brilliant colours fade away,
And all the glow of beaming sympathy;
Anxious to watch the cold averted ray

That speaks no more to the fond meeting eye
Enchanting tales of love, and tenderness, and joy.

Too faithful heart! thou never canst retrieve
Thy withered hopes: conceal the cruel pain!
O'er thy lost treasure still in silence grieve,
But never to the unfeeling ear complain;
From fruitless struggles dearly bought refrain,
Submit at once—the bitter task resign,
Nor watch and fan the expiring flame in vain;
Patience, consoling maid, may yet be thine,
Go seek her quiet cell and hear her voice divine!

But lo! the joyous sun, the soft-breathed gales
By zephyrs sent to kiss the placid seas,
Curl the green wave, and fill the swelling sails,
The seamen's shouts, which jocund hail the breeze,
Call the glad knight the favoring hour to seize;
Her gentle hostess Psyche oft embraced,
Who still solicitous her guest to please
On her fair breast a talisman had placed,
And with the valued gem her parting blessing graced.

How gaily now the bark pursues its way
Urged by the steady gale! while round the keel
The bubbling currents in sweet whispers play;
Their force repulsive now no more they feel;
No clouds the unsullied face of heaven conceal,
But the clear azure one pure dome displays,
Whether it bids the star of day reveal
His potent beams, or Cynthia's milder rays
On deep cerulean skies invite the eye to gaze.

Almost unconscious they their course pursue,
So smooth the vessel cuts the watery plain,
The wide horizon to their boundless view

Gives but the sky, and Neptune's ample reign:
Still the unruffled bosom of the main
Smiles undiversified by varying wind;
No toil the idle mariners sustain,
While, listless, slumbering o'er his charge reclined,
The pilot cares no more the unerring helm to mind.

With light exulting heart glad Psyche sees
Their rapid progress as they quit the shore:
Yet weary languor steals by slow degrees
Upon her tranquil mind; she joys no more
The never changing scene to wander o'er
With still admiring eye; the enchanting song
Yields not that lively charm it knew before,
When first enraptured by his tuneful tongue
She bad her vocal knight the heavenly strain prolong.

A damp chill mist now deadens all the air,
A drowsy dullness seems o'er all to creep,
No more the heavens their smile of brightness wear,
The winds are hushed, while the dim glassy deep
Oppressed by sluggish vapours seems to sleep;
See his light scarf the knight o'er Psyche throws,
Solicitous his lovely charge to keep
From still encreasing cold; while deep repose
Benumbs each torpid sense and bids her eye-lids close.

Now as with languid stroke they ply the oars,
While the dense fog obscures their gloomy way;
Hymen, well used to coast these dangerous shores,
Roused from the dreaming trance in which he lay,
Cries to the knight in voice of dread dismay,
"Steer hence thy bark, oh! yet in time beware;
Here lies Petrea, which with baneful sway

121: Neptune's] Roman name for Poseidon, God of the sea.

Glacella rules, I feel the dank cold air,
I hear her chilling voice, methinks it speaks despair!"

Even while he speaks, behold the vessel stands
Immoveable! in vain the pilot tries
The helm to turn; fixed in the shallow strands,
No more obedient to his hand, it lies,
The disappointed oar no aid supplies
While sweeping o'er the sand it mocks their force.
The anxious knight to Constance now applies,
To his oft tried assistance has recourse,
And bids his active mind design some swift resource.

Debating doubtfully awhile they stood,
At length on their united strength rely,
To force the bark on the supporting flood;
They rouse the seamen, who half slumbering lie,
Subdued and loaded by the oppressive sky.
Then wading mid the fog, with care explore
What side the deepest waters may supply,
And where the shallows least protect the shore,
While thro' their darksome search the star sheds light before.

Mean time deep slumbers of the vaporous mist
Hang on the heavy eye-lids of the fair;
And Hymen too, unable to resist
The drowsy force of the o'erwhelming air,
Laid at her feet at length forgets his care.
When lo! Glacella's treacherous slaves advance,
Deep wrapt in thickest gloom; the sleeping pair
They seize, and bear away in heedless trance,
Long ere her guardian knight suspects the bitter chance.

152: Glacella] As her name implies, an icy character.

178: pair] *Psyche* (1805) prints "pair," and the 1804 MS also has "pair" clearly written. MT personally oversaw the production of both of these texts. *PWOP* prints "fair," but we can not concur with Duncan Wu that a change introduced in a posthumous publication should be preferred (Wu 452 n.).

Thus the lorn traveller imprudent sleeps
Where his high glaciers proud Locendra shews;
Thus o'er his limbs resistless torpor creeps,
As yielding to the fatal deep repose
He sinks benumbed upon the Alpine snows,
And sleeps no more to wake; no more to view
The blooming scenes his native vales disclose,
Or ever more the craggy path pursue,
Or o'er the lichened steep the chamois chase renew.

Lo! to their queen they bear their sleeping prey,
Deep in her ice-built castle's gloomy state,
There on a pompous couch they gently lay
Psyche, as yet unconscious of her fate,
And when her heavy eyes half opening late
Dimly observe the strange and unknown scenes,
As in a dream she views her changed estate,
Gazing around with doubtful, troubled mien,
Now on the stupid crowd, now on their dull proud queen.

With vacant smile, and words but half exprest,
In one ungracious, never-varying tone,
Glacella welcomes her bewildered guest,
And bids the chief supporter of her throne
Approach and make their mighty mistress known.
Proud Selfishness, her dark ill-favoured lord!
Her gorgeous seat, which still he shared alone

182: Locendra] The immense glaciers, which crown the summit of the mountain of Locendra, supply a lake, and, issuing from this source, the river Reuss flows through the valley of St. Gothard [*MT's note, 1805*]. Vide Coxe [*MT's note, 1804 MS, fol. 62*]. MT paraphrases a passage from William Coxe, *Travels in Switzerland,* 1:319. The 1804 MS names the mountain "Locendra"; *PWOP* uses the spelling "Locendro," as do Coxe and most of the travel books and gazetteers of the period. William Tighe's "The Vine," a canto in his poem *The Plants, or the Crowns of Love, of Liberty, of Friendship, and of Religion, a Poem in Four Cantos* (1812), mentions "Locendro's glittering peak" (l. 610).

189: lichened steep] The lichen, which is the exclusive winter food of the reindeer in Lapland, contributes also very considerably to the subsistence of the Alpine chamois [*MT's note, 1805*]. Chamois are the only European antelopes.

He slowly leaves obedient to her word,
And ever as he moved the cringing train adored.

Nought of his shapeless form to sight appears,
Impenetrable furs conceal each part;
Harsh and unpleasing sounds in Psyche's ears
That voice which had subdued full many a heart;
While he, exerting every specious art,
Persuades her to adore their queen's control;
Yet would he not Glacella's name impart,
But with false title, which she artful stole
From fair Philosophy, deludes the erring soul.

"Rest happy fair," he cries, "who here hast found
From all the storms of life a safe retreat,
Sorrow thy breast henceforth no more shall wound,
Nor care invade thee in this quiet seat:
The voice of the distressed no more shall meet
Thy sympathising ear; another's woes
Shall never interrupt the stillness sweet,
Which here shall hush thee to serene repose,
Nor damp the constant joys, these scenes for thee disclose.

"Fatigue no more thy soft and lovely frame
With vain benevolence and fruitless care;
No deep heaved sigh shall here thy pity claim,
Nor hateful want demand thy wealth to share;
For thee shall Independence still prepare
Pleasures unmingled, and for ever sure;
His lips our sovereign's peaceful laws declare,
Centre existence in thy self secure,
Nor let an alien shade thy sunshine ere obscure."

He spoke, and lo! unnumbered doors unfold,
And various scenes of revelry display;
Here Grandeur sunk beneath the massive gold;

Here discontented Beauty pined away,
And vainly conscious asked her promised sway;
Here Luxury prepared his sumptuous feast,
While lurking Apathy behind him lay
To poison all the insipid food he drest,
And shake his poppy crown o'er every sated guest.

The hireling minstrels strike their weary lyre,
And slumber o'er the oft repeated strain;
No listless youth to active grace they fire,
Here Eloquence herself might plead in vain,
Nor one of all the heartless crowd could gain;
And thou, oh! sweeter than the Muses song,
Affection's voice divine! with cold disdain
Even thou art heard, while mid the insulting throng
Thy daunted, shivering form moves timidly along!

Thus o'er the oiled surface softly slides
The unadmitted stream, rapid it flows,
And from the impervious plain pellucid glides;
Repulsed with gentle murmurs thus it goes,
Till in the porous earth it finds repose,
Concealed and sheltered in its parents breast;
Oh! man's best treasure in this vale of woes!
Still cheer the sad, and comfort the distrest,
Nor ever be thy voice by Selfishness opprest!

Psyche with languid step he leads around,
And bids her all the castle's splendor see;
Here Dissipation's constant sports abound,
While her loose hand in seeming bounty free,
Her scentless roses, painted mimickry,
Profusely sheds; here Pride unheeded tells
To nodding crowds his ancient pedigree;

243: poppy crown] Poppies are the source of opium.

And Folly with reiterated spells
To count her spotted cards the yawning group compels.

"See how, attentive to her subjects ease,"
To their reluctant prey exclaims her guide,
"Each fleeting joy of life she bids them seize,
Anxious for each gay pastime to provide;
See her fast spreading power increasing wide,
Adored and worshipped in each splendid dome!
Lo! Beauty glows for ever at her side,
She bids her cheek the unvarying rose assume;
And Bacchus sees for her his votive ivy bloom.

"Is aught then wanting in this fairy bower?
Or is there aught which yet thy heart can move?"
That heart, unyielding to their sovereign's power,
In gentle whispers sighing answers, "Love!"
While scornful smiles the fond reply reprove,
"Lo!" he exclaims, "thy vanquished Cupid view;
He oft with powerful arms had vainly strove
Our sovereign's rocky fortress to subdue,
Now, subject to her reign, he yields obedience due."

Wondering she gazed around, and where he points,
An idiot child in golden chains she spies,
Rich cumbrous gems load all his feeble joints,
A gaudy bandage seels his stupid eyes,
And foul Desire his short-lived torch supplies;
By the capricious hand of Fashion led,
Her sudden starts with tottering step he tries
Submissive to attend; him had she bred,
And Selfishness himself the nursling ever fed.

279: votive ivy] Ivy was sacred to Bacchus, the Roman god of wine, and he is usually pictured with ivy crowning his brow. His spear was wreathed with ivy.

With lustre false his tinsel arms to deck
Ungraceful ornaments around him shone,
Gifts of his sportive guide; she round his neck
A glittering cord insultingly had thrown,
Loading its pendant purse with many a stone
And worthless dross, and ever as he went,
His leaden darts, with wanton aim unknown,
Now here, now there, in careless chance she sent,
That oft their blunted force in empty air was spent.

Shocked, from the gross imposture Psyche turned
With horror and disgust her fearful eye;
Her fate forlorn in silent anguish mourned,
And called her knight with many a hopeless sigh;
But see, the crowds in sudden tumult fly!
The doors, fast closing to exclude some foe,
Proclaim to Psyche's hopes her hero nigh:
Escaping from her guard she flies, when lo!
His form the bursting gates in awful beauty shew.

"Fly from these dangerous walls," his page exclaims;
"Swift let us haste our floating bark to gain!
See thy knight's wondrous dart in terror flames;
Soon shall these ice-built walls no shape retain!
Nor can their Queen his dreaded sight sustain."
Scarcely she heard while rapidly she fled,
Even as a bird, escaped the wily train
The fowler with destructive art had spread,
Nor panting stays its flight, nor yet forgoes its dread.

See how astonished now the crowd supine,
Roused by his potent voice confused arise,
In tottering masses o'er their heads decline
Dissolving walls; they gaze with wild surprise,

322: wily train] Trap.

And each affrighted from the ruin flies;
Pitying he views the vain unfeeling band
Beneath his care, a vile and worthless prize,
Their Queen alone his vengeful arms demand,
But unknown force was her's his terrors to withstand.

A shield she had of more than Gorgon power,
And whom she would she could transform to stone,
Nor ever had it failed her till that hour;
She proves his form invincible alone,
And calls its force petrific on her own.
Amazed he sees the indurated train,
The callous tenants of the silent throne,
And all the marble subjects of their reign,
Inviolably hard, their breathless shape retain.

The magic shield he thence in triumph bore,
Resolved, in pity to the human race,
Her noxious hands its might should guide no more,
And bade the seas conceal its Hydra face;
Oh! kindly meant, though much defeated grace!
For though the o'erwhelming weight of sounding waves
Conceal its rugged orb a little space,
Snatched by Glacella from the dark deep caves,
Once more the arm of Love with potent spell it braves.

But Psyche, rescued from their cruel scorn,
Urges her knight to hasten from the shore;
The buoyant vessel on the billows borne
Rides proudly o'er the mounting surge once more;

334: Gorgon] The three mythical Gorgons had snakes for hair, and their gaze turned people into stone. Perseus slew the only mortal one, Medusa, and put her head on Athena's shield.

346: Hydra] In Greek mythology, a serpent-like creature with multiple heads. If one head was cut off, two quickly grew back. Its blood was poisonous, and it exhaled noxious fumes. Heracles eventually killed it.

Again they spread the sails, the feathered oar
Skims with impatient stroke the sparkling tide;
The blushing Hymen now their smiles restore
Again to frolic gaily at their side,
Tho' still their playful taunts reproach their slumbering guide.

Psyche looks back with horror on the coast;
Black, drear, and desolate is all the scene:
The rocky cliffs still human shape may boast;
There the sad victims of the cruel Queen,
Memorials of her baneful power, are seen;
No vine crowned hills, no glowing vales appear,
Nor the white cottage laughs upon the green,
The black and leafless thorn alone is there,
And the chill mountains lift their summits wild and bare.

Her spirits lighten as they leave behind
The dreary prospect of Glacella's isle;
She blest with gladdened heart the light-winged wind
That bears her swiftly from a scene so vile;
With glistening eye, and hope's prophetic smile,
She hears her knight foretel their dangers o'er,
That sure success shall crown their fated toil,
And soon arriving at that happy shore,
Love shall again be found, and leave his bride no more.

Now, from light slumbers and delicious dreams,
The jocund cry of joy aroused the fair;
The morn that kissed her eyes with golden beams,
Bade her the universal transport share;
Divinely breathed the aromatic air,
And Psyche's heart, half fainting with delight,
In the peculiar odour wafted there
Recalled the breezes which, o'er scenes most bright,
Their wings of perfume shook, and lingering stayed their flight.

The lovely shore the mariners descry,
And many a gladsome cheer the prospect hails;
Its graceful hills rise full before the eye,
While eagerly expanding all their sails
They woo the freshness of the morning gales;
The approaching scenes new opening charms display,
And Psyche's palpitating courage fails,
She sees arrived at length the important day,
Uncertain yet of power the mandate to obey.

But one dear object every wish confines,
Her spouse is promised in that bower of rest;
And shall the sun, that now so cheerful shines,
Indeed behold her to his bosom prest,
And in his heavenly smiles of fondness blest?
Oh! 'tis too much! exhausted life she fears
Will struggling leave her agitated breast,
Ere to her longing eyes his form appears,
Or the soft hand of Love shall wipe away her tears.

Oh! how impatience gains upon the soul
When the long promised hour of joy draws near!
How slow the tardy moments seem to roll!
What spectres rise of inconsistent fear!
To the fond doubting heart its hopes appear
Too brightly fair, too sweet to realize;
All seem but day-dreams of delight too dear!
Strange hopes and fears in painful contest rise,
While the scarce trusted bliss seems but to cheat the eyes.

But safely anchored in the happy port,
Led by her knight the golden sands she prest;
His heart beat high, his panting breath heaved short,
And sighs proclaim his agitated breast
By some important secret thought opprest:

"At length," he cries, "behold the fated spring!
Yon rugged cliff conceals the fountain blest,
(Dark rocks its crystal source o'ershadowing,)
And Constance swift for thee the destined urn shall bring."

He speaks, but scarce she hears, her soul intent
Surveys as in a dream each well known scene;
Now from the pointed hills her eye she bent
Inquisitive o'er all the sloping green;
The graceful temple meet for Beauty's queen,
The orange groves that ever blooming glow,
The silvery flood, the ambrosial air serene,
The matchless trees that fragrant shade bestow,
All speak to Psyche's soul, all seem their queen to know.

Let the vain rover, who his youth hath past
Misled in idle search of happiness,
Declare, by late experience taught at last,
In all his toils he gained but weariness,
Wooed the coy goddess but to find, that less
She ever grants where dearest she is bought;
She loves the sheltering bowers of home to bless,
Marks with her peaceful hand the favourite spot,
And smiles to see that Love has home his Psyche brought.

On the dear earth she kneels the turf to press,
With grateful lips and fondly streaming eyes,
"Are these the unknown bowers of Happiness?
Oh! justly called, and gained at last!" she cries,
As eagerly to seize the urn she flies.
But lo! while yet she gazed with wondering eye
Constance ascends the steep to gain the prize,

420–22: "At length . . . o'ershadowing,)] These three lines form the epigraph to chap. 9 of Nathaniel Hawthorne's romance, *Fanshawe* (1828).

The eagle's eyry is not built so high
As soon she sees his star bright blazing to the sky.

With light and nimble foot the boy descends,
And lifts the urn triumphant in his hand;
Low at the turf-raised altar Psyche bends,
While her fond eyes her promised Love demand;
Close at her side her faithful guardians stand,
As thus with timid voice she pays her vows:
"Venus, fulfilled is thine adored command,
Thy voice divine the suppliant's claim allows,
The smile of favour grant, restore her heavenly spouse."

Scarce on the altar had she placed the urn,
When lo! in whispers to her ravished ear
Speaks the soft voice of Love! "Turn, Psyche, turn!
And see at last, released from every fear,
Thy spouse, thy faithful knight, thy lover here!"
From his celestial brow the helmet fell,
In joy's full glow, unveiled his charms appear,
Beaming delight and love unspeakable,
While in one rapturous glance their mingling souls they tell.

Two tapers thus, with pure converging rays,
In momentary flash their beams unite,
Shedding but one inseparable blaze
Of blended radiance and effulgence bright,
Self-lost in mutual intermingling light;
Thus, in her lover's circling arms embraced,
The fainting Psyche's soul, by sudden flight,

461: ravished ear] John Keats refers to "ravish'd ears" in *Lamia,* I, 268. Weller first drew attention to this borrowing (*Keats and Mary Tighe,* 205).

474: her lover's circling arms] See canto II, st. 43, in which the priest at Venus's shrine outlines Psyche's quest and remarks that until her quest is fulfilled, "But never shalt thou taste a pure repose,/Nor ever meet thy lover's circling arms" (384–85). The echo of these lines in this stanza makes it apparent that Psyche has, indeed, come full circle.

With his its subtlest essence interlaced;
Oh! bliss too vast for thought! by words how poorly traced!

Fond youth! whom Fate hath summoned to depart,
And quit the object of thy tenderest love,
How oft in absence shall thy pensive heart
Count the sad hours which must in exile move,
And still their irksome weariness reprove;
Distance with cruel weight but loads thy chain
With every step which bids thee farther rove,
While thy reverted eye, with fruitless pain,
Shall seek the trodden path its treasure to regain.

For thee what rapturous moments are prepared!
For thee shall dawn the long expected day!
And he who ne'er thy tender woes hath shared,
Hath never known the transport they shall pay,
To wash the memory of these woes away:
The bitter tears of absence thou must shed,
To know the bliss which tears of joy convey,
When the long hours of sad regret are fled,
And in one dear embrace thy pains compensated!

Even from afar beheld, how eagerly
With rapture thou shalt hail the loved abode!
Perhaps already, with impatient eye,
From the dear casement she hath marked thy road,
And many a sigh for thy return bestowed:
Even there she meets thy fond enamoured glance;
Thy soul with grateful tenderness o'erflowed,
Which firmly bore the hand of hard mischance,
Faints in the stronger power of joy's o'erwhelming trance.

With Psyche thou alone canst sympathise,
Thy heart benevolently shares her joy!
See her unclose her rapture beaming eyes,

And catch that softly pleasurable sigh,
That tells unutterable ecstasy!
While hark melodious numbers through the air,
On clouds of fragrance wafted from the sky,
Their ravished souls to pious awe prepare,
And lo! the herald doves the Queen of Love declare.

With fond embrace she clasped her long lost son,
And gracefully received his lovely bride,
"Psyche! thou hardly hast my favour won!"
With roseate smile her heavenly parent cried,
"Yet hence thy charms immortal, deified,
With the young Joys, thy future offspring fair,
Shall bloom for ever at thy lover's side;
All ruling Jove's high mandate I declare,
Blest denizen of Heaven! arise its joys to share."

She ceased, and lo! a thousand voices, joined
In sweetest chorus, Love's high triumph sing,
There, with the Graces and the Hours entwined,
His fairy train their rosy garlands bring,
Or round their mistress sport on halcyon wing;
While she enraptured lives in his dear eye,
And drinks immortal love from that pure spring

525: Graces] In Greek mythology, three sisters and the daughters of Zeus, who are closely associated with the Muses.

525: Hours] The Horae, or Hours, were goddesses of the seasons and the natural progression of time, who guarded the gates of Olympus. In "The Rose," the first canto of his long poem *The Plants* (1812), William Tighe describes

> Immortal Roses, which the smile divine,
> Of truth and constancy, had taught to blow:
> Such, as o'er Psyche's bridal couch, the Hours
> Shed emulous, and made the ambrosial feast
> Worthy of heaven. (385–89)

See also MT's short poem, "The Hours of Peace."

527: halcyon] A mythological bird that charmed the waves and wind, making them calm during the winter solstice, when its nest floated on the sea.

Of never-failing full felicity,
Bathed in ambrosial showers of bliss eternally!

Dreams of Delight farewell! your charms no more
Shall gild the hours of solitary gloom!
The page remains—but can the page restore
The vanished bowers which Fancy taught to bloom?
Ah no! her smiles no longer can illume
The path my Psyche treads no more for me;
Consigned to dark oblivion's silent tomb
The visionary scenes no more I see,
Fast from the fading lines the vivid colours flee!

531: eternally!] Immediately following this concluding line of the stanza in the 1804 MS is a heavy triple rule, indicating that the stanza that follows should be seen as separate from the rest of the canto. This last stanza seems to be connected to a drawing that appears at the end of the manuscript poem, for MT juxtaposes the assertion "Fast from the fading lines the vivid colours flee" with an intriguing watercolor illustration showing what appears to be a self-portrait of the author observing her character, Psyche, a miniature version of herself, as she makes her way through a fantasy landscape toward a castle at the top of a hill. On a scroll in the lower, right-hand corner of the watercolor are the words "Dreams of Delight," the phrase that opens the final stanza.

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BRUMPTON

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Vol. I

BROMPTON

1805

The Vartree

Quivi le piante più che altrove ombrose
E l'erba molle, e il fresco dolce appare.
Poliziano.

Sweet are thy banks Oh Vartree! when at morn
Their velvet verdure glistens with the dew;
When fragrant gales by softest Zephyrs borne
Unfold the flowers, and ope their petals new.

How bright the lustre of thy silver tide
Which winds reluctant to forsake the vale,
How play the quiv'ring branches on thy side
And lucid catch the sunbeam in the gale!

And sweet thy shade at Noon's more fervid hours,
When faint we quit the upland, gayer lawn,
To seek the freshness of thy shelt'ring bowers,
Thy chesnut glooms, where day can scarcely dawn.

How soothing in the dark, sequester'd grove
To see thy placid waters seem to sleep,
Pleas'd they reflect the sombre tints they love,
As unperceiv'd in silent peace they creep.

Vartree] The Vartry River runs through the grounds of Rossana, the Tighe family estate. According to a manuscript notation in Caroline Turpin's copy of *Mary,* this poem was composed in July 1797 at Rossana (13). MT's illustration, depicting the house at Rossana nestled among trees, is dated "Aug^{t} 1797."

Quivi . . . appare] "There the plants are more shaded than elsewhere, the grass softer, and the fresh air sweeter." From "La Ninfa Tiberina, Poemetto Pastorale" (st. 27, ll. 5–6), by the distinguished Italian Renaissance poet Francesco Maria Molza (1489–1544). Born into an aristocratic family in Modena, Molza spent his adulthood in Rome and wrote novels and lyric poetry in Italian as well as elegies in Latin. He was also a forceful orator who famously decried Lorenzo de Medici's mutilation of antique statues.

Poliziano] MT misattributes these lines to the Italian poet, philologist, classical scholar, and humanist, Angelo Poliziano (1454–1494), friend and protégé of Lorenzo de Medici.

The deepest foliage bending o'er thy wave
Tastes thy pure kisses with embracing arms,
While each charmed Dryad stoops her limbs to lave,
Thy smiling Naïad meets her sister charms.

Beneath the fragrant lime, or spreading beech,
The bleating flocks in panting crowds repose,
Their voice alone my dark retreat can reach,
While peace and silence all my soul compose.

Here Linda rest! the dangerous path forsake
Where Folly lures thee, and where Vice ensnares,
Thine Innocence and Peace no longer stake,
Nor barter solid good for brilliant cares.

Shun the vain bustle of the senseless crowd
Where all is hollow that appears like joy,
Where, the soft claims of feeling disallow'd,
Continual hopes deceive, and the vex'd soul annoy.

Hast thou not trod each vain and giddy maze
By Flattery led o'er Pleasure's gayest field?
Bask'd in the sunshine of her brightest blaze
And prov'd whate'er she can her vot'ries yield?

That full completion of each glowing hope,
Which youth and novelty could scarce bestow,
From the last dregs of joy's exhausted cup
Canst thou expect thy years mature shall know?

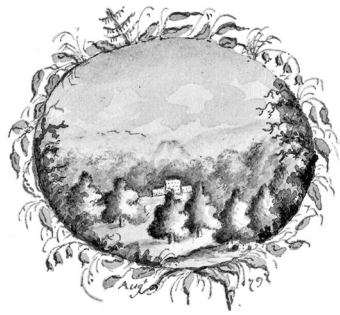
Hast thou not tried the vanities of Life
And all the poor, mean joys of Fashion known?

25: Linda] Those closest to MT called her "Linda." See, e.g., Sarah Ponsonby's poem to MT in Appendix 2, "Parody of Stanza 4th Canto 5th [of *Psyche*]," which begins "Sweet Linda! meditate thy charming song."

42: the poor, mean joys of Fashion] ThB asserted that after MT's marriage to HT in 1793,

Blush then to hold with Wisdom longer strife,
Submit at length a better guide to own.

Here woo the Muses in the scenes they love,
Let Science near thee take her patient stand,
Each weak regret for gayer hours reprove,
And yield thy soul to Reason's calm command.



The Kiss

Oh Florence! dearest Love! I have bid thee then Adieu!
And all my hopes and pleasures thy parting steps pursue,
Yet something love has gain'd to cheer me tho' we part
And the kiss he then allow'd me still thrills upon my heart.
Oh, yet methinks I see thee as on that fatal day

My poor child was soon settled in London under the guidance of a youth whose tenderness never failed, but whose want of principle, & knowledge of the world encouraged her in every vanity & folly, into which the love of admiration draws our weak sex, & into such snares as none, I believe escape from, unhurt, who dare to frequent the scenes of fashionable resort—For above eight years, she trod this dangerous and fatal path. . . . I saw her standing on the edge of a dreadful precipice, & wasting health, time, & what was still more precious than either, the graces & invitations of God's holy spirit—(NLI MS 4810).

The Kiss] See MT's "The Kiss. ('When the Sun with amorous beams')" and notes. Like that one, this poem may also be a translation and part of a continuing conversation with Thomas Moore on the same subject. Notice that the bow in MT's illustration has a broken string.

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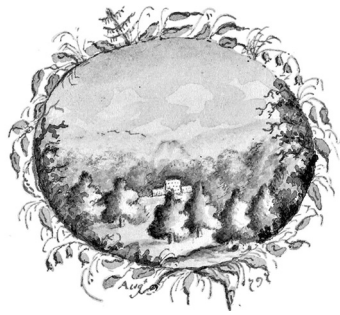

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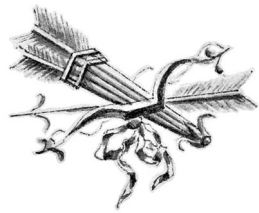
When my faltering lips refus'd the last farewell to say;
Love whisper'd to my hopes as thine hand I trembling held
That its soft and gentle pressure kind sympathy reveal'd,
While Memory, delighted each image to retrace,
Recalls each varied look of that mild expressive face;
Each word that then was utter'd, most forcibly imprest
With the accent, and the voice seem graven on my breast;
Yet beams upon my soul that soft enchanting glance,
As pensive and alone she saw me first advance;
I see the dew of Love just glisten in her eye,
And her bosom gently swell with the stifled, tender sigh:
Oh rapture breathing sigh! inestimable tear!
Which first could whisper hope that to Florence I was dear.
Oh! moment still most priz'd, that embolden'd me to seek
With lips too fondly daring her half averted cheek!
The sweet electric force which shot thro' every nerve
In fond remembrance cherish'd I carefully preserve;
Yet half afraid I view the anger and surprise
Which arm'd with transient light'ning the lustre of her eyes;
I see the mantling roses yet glow upon her face,
The deep celestial blush that doubled every grace;
Not half I priz'd the treasure thus snatch'd with trembling joy,
'Till tenderness return'd to her pardon-beaming eye;
Nor vain was my repentance that bad her anger cease
And bless her sorrowing lover, and let him part in peace:
I see the tender smile, & still methinks I feel
That hand so soft extended my pardon bid to seal;
The orders to depart Oh! yet too well I hear,
And the cruel word farewell still vibrates in my ear,
That pause of silent sorrow, that look of parting love,
From my heart the dear ideas Ah never can remove!
  Oh Florence thou art gone! to see thee now no more
I watch with fond impatience thy lov'd, propitious door;
Yet thine image still is here, it soothes me as I mourn,
And smiles as thou, my Florence! wilt smile on thy return.
It looks with that complacence which thou wert wont to shew,

And rich is blest remembrance kind pictures to bestow,
It paints the future prospects with Hope's most brilliant hue
And tells me that my Florence will evermore be True.



The Hours of Peace

Stay hours of peace! awhile delay,
Awhile with grateful Linda stay,
And hear her yet contented say
Stay hours of peace!

What tho' no more the midnight ball
Lures me to answer Folly's call,
I shun well-pleas'd th'illumin'd hall
For hours of peace.

For you I gladly would forego,
The splendid circle's idle shew,
Nor sigh for more than you bestow
Dear hours of peace.

What hath the gay, the busy earth
In all its scenes of noisy mirth,
More sweet than thee, my social hearth
In hours of peace?

1: hours] *Psyche* concludes with the Horae, or Hours, and the Graces entwined, and with "ambrosial showers of bliss" (VI: 525, 531). MT's illustration shows a winged hourglass.
2: Linda] MT, herself. See "The Vartree," l. 25 n.

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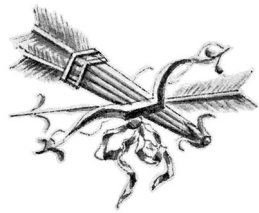

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A Mother's partial, tender smile,
May sure your rapid flight beguile,
And woo your stay a little while
Oh hours of peace!

The young Anacreon too shall sing,
And as he wakes the magic string,
Charm'd by his notes on hov'ring wing
Stay hours of peace!

No power hath here the wintry gloom,
The Teian rose shall sweetly bloom,

21: Anacreon] An affectionate reference to Thomas Moore. In 1800, he published a translation of the *Odes of Anacreon,* and he was famous for entertaining friends by singing.

26: Teian] Anacreon (c. 570–480 BCE) was known as the Teian bard, and Mark Akenside refers to him as the Teian rose in his "Hymn to Cheerfulness: The Author Sick" (1745). This stanza alludes to Anacreon's Ode 44, given below in Thomas Moore's translation. The description of Cupid, would, of course, have had special resonance for MT:

Buds of roses, virgin flowers,
Cull'd from Cupid's balmy bowers,
In the bowl of Bacchus steep,
Till with crimson drops they weep.
Twine the rose, the garland twine,
Every leaf distilling wine;
Drink and smile, and learn to think
That we were born to smile and drink.
Rose, thou art the sweetest flower
That ever drank the amber shower;
Rose, thou art the fondest child
Of dimpled Spring, the wood-nymph wild,
Even the Gods, who walk the sky,
Are amorous of thy scented sigh.
Cupid, too, in Paphian shades,
His hair with rosy fillet braids,
When with the blushing sister Graces,
The wanton winding dance he traces.
Then bring me showers of roses, bring,
And shed them o'er me while I sing.
Or while, great Bacchus, round thy shrine,
Wreathing my brow with rose and vine,
I lead some bright nymph through the dance
Commingling soul with every glance!

And shed a graceful, soft perfume
O'er hours of peace.

The laugh of sportive innocence,
The look of bright intelligence,
Shall bless the hours of taste and sense
The hours of peace

No stern, reproving glance ye meet,
No look but breathes affection sweet,
Then speed not hence your feathery feet
Blest hours of peace!

What charms these white-wing'd hours can stay?
Alas, while thus I idly pray,
Ev'n now how swift you haste away
Dear hours of peace.

Like some capricious beauty, coy,
When most persuasion we employ,
Most swift you fly the offer'd joy,
Oh hours of peace!

But time shall ne'er your charms devour,
For memory still with soothing power,
Shall number o'er each happy hour,
The hours of peace.

The Faded Flowers

Lovely objects of decay,
  Lo! before th' admiring eye,
How your beauties fade away!
  How your brilliant colours fly!

Fondly valued, vainly lov'd,
  Why so quickly must you droop?
E're my envious pencil prov'd
  How your lustre mocks its hope.

Yet a little longer live,
  'Till my powerless art has tried
Immortality to give
  To your transitory pride.

Still my imitative care
  Sought to keep what I deplore,
And what Nature could not spare,
  Fain would Art for me restore.

Scarcely sketch'd the outlines lie,
  Faintly trac'd with mimic hues,
E're my lovely models die,
  And their glowing tints refuse.

Image of my joys, alas
  E're remembrance marks their stay!
Thus my brilliant pleasures pass,
  "Glories of an April day!"

24: "Glories of an April day"] "O, how this spring of love resembleth / The uncertain glory of an April day" (William Shakespeare, *Two Gentlemen of Verona,* Act 1, sc. 3, ll. 85–86). The passage continues: "Which now shows all the beauty of the sun, / And by and by a cloud takes all away!" (ll. 87–88).

Memory lend thy magic art,
Let thy renovating power,
On the tablets of my heart
Stamp each lov'd, regretted hour.

Images of past delight
May I you at least preserve!
Still let joy's illusion bright
Thrill thro' each enchanted nerve!

Paint the voice, the look, the smile,
All that charm'd my cheated soul
All that sorrow could beguile,
Soothing cares with soft control.

Ah they fade! the charm is o'er,
Faint, and yet more faint they grow,
Tones belov'd, but heard no more,
Beams of bliss, and Love's own glow!

Essence of such subtle power,
Sure no chemic art can seize,
And the sweets which charm this hour
Once exhal'd no more can please.

Verses Written at the commencement of Spring

1802

Oh breathe once more upon my brow
  Soft gale of Spring, forgotten never!
For thus thy breath appear'd as now
  In days of joy, ah lost for ever!

Put forth thy fresh and tender leaves
  Soft Eglantine, of fragrance early,
Thee, Memory first reviv'd perceives,
  From childhood's dawn still welcom'd yearly.

Burst from thy leafy sheath once more,
  Bright hyacinth! thy splendor shewing,

Verses . . . Spring] Written at Waltrim, the seat of the Reverend M.[ichael] Sandys, who had lately lost a beloved child. [PWOP *editor's note*] Waltrim is located near Bray in County Wicklow. The child's parents were MT's aunt, ThB's younger half sister Barbara Tighe (c. 1752–1820), and her husband, Michael Sandys (c. 1747–1814). In *Mary,* this poem is printed in abbreviated form (minus the first six stanzas and the tenth), as "Extract from Verses written at Mr. S———'s, who had lately lost a beloved Child—1803," with the bereaved mother's poetic sixteen-line "Answer, by Mrs. S———" appended, beginning:

O may the same celestial spirit
  That called my boy to endless bliss,
Give Thee, sweet Mary, to inherit
  A blessing as divine as his.

May he restore thy long-lost treasure,
  Awake thy torpid soul to joy,
Open new scenes of heavenly pleasure,
  And with new songs thy tongue employ. (p. 22)

The infant's death actually occurred in 1802, as our copy text indicates. MT also mentions it in a letter to J. C. Walker with a 21 September [1802] postmark and notes that the child was the youngest of seven (TCD 1461/5/53-4). The commonplace book entitled "Extracts from Various Authors" (NLI MS 4800) contains a copy of the poem which identifies the boy as "WS," and MT's illustration shows an urn bearing the initials "WS." But the infant's name is not listed in standard genealogies.

6: Eglantine] The sweetbrier rose is known for its scent and early bloom.

10: hyacinth] A Spartan youth chased after Apollo's discus. It struck him in the head, killing him. Out of love for the dying youth, Apollo transformed him into the hyacinth, a flower shaped like the lily, with either deep purple or crimson petals. The petals, according

The sun thy hues shall now restore
In all their foreign lustre glowing.

Oh, plume again thy jetty wing,
Sweet Blackbird charm thy list'ning lover!
For thus, ev'n thus I heard thee sing,
When hopes could smile that now are over.

And thou, dear Redbreast, let me hear
Exchang'd once more thy wintry measure,
Thy notes proclaim the spring-tide near,
As they were wont in hours of pleasure.

The lark shall mount the sapphire skies,
And wake the grateful song of gladness,
One general peal from earth shall rise
And man alone shall droop in sadness.

'Twas here, by peace and friendship blest,
I paid to Spring my yearly duty,
When last she deck'd her fragrant breast
In all the glowing pride of beauty.

'Twas here the cordial look of love
From every eye benignly flowing,
Bade the kind hours in union move
Each lip the ready smile bestowing.

But where the blooming, cherub Boy
Who hail'd with us the pleasant season?

---

to legend, are inscribed with the letters "AI," which form part of the Greek word for "Alas" (Hamilton, *Mythology,* 116–17; see Ovid's *Metamorphoses* X: 220–83).

14: Blackbird] The European blackbird (*merula turdus*), a songbird, is a species of thrush, unlike the North American blackbird, which is an icterid.

17: Redbreast] Bird of the genus *Erinthacus,* not to be confused with the larger North American red-breasted thrush, *turdus migratorius*.

21: lark] The skylark (*Alauda arvensis*), or laverock, sings early in the morning and is known for soaring toward the sky while singing.

Whose smiles recall'd each childish joy
That sadder years resign'd to reason.

Those bright, those laughing eyes, where Love
And Innocence are seen embracing,
Those fairy hands that graceful move
Their fancy-formed circles tracing.

Oh! haste as thou wert wont to do,
We'll mount yon shrubby steep together,
Thy care the first wood-flowers shall shew
Thyself all blooming as the weather.

Haste sweetest babe, belov'd of all!
Our cheerful hours without thee languish,
Ah hush, he hears no more thy call,
Ah hush, nor wake a parent's anguish!

That lip of roses glows no more,
That beaming glance in night is clouded;
Those bland endearments all are o'er,
In death's dark pall for ever shrouded.

No, Angel sweetness! not for ever,
Tho' Heav'n from us thy charms hath hidden,
We joy for thee, tho' forc'd to sever,
Oh favor'd guest, thus early bidden!

Ev'n o'er thy dying couch, sweet boy!
A heav'nly messenger presided,
He beckon'd thee to seats of joy,
To fields of endless pleasure guided.

No, not for thee this bitter tear,
It falls for those yet doom'd to sorrow;
Who feel the load of life severe,
Who mourn the past, nor hope the morrow.

It falls for those who left behind
  Must fill their woes allotted measure;
Who muse on hopes to death consign'd,
  On visions of departed pleasure.

For those who thro' life's dreary night
  Full many a watchful hour shall number,
And sigh for long delayed light
  Or envy those who early slumber.

Address to my Harp

Oh my lov'd harp! companion dear!
  Sweet soother of my secret grief,
No more thy sounds my soul must cheer,
  No more afford a soft relief.

Address to my Harp] According to CH, as a young girl, "Mary had masters to teach her both music and drawing but as these accomplishments were not much valued by her mother she was not encouraged to practice sufficiently to excel in either. She played a little on the Harp, to amuse herself" and would continue to do so throughout her life (NLI MS 4810). The sounds of a harp are a continuing motif in MT's novel, *Selena,* whose title character is said to play the instrument exquisitely. MT describes the emotional and spiritual value of playing the harp in "Elegy Written for Emily":

Oft when my heart the call of joy would spurn,
  By sad involuntary gloom opprest;
To thee my plaintive harp, I languid turn
  Thy silver sounds can sooth my soul to rest— (25–28)

See also MT's "Song to my Harp."

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When anxious cares my heart opprest,
  When doubts distracting tore my soul,
The pains which heav'd my swelling breast
  Thy gentle sway could oft control.

My sick'ning heart saw hope deferr'd
  And sought with thee to cheat the hours,
Thy voice my ear delighted heard
  And conquer'd felt vexation's powers

Each well-remember'd, practis'd strain,
  The cheerful dance, the tender song,
Recall'd, with pensive, pleasing pain,
  Some image lov'd and cherish'd long.

Where joy sat smiling o'er my fate,
  And mark'd each bright, and happy day,
When partial friends around me sat
  And taught my lips the simple lay.

And when by disappointment griev'd,
  I saw some darling hope o'erthrown,
Thou hast my secret pain reliev'd,
  O'er thee I wept, unseen, alone.

Oh must I leave thee, must we part,
  Dear partner of my happiest days!
I may forget thy much lov'd art,
  Unus'd thy melody to raise.

But ne'er can memory cease to love
  Those scenes where I thy charms have felt,
Tho' I no more thy power may prove,
  Which taught my soften'd heart to melt.

19: partial] Sympathetic.

Forc'd to forego with thee this spot,
  Endear'd by many a tender tie,
Where rosy pleasure bless'd my lot,
  And sparkled in my cheated eye.

Yet still thy strings, in Fancy's ear,
  With soothing melody shall play,
Thy silver sounds I oft shall hear,
  To pensive gloom a silent prey.

Song

Post nubila Phœbus

See, my love, yon angry deep,
  Hear its wild tumultuous roar,
While the storm with furious sweep
  Drives the billows to the shore.

On its agitated breast
  Mark yon vessel rudely tost;
And the mariner distrest
  'Midst the 'whelming ruin lost.

Such the storm's distracting power,
  Fate prepares for wretched Love,

Post nubila Phœbus] Latin proverb meaning "After clouds, the sun."

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O'er our heads such tempests lower,
Doom'd distress, and fear to prove.

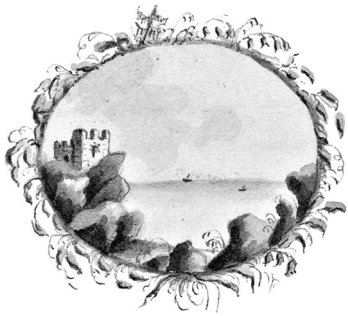
Ah! behold what sudden peace!
View the calm which reigns at last:
How the winds their contest cease
Hush'd is every ruder blast.

The darkling gloom begins to fly,
The sun shines forth with cheering ray,
The wat'ry mirror of the sky
Brightens in the smiling day.

The vale reviving glows again,
Again th' illumin'd hills shine clear,
The shadowy clouds flit o'er the plain,
And swiftly shifting, disappear.

So, my Love, the Heav'ns for us
Shall assume a kinder form,
Our distress shall vanish thus,
Thus shall fly our cruel storm.

Bright the day for us shall shine,
Gloomy doubt shall disappear,
Peace shall to our prayers incline
Fled our sorrow, care and fear.



The superannuated guide's Farewell to the Seven Churches

Wicklow
May 27, 1796

Farewell, ye awful scenes sublime,
  Farewell, long known, oft trodden spot,
The weary steep once more I climb,
  And seek once more my lonely cot.

What hope remains? life's ebbing tide
  Can scarce suffice to bear me home;
All other prospects are denied,
  Save my last rest, the lowly tomb.

No more must I yon brow ascend,
  A welcome guide those scenes to trace,
My fainting limbs beneath me bend,
  I touch the verge of life's short space.

And you, farewell, who gaily now
  Press the green sod with footsteps light,
Enjoy, while youth will yet allow,
  Life's transient pleasures e're their flight.

Farewell! alas, you too must part!
  You too the parting pang must know!

Seven Churches] The Glendalough Valley, in the heart of the Wicklow Mountains, contains ruins of seven early medieval churches, once part of a monastic city. MT's illustration depicts the iconic Round Tower, a famed landmark for pilgrims. It is not a church but an ancient storehouse surrounded by tombstones.

1796] CH's copy of this text (Hannah Tighe's album, fols. 36–40) dates the poem 1797. It also includes an epigraph: "Iamq: oculis numquam templa videnda meis. Ovid." From *Tristia* 1.3.32: "ye temples never henceforth to be seen by my eyes" (21).

Each fond indulgence of the heart
You too must forc'd at length forego!

How many a band like you I've view'd,
How many a charm'd and charming pair,
The rugged path like you pursued,
With hearts as light, and forms as fair.

How oft I gain'd the frowning steep,
And rous'd the echoes from the hill!
How silent now the voices sleep,
Which then the vales with joy could fill!

O'er the clear mirror of the flood
Where now you sportive, careless stray,
The lovers oft delighted stood
And smil'd, and charm'd the hours away.

Go thoughtless youth! to yonder brink.
Say have they left one slightest trace,
There now survey thy form, and think
How soon will pass the fleeting grace.

Ere yet you quit the sacred pile
The ruin'd heap of reverend stone;
Ah stop with fond regret a while,
And sigh for hours for ever gone!

Farewell! whate'er your future fate,
Still in your minds preserve this day,
On it may dear remembrance wait,
Long in your hearts each image stay.

And if such roses pleasure flings
O'er thy sequester'd, tranquil days;

Scorn not her gifts, nor scorch her wings
In dissipation's eager blaze.

Alas! should life protracted long
Give you an age like mine to bear,
What transient joys to man belong
You then shall own, how small the share!

The pilgrimage of life's dull road
To others now I leave to trace,
The weary way at last I've trod,
And suff'ring toil'd th' allotted space.

Verses Written at the Devil's Bridge in Cardigan

Hic licet occultos proferre impune dolores.
PROPERTIUS

When pleasure departs what a blank there remains,
How dreary each object around us appears!
While the soul sick of life from each solace refrains,
And in solitude longs to indulge in vain tears.

If the eye of compassion has ceas'd to look kind,
If the voice which delighted no longer is heard,
If sorrows unutter'd oppress the sad mind,
And the labouring breast by no comfort is cheer'd.

When 'tis past, and the moment of pleasure is o'er,
When to joys that are gone the sad mourner returns,

Cardigan] William Wordsworth was also inspired by this setting and wrote a sonnet "To the Torrent at the Devil's Bridge, North Wales, 1824." It was probably composed in August when he visited Sarah Ponsonby and Eleanor Butler, who may have been MT's companions when she visited the site. This picturesque Welsh landscape is in Ceredigion, County Cardiganshire, in the foothills of the Pumlumon Mountains, between Hafod and Aberystwyth. According to an account in the *Penny Magazine,*

> This bridge is thrown across a deep rent or chasm in the rocks through which, about 118 feet below the arch, the river Mynach forces its way, and after flowing onwards for a few yards, dashes down in a succession of cataracts into a deep abyss, which is about 326 feet beneath the level of the bridge, but only partially seen from it. The opposite disrupted cliffs, at the point where the arch spans them in a very bold and picturesque manner, are not above eighteen feet asunder; they are in part covered with hardy mountain ash and other trees; but lower down they lay bare their magnificent masses of dark rock, which have been worn, fretted, and brought to a slippery-looking polish, by the constant rushing of the Mynach,—which is here rather a mountain torrent than a river. . . . there are two arches that span the chasm, the one over the other. The lower bridge . . . was built in 1187, by the monks of Ystrad Flur, . . . the new arch was built over it in 1753. . . . After passing through the narrow, funnel-shaped passage under the bridge, the impetuous Mynach makes four leaps or falls. . . . The falls together are 208 perpendicular feet. . . . The encountering streams, particularly at the seasons when their waters are most abundant, clash and roar, rush upon and retire from each other like enemies in deadly conflict" (No. 216, 15 Aug. 1835).

Propertius] "Here can I bring forth my secret sorrows with impunity," from *Sexti Properti Carmina* (1:18, l. 3). Sextus Propertius (c. 55–after 16 BCE), about whom Apuleius writes, was considered the greatest elegiac poet of ancient Rome.

While memory faithful yet guards in her store
The hopes he has lost, and the friend whom he mourns.

Oh bear him to scenes, where rude nature appears,
Let solitude sooth him, and pensive repose,
No eye to restrain the sweet freedom of tears,
No ear to forbid the expression of woes.

Near woods, interrupted by white jutting rocks,
Oh! place him beside some river's dark course;
Where the torrents impetuous gush thro brown oaks,
And the steep groves re-echo their murmurings hoarse.

In a glen deep sequester'd, surrounded by woods,
By mountains o'er-top'd inaccessibly high,
Let him view the swell'd stream's irresistible floods
Unappall'd by the tempest which roars thro' the sky.

Oh! there let him wander thro' underwoods dark,
Unmolested by man, by no comforter teaz'd,
No stranger unfeeling his sorrows to mark,
And unheard be the groans which his bosom have eas'd.

When Nature deplores her lost beauty and pride,
Her drear lamentations more soothing shall sound,
The voice of complaint to his heart is allied,
And in desolate scenes is sad sympathy found.

Let Fancy to May's rosy bosom retire,
And quit the sad season, and shun the sad heart,
In the soft vacant breast let her passion inspire,
And double each pleasure by magical art.

For treacherous power! while seeming to cheer,
To sooth his distress, and to soften his woes,
The scenes thou recallest but rouse the sad tear,
And thy warm, glowing pictures destroy his repose.

In the regions of sorrow thy lustre is vain,
It there on no exquisite prospects can shine,
Oh! add not to anguish, nor magnify pain
But the wretched to wisdom, and reason resign.

Thy aid he requests not, he asks not relief
From the cruel assistance which thou can'st impart.
The image of joy but awakens his grief,
Of joy, which no longer inhabits his heart.

But thou, cheering Hope! sweet, peace-breathing guest,
Assure him bright joy on his days soon shall shine,
Dispel this sad gloom, and revisit his breast,
And whisper "Soft pleasure again shall be thine"—

'Tis thou can'st pour balm on his anguish alone,
Tho' nought can restore, yet thou canst relieve,
For his losses compensate, his sorrows atone,
And teach him with calm resignation to grieve.

La Cittadina

Written Jan^{y} 1799

Farewell, ye leafless woods!
Which dreary frown o'er the swell'd, turbid floods;
Your rude tempestuous roar
Shall howl discordant in my ear no more:
Congenial is your shade
To the sad Lover, and forsaken Maid.
Here spread your sombre gloom,

La Cittadina] Italian for a small town or a female dweller in such a town.

1799] When George Dwyer published this poem in the *Dublin Penny Journal* of 9 January 1836, he titled it "The Town," and gave this introduction:

> In turning over some old papers the other day, I laid my hand upon a poem of the celebrated Mrs. Henry Tighe, the much admired authoress of Psyche. It is written in imitation of Milton's L'Allegro; and, I have reason to believe, never has made its appearance in print. It is peculiarly interesting from the period in which it was written—just the close of the last and beginning of the present century. Our Parliament was then sitting in College-green—Siddons, Kemble, and Bannister, were frequent in the Dublin engagements at Crow-street—and the eloquent Dean Kirwan, whose astonishing powers as a charity sermon preacher will never be forgotten by those who had the good fortune to hear him, was then pleading for the widow and the orphan, who were thrown destitute upon society by the fatal consequences of the rebellion of '98. These circumstances, so appropriate to your valuable and national work, have induced me to send it to you.
>
> If its own internal evidence did not attest sufficiently its being the genuine production of its reputed author, I should merely add, that I happened to live in intimacy with the aunt of Mrs. Tighe. I had some taste for poetry, as a youth, at the time; and the good old lady, (long since departed,) as a mark of occasional favour, used to permit me to copy some of her niece's beautiful productions from manuscripts written in the most extraordinary and correct hand I have ever seen. They were copied by a young orphan girl Mrs. Tighe had reared, and taught to act as an amanuensis. The lines were written after a winter of extreme gaiety passed in Dublin, upon her return to her mother-in-law's solitary and gloomy mansion at Rossanna, in the County of Wicklow.
>
> I trust, in committing them to your care, I am doing justice to her memory; and now that she has been so many years withdrawn from those scenes, to which, perhaps, she may then have been too much attached, that no injury can be sustained by those who survive her. I am sure that no offence is meant. The splendour and gaiety of her last winter in town will be long remembered. (221–22)

1: Farewell, ye leafless woods!] From first line to last, this poem is an extended rewriting of John Milton's "L'Allegro" (1645), to which MT pays playful homage by adopting a similar metrical scheme and rhetorical strategy, as well as including many verbal echoes and repetitions.

And 'mid the frozen plains your brownest tints assume.
  Hence you unsocial band!
Retirement, and her offspring mute,
Study, who drives afar with ebon wand
Joy's jocund voice, and Pleasure's silver lute,
Pale Science with her patient lamp,
  Silence, assiduous Thought,
Calm Contemplation, by the Muses taught,
And Application whom no toils can damp,
  With stooping gait, contracted brow,
And eyes whose keen research would no repose allow.
But come, ye dear remember'd joys,
Hail delightful smoke and noise,
The hurried morn, the daily stroll,
Where the gilded chariots roll,
While in every crowded street
Pleas'd the lounging gazers meet,
Glitt'ring shops, and splendid sights,
Gaiety's long festive nights,
Balls and concerts, routs and plays,
Where the midnight flambeaux blaze,
Joys that gem dark winter's crown,
All the dear delights of Town.
At the call of mirth and sport
Hope invites us to resort;
Now let plumy-footed Glee
And ever new Variety,
Lead the sprightly hours along,
Festive mirth, and choral song;
Hail busy Town! and hail with thee
Smiling, lov'd Society!
Welcome frolick's laughing train,
Now commences Pleasure's reign;
Quick Imagination pass
Before my eyes thy magic glass,
Paint the scenes so bright, so gay,

The lighted hall at once display,
Let me hear the jocund strain,
View the light fantastic train,
As with "many twinkling" feet
The measur'd cadence oft they beat,
Wreath'd with ever blooming flowers,
Forgetting the uncounted hours,
Where the brisk unwearied viol
Calls each active grace to trial,
While the gliding, happy maid
Conscious views the homage paid
From the circling, crowded rows,
Glances of admiring beaux!
Round the glowing fair they run
When her pleasing task is done,
Smiles, and adulation bland
Eager ask her vacant hand,
'Till her soft voice, and melting eyes
Declare what youth obtains the prize.
Short the toil, the rest how sweet,
When delighted partners meet,
Where no prudent Chapronne's eye
The dangerous whisper can espy,
And the heedless, happy band
All around them careless stand;
Or when the signal bids them share
The banquet spread with generous care,
The watchful youth attentive flies,
Where his favorite maid he spies,
Her yielding hand he then may press,
And every tender hope confess,
And every swain declare his love,
While soft'ning eyes the tale approve.

46: the light fantastic] "Come, and trip it as ye go/On the light fantastic toe," from "L'Allegro" (33–34).

Fancy scenes like this bestows
Images like these she shews,
As thro' the crowd and mingling dance
Quick I send my eager glance,
And as some well-known friend I spy,
The sudden start, the sparkling eye,
Joy's brilliant smile, and roseate glow
Speak with power no words can know.
Let such lively warm delights
Animate remember'd nights;
And not unfrequent may my ear
Bannister, or Siddons hear,
And gratify my curious eyes
With all a decent stage supplies;
And oft with soothing, magic power
Let music charm the evening hour,
Warbling soft his melting lays,
Such emotions skill'd to raise,
As the feeling breast may move
To tenderness, and tranquil Love:
Me Eloquence shall oft invite
Watchful to pass th' unwearied night,
When 'midst the Senate's crowded walls
On truth and virtue loud he calls,
And bids th' unbias'd patriot free
Nobly stand forth with energy;

88: Bannister, or Siddons] Mrs. Siddons had a long engagement in Crow-street [Dublin], about the beginning of the present century [*George Dwyer's note*]. Sarah Siddons (1755–1831) was the most acclaimed tragic actress of her time, and John Bannister (1760–1836) was a highly respected actor. MT saw them at Drury Lane in London the very first time she attended the theater, probably in 1794. MT also would have seen Siddons at the Theatre Royal in Crow Street, Dublin. According to CH, MT was so delighted with these two actors that, despite her earlier misgivings about attending the theater and her concern that it would distress her mother, "from that time, she went frequently to the Play house" (NLI MS 4810).

99: Senate's crowded walls] The Irish Parliament was then sitting [*George Dwyer's note*].

Or leads me to the sacred shrine
Where charity and pity shine,
Where pious hopes the soul inspire,
And kindling breathe celestial fire,
While mute, enraptur'd crowds attend
The widow's and the orphan's friend.
  Thus let each feeling fast be bound
By soft persuasion's silver sound
'Till sweetly stealing o'er my soul
The smooth, melodious current roll;
And every captivated sense
Own the powers of Eloquence.
  Oft, when calmest hours delight,
The chosen few whom we invite;
Meeting at the close of day,
In concert decent, spritely, gay,
Bless my home, dear cherish'd centre!
Where no visitors can enter,
From intrusion sweetly free,
Banish'd all formality.
There we taste serenest joys,
Free from rude and boist'rous noise,
There the soul delights to meet
Kindred soul in converse sweet,
There the heart expands, and there
Benevolence and peace appear:
The anxious brow we there unbend,
And every eye reflects a friend.

103: sacred shrine] The celebrated Kirwan was then preaching charity sermons with the most unprecedented effect and success [*George Dwyer's note*]. The distinguished Dublin minister Walter Blake Kirwan (1754–1805) was reputed to have been "second only to Grattan among Irish speakers." His charity sermons were unequalled, and it was said that, in total, "upwards of sixty thousand pounds were bestowed" and "those who had not money enough left rings and watches in pledge, and valuable diamonds were frequently found among the gold and silver" (Read 2:64).

114: Eloquence] The ladies were often seen to pluck their ornaments from their necks and girdles, and throw them on the collector's plate [*George Dwyer's note*].

Reserve's cold frost there melts away
Beneath the social, genial ray,
While around the blazing pile
The close-contracted circle smile;
Or at the board the sparkling bowl
Animates the brilliant soul,
And mingling there with wit, we see
Sense and calm sobriety,
Mild indulgence, white-robed candour,
Warding off the shafts of slander,
To truth's just sentence still referring,
Or thro' partial kindness erring;
And evermore our feasts to bless
A constant guest be Cheerfulness.
There oft let genius guide the tongue,
And taste approve th' unlabour'd song,
Let partial judgment smile serene,
Or criticize with gentlest mien;
And still refine our merriment
Glist'ning, tender Sentiment!
Sweet dove-ey'd virgin, whom of yore
Venus to Apollo bore,
And, gifted by the sacred nine,
Plac'd her near Dian's silver shrine;
That her soft voice might pity move,
Excuse the faults of erring Love,
And for her brother's crimes atone,
With delicacy all her own:
Pleas'd with the infant's gentle charms,
The Graces nurs'd her in their arms;
Smiled at her pains, her timid fear,
The ready blush, the starting tear,
Inspired her lips, and as she grew
Taught her each winning art they knew;
Her quick perception, liquid tones,
All her father's genius owns;

While her fascinating eyes,
Balmy breath, and melting sighs,
The tender smile, the swelling breast
Shew the Queen of Love confest.
  Hand in hand with dimpled Mirth
Still may she grace our social hearth,
While Love and Friendship hover round
The pure & consecrated ground;
Oh hours of bliss! Oh nights divine!
When shall such feasts again be mine?
Less bright were those which once could charm
The bard within his Sabine farm,
And such to me could Town afford
When peace, & pleasure bless'd my board,
And such to me if thou can'st give
Town in thee I still would live!

178: Sabine farm] The bard Horace described his Sabine farm in his odes, epistles, and satires. It was given to him by Maecenas, famous patron of the arts, and was said to have been located beyond what is now Tivoli.

179–82: And such to me . . . live!] See the conclusion of "L'Allegro": "These delights if thou canst give,/Mirth, with thee I mean to live" (151–52).

For the grave of Isis

Written at Exmouth
1794

Stranger, who hither shall be led,
  In search of health, or social mirth,
Approach in peace this silent bed
  Of sacred, monumental earth.

If amid scenes of gay delights,
  Yon lowly roof which rises near,
Affords thee calmly shelter'd nights,
  And peaceful days as I knew here.

Oh, then disdain not here to turn!
  Nor yet disdain this humble song;
Tho' in no lofty strains I mourn,
  Nor speak my griefs in language strong.

Yet to my Isis tears are due,
  Affection sure some tears may claim,
And I will weep a friend so true,
  Nor deem the tribute worthy shame.

Isis] See also "Dirge Written at Brompton" for another poem mourning the death of a beloved canine companion.

Exmouth] Exmouth is a seaside resort in Devon, on the mouth of the River Exe on the English Channel.

1794] CH misdates this poem 1796. Her copy in Hannah Tighe's album (fols. 30–35) includes an epigraph by the Neapolitan poet Jacopo Sannazaro (1457–1530): "Nunc te lapis hic habet et mihi nusquam es" ("Now this tombstone holds you, and you are nowhere to be found on earth"), from "Ecloga I, Phyllis" (l. 66). This Latin poem is part of his "Ecologiae piscatoriae," depicting an idyllic seaside life. Sannazaro wrote *Arcadia* (1504), a romance in Italian which revived pastoral poetry and influenced European culture for centuries. He imitated Ovid and Virgil and came to be known as the Christian Virgil. See *The Piscatory Eclogues of Jacopo Sannazaro,* 59.

13: Isis] Isis was a goddess in ancient Egyptian mythology, known as a model mother and magical healer who could cure the ill and bring the dead back to life.

A friend whose fond, and faithful zeal
No poverty could fright away,
Whose heart could no resentment feel
Nor own ingratitude's proud sway.

Who pleas'd desir'd no state more sweet
Than still to live for me alone,
And ever happy at my feet,
Only my absence could bemoan.

When from afar my step she knew
Oh with what rapture would she burn!
Alas, in life how very few
I now can glad by my return!

Who now beneath my silent roof
Shall spring delighted at my voice?
By each endearing, artless proof,
Shew that they can like her rejoice?

The grateful tokens of that love,
That love sincere could ever please,
And I rejoice I ne'er could prove,
The cruel wounder of her ease.

Ne'er in a wanton, savage hour
Could I for sport inflict a pain,
Or wilfully exert a power
Which might her happiness restrain.

32: rejoice?] When CH copied this poem into Hannah Tighe's album (fols. 30–35), she included the following stanza after this line:

Who now shall watch the tedious day
Nor in my absence comfort find?
Impatient at my long delay
My wished approach still kept in mind?

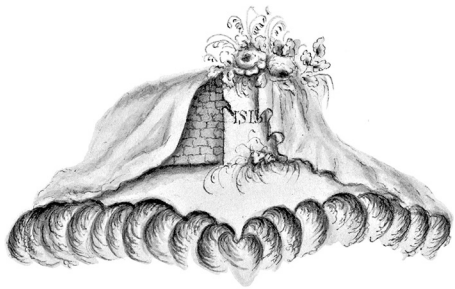
Her form was graceful, manners mild,
And more than canine sense her share;
Her sportive charms my hours beguil'd
When stern I felt thy influence care!

The gay companion of my joys,
Partner of hours for ever dear,
The witness of my secret sighs,
And many a lonely, bitter tear.

No more she now requires my care,
For ever silent, ever cold,
A little earth the only share
Of her I must no more behold.

Then let this quiet dust I crave
Be still with pious care preserv'd,
Nor e'er disturb the humble grave
Of her who hath so much deserv'd.

So may the earth with flowers be strew'd,
Wherein at last, thou too must rest,
And the green turf with tears bedew'd
Lye lightly on thy gentle breast.



Forget me not!

Oh Thou! whom ne'er my constant heart
  One moment hath forgot,
Tho' fate severe has bid us part,
  Yet still forget me not.

Tho' thee, while tedious moons must pass
  Those eyes have vainly sought;
Tho' tears are vain, nor thou, alas!
  Can'st hear forget me not.

Yet let not distance from thy breast
  My image ever blot,
Let our fond friendship bear this test,
  Absent, forget me not.

When care, and doubt, and cruel fear
  With anxious love have fought,
This soothing hope my heart could cheer,
  Thou wilt forget me not.

When Fortune sings her syren song,
  And Pleasure gilds thy lot,
When smiling joys around thee throng,
  Oh then forget me not!

Forget me not] This poem is not a literal translation but was inspired by the German lyrics to Lorenz Schneider's song "Vergiss Mein Nicht" (1794). "Forget me not" poems were a popular sub-genre in the commonplace books and albums of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. Typically, the meter is lilting, and the words "forget me not" appear in the last line of each short stanza. MT's highly accomplished illustration of forget-me-nots is reminiscent of the botanical drawings found in William Curtis's popular periodical, the *Botanical Magazine; or Flower-Garden Displayed*. In addition to the place and date of composition, "Glamorgan: Sep^{r} 1796," Tighe inscribes on the scroll: "Myosotis Scorpoides Vorgiss mich nicht." "Myosotis Scorpioides" is the scientific name for the plant. "Vergiss mich nicht" is German for "Forget me not."

When thou once more those scenes shalt view,
That dear remember'd spot,
Will Love each tender word renew,
But chief forget me not?

Where first I shar'd thy smiles, and where
My hours with bliss were fraught,
Will Fancy still present me there
Sighing forget me not?

When thou the festive band shall join
Will Memory as she ought,
Making some fond regrets still mine
Bid thee forget me not?

And when some happy, favor'd fair
Enjoys the envied lot,
The graceful dance with thee to share
Then, then forget me not.

When the gay swarms around thee fly
To allure thy tender thought,
Ah see my sad, my earnest eye
Bid thee forget me not!

If thou couldst tear from me that love
My fondest truth hath bought,
Let this forbid thine heart to rove
Forget, forget me not!

Tho' charms and wealth adorn the fair,
Alas, I boast of nought!
Yet, only yet, our Love compare
Yet ah, forget me not!

If Vanity enchanted tries
To excuse 'gainst Love the fault,

Think on thy vows, our mutual sighs
Ah then forget me not!

When Mirth to grace thy social feast
Each happy friend hath brought,
My image fading from thy breast,
Wilt thou forget me not?

When the full bowl around the board
Hath chas'd each sober thought,
Wilt thou to sense by Love restor'd
Ev'n then forget me not?

Will Love that delicacy prove,
To vulgar minds untaught,
Forbid thy lips to boast thy love
Yet still forget me not?

When frolick rules the sportive hour
And Mirth alone is sought,
Ah yet, resist her utmost power
Ah yet, forget me not!

When Fate the golden web destroys
Which Pleasure gaily wrought,
Tears with destructive hand thy joys,
Oh then forget me not!

When Sorrow comes thy joys to chase
Each hour with anguish fraught,
Still let me in thine heart have place
Ah still forget me not!

And must thy gentle heart then know
The pangs by Sorrow taught?

And will that heart oppress'd by woe
Ev'n then forget me not!

Must that dear eye be swoln by grief
Be fix'd by torturing thought?
Wilt thou from me expect relief?
Wilt thou forget me not?

Ah no! may favoring Heav'n bestow
On thee the happiest lot!
Tho' far from me no anguish know
But yet forget me not!

And when at length thou may'st return
Delay and care forgot,
Like me with fond impatience burn
Ah haste! forget me not!

When that bless'd moment comes at last
Which long I've vainly sought,
I'll own with tears, my sorrows past,
Thou did'st forget me not.

Wilt thou each suffering sweetly cheer
With this enchanting thought,
That vain was every jealous fear,
Thou couldst forget me not?

And when the fatal hour is come
And my last rest is sought,
Oh wilt thou weep upon my tomb
And still forget me not?

When the cold earth this breast shall hide
And cover every fault,

With thee my heart shall still abide,
Whisp'ring forget me not.

Hov'ring around thee, ever near
To sooth each anxious thought,
Then know 'tis me, when thou shalt hear
Softly "forget me not!"

Hope

Heu! spes nequicquam dulces, atque irrita vota!
GRAY

When the bitter source of sorrow,
  When the last farewell is sigh'd,
With no hope to cheer to-morrow,
  Joy's kind promises denied:

Yet we dwell with ling'ring pleasure
  On that distant, doubtful day;
Which may yield us back our treasure
  All our sorrows to repay;

Can the tender heart declare,
  Meeting what it fondly loves,

Hope] In *Selena,* Edwin Stanmore composes this poem after a distressing encounter with Selena Miltern. They are introduced in the novel with the following narrative, beginning with his exclamation:

> "I have seen her . . . I have beheld her graceful, her beautiful form once more! I have heard those soft accents which breath the love which alas she feels not but I have seen I have heard her only to be convinced that I am the object of her aversion, of her contempt—yes she met me with more than indifference—she could not disguise her reluctance to cast her eyes upon the wretched Edwin whose eyes and heart never once beheld any other image but hers since the moment of her first appearance in their sight. She drove me from her terrified lest I should dare to demand to enter once more beneath the roof where she reposes—and I must never again share these bewitching smiles, and I must never again utter in her presence the passion which consumes my soul"—Unaccustomed to restrain any of his emotions he sunk upon the damp ground beneath the spot where she had been seated when he watched her unseen with such exquisite rapture—and covering it with his tears and his kisses, gave way to all the idle effusions of a romantic and morbid sensibility—The consolation of reducing into numbers the sorrows which overwhelmed him however calmed by diverting his affliction, and gave him a species of pleasure in being unhappy which none but a poet can know—the verses which he thus suddenly composed were indeed not worth preserving but as they occupied his mind while he transcribed them in the vacant leaf of his pocket Tibullus from the melancholy reflections inspired by his solitary and comfortless abode in the sanded parlours of a poor village inn, they have perhaps some claim to a place in this narrative. (2:58)

Gray] "Alas, the hopes, vainly sweet, and the futile prayers!" from Thomas Gray's Latin poem "Liber Quartus" (15). See *The Works of Thomas Gray,* 1:227. Translation in Haggerty 124.

Why the bliss cannot compare
With the pang which parting proves?

Happy hour, so long expected,
Joy impatiently desired!
Disappointed, half dejected,
What have I from thee acquired?

Take again the transient pleasure,
Willingly I yield it up,
But restore my dearest treasure,
Give me back delicious Hope!

A faithful friend is the medicine of life

Son of Sirach

In the dreams of delight which with ardour we seek
Oft the phantom of sorrow appears;
And the roses of pleasure which bloom on your cheek
Must be steep'd in the dew of your tears.

'Mid the fountain of bliss when it sparkles most bright
Salt mixtures imbitter the spring,

life] This may have been the poem to which Lady Bedingfield alluded in 1805 when she remarked, "Lady Eleanor Butler has . . . sent me a little poem transcribed by Miss Ponsonby written by Mrs. H. Tighe on friendship and one stanza I like much. The thought I mean, for I rather dislike the Metre" (*A House of Letters,* 90).

Sirach] "A faithful friend is the medicine of life; and they that fear the Lord shall find him" (Sirach 6:16, KJV). The Book of Sirach was one of the apocryphal books of the Bible. Its usual title in Greek manuscripts and Fathers is *Sophia Iesou uiou Seirach,* "the Wisdom of Jesus, the son of Sirach," or simply *Sophia Seirach,* "the Wisdom of Sirach."

6: 'Mid . . . spring]

———Medio de fonte leporum
Surgit amari aliquid quod in ipsis floribus angat.
Lucretius [*MT's note*]

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life] This may have been the poem to which Lady Bedingfield alluded in 1805 when she remarked, "Lady Eleanor Butler has . . . sent me a little poem transcribed by Miss Ponsonby written by Mrs. H. Tighe on friendship and one stanza I like much. The thought I mean, for I rather dislike the Metre" (*A House of Letters,* 90).

Sirach] "A faithful friend is the medicine of life; and they that fear the Lord shall find him" (Sirach 6:16, KJV). The Book of Sirach was one of the apocryphal books of the Bible. Its usual title in Greek manuscripts and Fathers is *Sophia Iesou uiou Seirach,* "the Wisdom of Jesus, the son of Sirach," or simply *Sophia Seirach,* "the Wisdom of Sirach."

6: 'Mid . . . spring]

———Medio de fonte leporum
Surgit amari aliquid quod in ipsis floribus angat.
Lucretius [*MT's note*]

Tho' its lustre may tremble thro' bowers of delight,
In the draught disappointment will sting.

But if Heav'n hath one cup of enjoyment bestow'd
Unmingled and sweet as its own;
In the streams of affection its bounty hath flow'd
And there we may taste it alone.

But the pure simple drops Love would seize as his prize,
And defile them with passion's foul tide;
While the bowl he prepares as it dazzles our eyes
The poison of anguish can hide.

Let friendship the stream, as it flows calm and clear,
Receive unpolluted for me,
Or if tenderness mingle a sigh or a tear,
The draught still the sweeter shall be.

But let me reject the too high flavour'd bowl
Affectation or flattery compose.
From sincerity's urn thus transparent shall roll
The cordial of peace and repose.

Oh! give me the friend from whose warm faithful breast
The sigh breathes responsive to mine.
Where my cares may obtain the soft pillow of rest
And my sorrows may love to recline.

MT is translating Lucretius, *De Rerum Natura,* bk. 4, ll. 1133–34. When Lord Byron later cited this passage in a note to *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage,* he translated it as, "Still from the fount of Joy's delicious springs/Some bitter o'er the flowers its bubbling venom flings" (canto I, ll. 817–18). Montaigne also cited this passage in his essay "That We Taste Nothing Pure."

7: bowers of delight] In *Psyche,* the heroine finds herself in "the bower of loose Delight," which proves equally disappointing (III: 180).

16: hide] See *Psyche,* canto I, ll. 190–207, where MT describes Cupid gathering water from two streams on Pleasure's isle—one guaranteeing happiness and the other composed of the drops of woe. He unwittingly administers both to Psyche.

Not the friend who my hours of pleasure will share
But abide not the season of grief,
Who flies from the brow that is darken'd by care,
And the silence that looks for relief.

Not the friend who, suspicious of change or of guile,
Would shrink from a confidence free;
Nor him who with fondness complacent can smile
On the eye that looks coldly on me.

As the mirror that just to each blemish or grace
To myself will my image reflect,
But to none but myself will that image retrace,
Nor picture one absent defect.

To my soul let my friend be a mirror as true
Thus my faults from all others conceal,
Nor absent those failings nor follies renew
Which from Heav'n and from man he should veil.

Stanzas Written at the Hotwells of Bristol

July. 1804

The grey light of young day just beginning to dawn,
Thro' my casements proclaim'd the long night had withdrawn;
And the nightingale's song that had sooth'd me before
From the rocks of S^{t} Vincent resounded no more.

Now wearied with watching, exhausted by pain,
Aurora with pity beheld me complain,
With her fresh, dewy wand light-sprinkling my breast,
"Poor sufferer," she whisper'd, "at length thou shalt rest."

1804] See "Verses Written in Sickness" and notes.

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But abide not the season of grief,
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1804] See "Verses Written in Sickness" and notes.

From her train of sweet slumbers, and truth-giving dreams,
She takes a soft veil to oppose her strong beams,
The kind welcome gift o'er my pillow suspends,
And at once every sense of uneasiness ends.

Its weight of oppression no more loads my breast,
My eyes gently close, and my temples have rest,
While a form all celestial appears to my view
Array'd in bright silver, and heav'nly blue.

Her locks of pure amber with roses were bound,
Such roses ne'er glow'd on terrestrial ground;
But inhal'd the rich dews of ambrosia above,
Where Spring is eternal, unfading is Love.

On her light, graceful form with enchantment I gaz'd,
And methought was so charm'd, that I scarce felt amaz'd,
For attraction, and tenderness liv'd in her sight,
Her voice was persuasion, her eye was delight.

But her smile, Oh, what words can the magic impart,
Which taught her soft smile the swift road to the heart?
When the gates of pure coral dividing awhile,
Their rich, pearly treasures display'd by a smile.

Thus, extending her hand, as all radiant she smil'd,
While her brow brightly beam'd with benevolence mild,
"Droop no longer," she cried, "thou poor fading flower
But receive my embrace, and revive from this hour."

As she bent o'er my pillow with peace-giving air,
A white rose gently shower'd its light leaves from her hair;

34: A white rose] In allusion to the rose lozenges which were the first gift of that kind friend, in whose lovely form the Spirit of Health then appear'd [*MT's note*]. A copy of this poem in the Belfast Public Library identifies the kind friend as Annette Uniacke, widow of the Irish MP Robert Uniacke (Buchanan 177 n.).

"They are thine," she exclaim'd, "they will yield thee repose,"
And she breath'd on them fragrance more sweet than the rose.

Then clasp'd in her arms she embrac'd me benign,
And health seem'd reviv'd in the pressure divine,
Methought its mild influence new life could impart,
And remove the oppression that heav'd on my heart.

O'er her bosom more white than the down of the swan,
A blue scarf of soft texture was gracefully drawn,
Its virtues and warmth it had stolen from her breast,
By kindness 'twas woven, by health it was blest.

This she gave from henceforward my bosom to deck,
With the jewel that circled her beautiful neck;
"Receive them," she cried, "and thy sufferings remov'd,
Let these tokens of favor be gratefully lov'd.

"My fair earthly image by these thou shalt know,
When indulgent on thee she like gifts shall bestow,
When her smiles the kind spirit of Health shall recall,
And on thee shall the sweet glance of tenderness fall."

She ceas'd, and behold the bright vision was gone,
And all the dear gifts with the giver had flown;
And once more I awoke from my anguish uneas'd,
For the dæmons of sickness their victim had seiz'd.

At noon, with regret while revolving my dream,
I languidly stray'd by the Avon's dark stream,
I started at once with delight and surprise,
For lo! the lov'd vision again bless'd my eyes.

With what dullness possess'd could I doubt it before,
'Twas her figure the spirit benevolent wore?
Oh how in that form could I fail to retrace
That beauty resistless of sweetness and grace?

Nor was wanting the smile of compassionate love,
Nor the look that would fain every suffering remove,
Nor the gifts, the dear pledges of friendship to come,
A friendship that surely unfading shall bloom.

Be the omen confirm'd: may the Spirit who came,
And assum'd the fair form of so cherish'd a name,
Be the spirit of Health to my beautiful friend
And to me her bless'd favors benignant extend!

Morning

————*Toties nostros Titonia questus*
Præterit, et gelido spargit miserata flagello.
STATIUS.

1799

Oh Morn! I hail thy soft enchanting breezes,
  Thy soul-felt presence, and reviving light,
Thy glad approach my anxious bosom eases,
  And care & sorrow for a while take flight.

Statius] Publius Papinius Statius (c. 45 to 96 CE) was a Roman poet whose surviving works are a collection of poems, the *Silvae,* and two epics entitled the *Thebaid* and the incomplete *Achilleid*. This passage comes from the *Silvae,* 5.4.9–10, from a poem entitled "Crimine quo merui," or "The poet invokes sleep." D. A. Slater translates the lines as "Seven times the dawn has passed by my moans, and sprinkled me pityingly with cool from her whip."

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Like youth's gay hours, or spring's delicious season,
To me once more thy balmy breath appears,
Lost hope returns, assumes the face of reason,
And half persuades to flight oppressive fears.

While darken'd casements vainly light excluded,
I woo'd propitious sleep with languid sighs,
Care thro' the gloom his anxious face obtruded,
And banish'd slumber from my weary eyes.

Ah! what avail the couch, or curtain'd awning,
The eider's softness, or luxurious bed?
With sleepless, aching eyes I wait the dawning
While the vain pillow mocks my throbbing head.

The tedious hours I told with watchful anguish,
And oft, Oh Morn! accus'd thy long delay,
I hail thee now, no longer vainly languish
But quit my couch and bless refreshing day.

Thro' the long night impatient, sad, and weary,
How melancholy life itself appear'd!
Lo! cheerful day illumes my prospects dreary,
And how diminish'd are the ills I fear'd!

Tho' pleasure shine not in th' expected morrow,
Tho' nought were promis'd but return of care,
The light of Heav'n could banish half my sorrow,
And comfort whispers in the fresh, cool air.

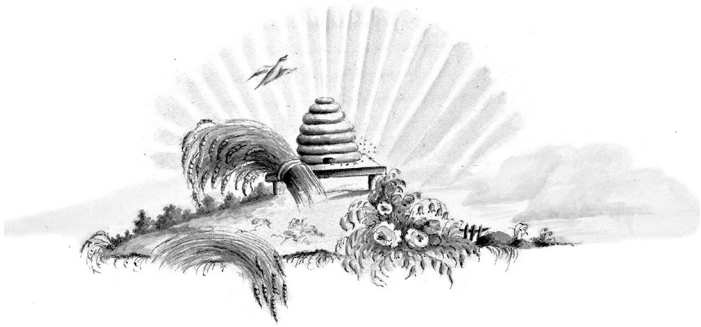
I hear the grateful voice of joy and pleasure,
All nature seems my sadness to reprove,
High trills the lark his wild extatic measure,
The groves resound with liberty and love.

31: lark] The Eurasian skylark (*Alauda arvensis*) is known for its early song.

E're his glad voice proclaim'd thy dawning early
How oft deceiv'd I rose thy light to hail,
Thro' the damp grass hoarse accents sounded cheerly
As woo'd his distant love the watchful rail.

Oh you! who murmur at the call of duty,
And quit your pillow with reluctant sloth,
For whom the Morn in vain displays her beauty,
While tasteless you can greet her smiles so loth.

You cannot know the charm which o'er me stealing
Revives my senses as I taste her breath,
Which half repays the agony of feeling
A night of horrors, only less than death.



36: rail] The water rail (*Rallus aquaticus*), a secretive bird, inhabits wetlands, is much more often heard than seen, and has strange, varied calls.

44: death] In some ways, this poem would seem to be a companion poem to Mary Robinson's "Stanzas Written after Successive Nights of Melancholy Dreams" (1793). MT's perspective, however, is more optimistic than Robinson's.

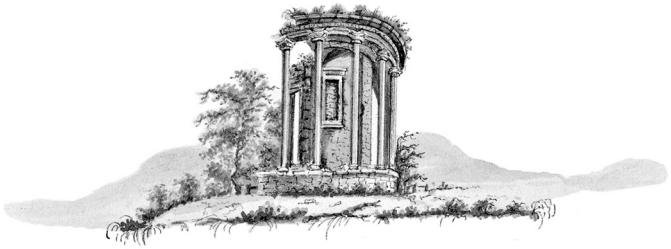
To ————————

1802

The youth of broken fortunes sent to roam,
And banish'd early from his smiling home,
With aching heart, indignant, and opprest,
Shame on his cheek, and anguish in his breast,
Quits the lov'd scenes he hopes no more to view,
In foreign climes new objects to pursue.
Soon other joys, and other sorrows come,
And from his memory fades his distant home;
Yet when revolving time with changeful hand,
Once more restores him to his native land,
When stranger-like, unwelcom'd and unknown,
He wanders o'er the lawns he call'd his own;
Sees other lords possess his fair domains,
The long-lov'd woods, and dear paternal plains,
There, as he hails the well-remember'd bowers,
Each silent witness of his earliest hours,
Regret and tenderness once more return,
His eyes their long forgotten sorrows mourn,
Dejected, desolate, he looks around,
And treads with reverence on the sacred ground,
Feels all the cheerless gloom he felt before,
When first an exile he forsook the shore.
And fondly thinks the scenes he lov'd a boy
Partake his sorrow, as they shar'd his joy.
    Ev'n thus, estrang'd, divided from thy heart,
Reluctant tenderness I bid depart,
For friendship thus denied forgot to care,

To ————————] While the identity of the person to whom this poem is addressed is deliberately obscure, the letters and dashes in the NLI MS 4800 copy (entitled "To ——— C———e") are consistent with shorthand for "Marianne Caroline Tighe," maiden name of Caroline Hamilton, MT's sister-in-law, who married Charles Hamilton on 29 April 1801.

And hush'd the feelings which you scorn'd to share.
But when affection in thy glance I spy,
Or the sweet smile of kindness meets my eye,
Once more my melting heart with love o'erflows,
Laments its former loss, and weeps forgotten woes.



The Picture

Written for Angela
1802

Yes, these are the features already imprest
So deep by the pencil of love on my heart;
Within their reflection they find in this breast,
Yet something is wanting—ah! where is the art
That to painting so true can that something impart

Oh! where is the sweetness that dwells on that lip?
And where is the smile that enchanted my soul?
From these roses no sweet dew of love can I sip,

Written for Angela] In *Selena,* Lady Trevallyn recites these verses, composed by Angela Harley, concerning a sketched portrait of Lord Henry Ortney. Selena is deeply affected by the poem and exclaims, "if poor Angela did indeed write those verses, I fear she is lost not only to happiness and her poor Mother, but even to innocence. What virtuous girl could bear thus openly to boast a passion for which it is evident she even then doubted of meeting a faithful return?—But I can hardly think they are her own; perhaps she has only copied them, tho' even that would incline me to join with you in thinking you had discovered the source of all her misery" (vol. 3, fol. 182).

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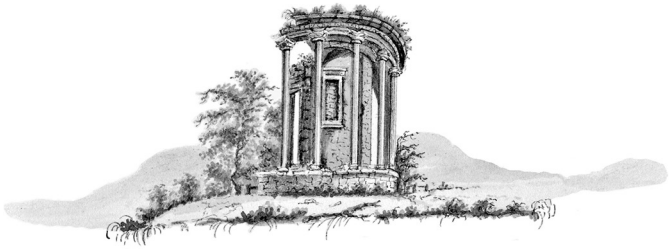

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Nor meet the soft glance which with magic control
O'er the chords of my heart so bewitchingly stole.

Cold, cold is that eye! unimpassion'd its beams,
They speak not of tenderness, love, or delight:
Oh! where is the heart-thrilling rapture that streams
From the heav'nly blue of that circle so bright,
That sunshine of pleasure which gladden'd my sight?

Yet come to my bosom, Oh image ador'd!
And sure thou shalt feel the soft flame of my heart;
The glow sympathetic once more be restor'd,
Once more it shall warm thee, ah cold as thou art!
And to charms so belov'd, its own feelings impart.

Oh come! and while others his form may behold,
And he on another with fondness may smile,
To thee shall my wrongs, shall my sorrows be told,
And the kiss I may give thee, these sorrows the while
Like the memory of joys which are past shall beguile.

Elegy

Written for Emily
1802

Fled are the summer hours of joy and love,
  The brilliant season of delight is o'er,
Alone, mid leafless woods I silent rove,
  The voice so dear enchants these bowers no more.

Yet sweet the stillness of this calm retreat,
  As toward the sunny bank I pensive stray,
The Muse affords her consolations sweet,
  And soothes with memory's charms my lonely way.

Here, led by Flora, o'er the pathless wild,
  I woo sweet nature in her private haunts,
The rarer flower which long neglected smil'd,
  My curious eye unspeakably enchants.

Ev'n now the season our mild autumn yields,
  Forbids not yet my timid foot to roam,
A languid sun illumes still verdant fields,
  And many a ling'ring blossom still may bloom.

While smiling Science shews her Withering's page,
  And half unveils her most attractive face;

Elegy Written for Emily] In *Selena,* Emily Trevallyn is said to be the author of these verses. After reading them, Selena is "occupied by . . . melancholy reflections . . . which insensibly led her to her own situation" (vol. 3, fol. 358).

17: Withering's page] In MT's novel, Selena finds this poem pressed between the pages of "Withering's botany." William Withering (1741–1799) wrote *A Botanical Arrangement of All the Vegetables Naturally Growing in Great Britain* (1776). This landmark work, using and extending Linnaean binomial nomenclature, was the standard botany text during MT's time and went through many editions. It includes the first systematic scientific description and classification of British plants published in English and discusses where plants grow, their

Reveres the memory of the Swedish sage,
And bids me Nature's charms delighted trace.

But if the gloomy clouds, or northern blast
Endear the comforts of our social hearth;
How swift the calm domestic hours are past!
How far superior to the hours of mirth!

Oft when my heart the call of joy would spurn,
By sad involuntary gloom opprest;
To thee, my plaintive harp, I languid turn
Thy silver sounds can sooth my soul to rest.

Or, wrapt in lov'd imagination's dream,
I hear the voice, I see the form so dear,
In visionary charms they present seem,
The well known accents vibrate in my ear.

I see those eyes of bright celestial blue,
Those laughing eyes, beam love and sympathy,
And o'er the mantling cheek the rosy hue,
The blush of kindling hope, and tender joy.

I have not lost thee then, my soul's best part!
I still can hear thee speak of love and bliss,
Can pour out all the fulness of my heart,
Oh, what felicity can vie with this!

How oft will fancy thro' the watchful nights
Picture thy form my sorrows to beguile!
The glance of soft affection now delights,
Now archly gay I see thy sportive smile!

---

flowering time, their poisonous properties, their economic and medicinal uses, methods of botanical investigation, and how to preserve specimens.

19: Swedish sage] Botanist Carolus Linnaeus (1707–1778), the creator of binomial nomenclature.

I see thee oft with pensive, tender eye,
Mark our blue hills thy gay horizon bound,
While fond imagination with a sigh
Measures the space of the far-distant ground.

Beyond those hills, constrain'd awhile to dwell,
Full many a lonely hour the thought can cheer,
The shades of sorrow oft it can dispel
And turn to tenderness the saddest tear.

But thou! whose image never quits this heart,
Art thou unmindful of thine absent love?
Ah no! I bid the cruel thought depart,
And each suggestion of distrust reprove.

And yet, too oft awaking from my trance
My brilliant day-dream of unreal joy,
I think with anguish that thy tender glance
Has charm'd in vain my captivated eye.

Sad victim of each heart-corroding care,
I think with pity on my future lot,
Ev'n now some happier eye thy smiles may share,
Thy vows of tenderness to me forgot.

On such sad doubts each trembling thought employ'd,
Oh! what a dreary silence there appears,
Life offers nothing but a joyless void,
While my youth wastes in unavailing tears.

Thou can'st not see me in those cruel hours,
Thou know'st not love, but as he smiles, and charms,
Thy stronger mind feels not dejection's powers
Nor dreads the pang which tenderness alarms.

Yet let thy heart the pains of absence share,
Oh be but constant, and I yet am blest!

Alive to each suspicion, kindly spare
The trembling feelings of this anxious breast.

Stanzas

Written for Angela
1800

Oh! seal my sad and weary eyes
Sleep! soft suspense of human woe!
The day's long hours may sure suffice
For sighs to swell, and tears to flow—

Oh! be the night to sorrow dear,
Sacred to cheering, calm repose;
Nor let the secret, wasting tear
Forbid the watchful lid to close.

Let me resign this load of grief
In thy divinely, soothing arms,
For thou can'st yield some short relief
Ev'n to the soul remorse alarms.

Stanzas Written for Angela] In *Selena,* the title character speculates that these verses, one of two poems found in the parcel containing objects once belonging to Angela Harley, were penned by Angela "during her first residence at Islington while tortured by suspicions and agitated by remorse" and when "the first delirium of love had already given place to the torments of jealousy" (vol. 4, fol. 199).

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How blest are they who lay them down
And sleep, to wake in life no more;
At least, if dreams of power unknown
Haunt not death's dark, and silent shore.

What hope in life for me remains,
What prospect cheers the dreary gloom?
Ungrateful heart forget thy pains!
Love shall some future night illume.

Banish the agonizing thought
How swift the parting hour must come,
Be future woes no longer sought,
Nor thus anticipate thy doom.

I yet may hope the bliss[f]ul night
Shall bring me all in life I prize,
And to my captivated sight
Restore the joy of those fond eyes.

His tender voice I yet shall hear,
His eye shall beam delight and love;
The happy hour that brings him near
Awhile shall every pang remove.

Breathless with trembling joy, once more
This agitated heart shall leap;
The hours of long impatience o'er
Shall hail once more his well-known step.

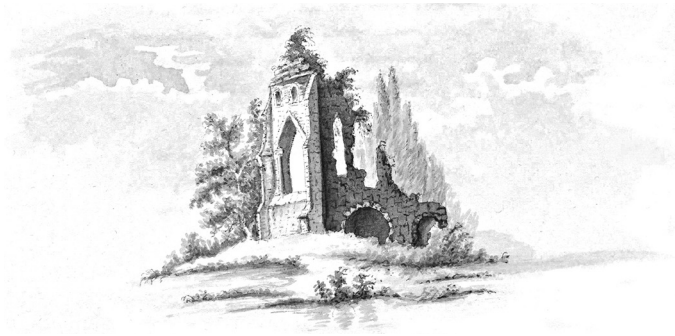
Assur'd his heart is only mine,
On this dear hope enchanted dwell,
And let its influence benign
Suspicion's dreary clouds dispel.

Come dear delusion, lov'd deceit,
This weight of fear awhile remove,

With flattering dreams my reason cheat,
  Hide every form that threatens Love!

Oh say, in bonds of happiest fate,
  Our days united yet shall live,
Oh say, that peace, and love await
  The fairer hours our hopes shall give.

Let me forget the cruel truth
  That peace with innocence is gone,
That ceaseless tears shall waste my youth
  All hope, all bliss for ever flown.



Verses

Written for Emily
1799

Poor fond heart with pleasure swelling
  What hast thou to do with joy?

Verses Written for Emily] CH's copy of this poem in Hannah Tighe's album includes an epigraph, "Addio, dolce lusinghe! addio diletta Immagine di vita. Monti" (133–34), which may be translated as, "Goodbye sweet delusions! Goodbye dear vision of life," from "Entusiasmo Malinconico" (1779) by the Italian poet and scholar Vincenzo Monti (1754–1828). In "Imitated from L'Abbate Monti," MT loosely translates these lines as "Adieu! delicious images of Life!/Beloved deceits adieu!" (112–13). "Verses Written for Emily" seems to have been partly inspired by Monti's neo-Gothic poem of sensibility.

With flattering dreams my reason cheat,
  Hide every form that threatens Love!

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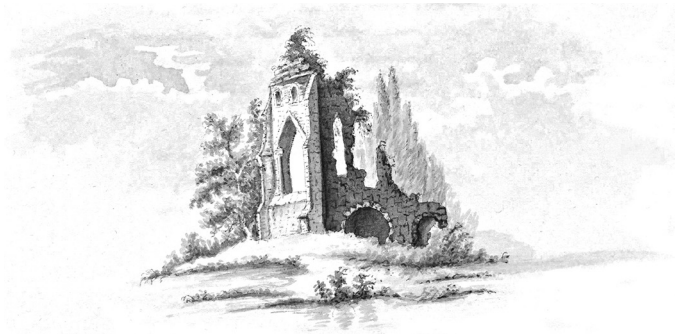

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Written for Emily
1799

Poor fond heart with pleasure swelling
  What hast thou to do with joy?

Verses Written for Emily] CH's copy of this poem in Hannah Tighe's album includes an epigraph, "Addio, dolce lusinghe! addio diletta Immagine di vita. Monti" (133–34), which may be translated as, "Goodbye sweet delusions! Goodbye dear vision of life," from "Entusiasmo Malinconico" (1779) by the Italian poet and scholar Vincenzo Monti (1754–1828). In "Imitated from L'Abbate Monti," MT loosely translates these lines as "Adieu! delicious images of Life!/Beloved deceits adieu!" (112–13). "Verses Written for Emily" seems to have been partly inspired by Monti's neo-Gothic poem of sensibility.

Sorrow still usurps the dwelling
Scatters wide each glitt'ring toy.

From her grotto's brilliant centre
See the Circe pleasure woo,
Oft deluded would I enter
Tho I saw remorse pursue:

Ah! thou bright, thou dangerous charmer!
Flattering trait'ress, gilded snare!
Reason yields me now her armour,
I at length thine arts can dare.

O'er my path once sweetly smiling,
Crown'd with flowers, unseen his dart,
Love with blushes soft beguiling
Seiz'd my fascinated heart.

Soon the traitor rudely rending
From my brow the rosy crown,
Pitiless of storms impending
Drove me forth to fate's dark frown.

Harrass'd, struggling, faint and weary
Long kind Hope reluctant clung,
Shuddering at my prospects dreary
All her brilliant chords unstrung.

Thus the quiv'ring lamp expiring
Sudden shines with trembling beams,
Extinguish'd now, now life desiring,
Shoots forth momentary gleams.

6: Circe] In Greek mythology, Circe is a goddess with knowledge of herbs and drugs who sometimes appears as a sorceress. In Homer's *Odyssey,* she uses magical potions to transform the unwitting men into animals. After freeing some of them from her enchantments, Odysseus feasts and drinks on her island for a year.

Mute her voice, and dropt her lyre,
Now at last she sinks opprest;
Day's bright beams with her retire
O'er me clouds, and darkness rest.

What can sooth this bitter sorrow?
What the soft assuaging balm?
In the sad impending morrow
Who shall bid my soul be calm?

Lord of hearts benignly callous,
Come Insensibility!
Stop the streams which feeling hallows
Smother each impassion'd sigh.

Let this bosom idly beating
Taste at last a moment's peace,
Passion's tide at length retreating
Bid the furious tempest cease.

Joy, and hope, and love, and pleasure,
Here I bid you all adieu!
Thee, sweet peace, my last, best treasure!
All my wishes now pursue.

O'er my senses softly stealing,
Blest Indifference kindly come,

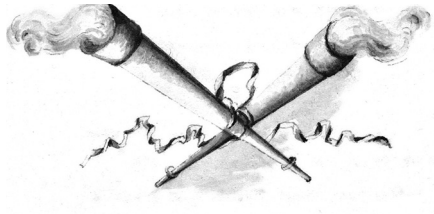
36: my soul be calm] In March 1801, ThB told the Rev. Henry Moore, "My poor Mary is in a precarious state of health, and has been twice on the borders of the grave within the last two months: many serious thoughts spring up within her mind, from the tremendous situations in which she has been so lately placed" (quoted in Smith 200).

48: now pursue.] When CH copied this poem, which she titled "Verses written 1801," into Hannah Tighe's album (fols. 20–25) the following stanza followed this one:

For that haven now I languish
Where no treach'rous rocks reside,
Where suspence & torturing anguish
O'er my breast shall ne'er preside.

From this agony of feeling
  Hide me in thy tranquil gloom.

Banish each bright form delusive;
  From my aching eyes remove
Fancy's torch with glare obtrusive;
  Visions of seductive Love!



Verses

Written for Angela
1804

Oh! once my own, and still most dear,
  Beyond the power of words to tell!
Heed not my tears, but speak sincere,
  Say then, is this our last farewell.
And shall we meet indeed no more?
  And must I teach this broken heart
To know that every hope is o'er,
  With this last pang that bids us part?

Oh if resolv'd to give me up
  Let me not die a lingering death!
But blast at once each withering hope
  With one severe, but friendly breath.
Yet, if 'tis so; ah! let me hear

Verses Written for Angela] Although Angela Harley is a character is MT's *Selena,* where other poems relating to her appear, this poem is not included in the novel.

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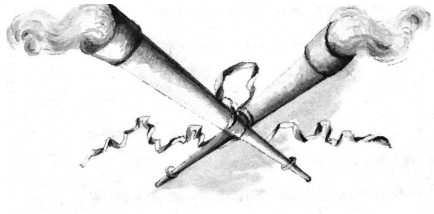

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Verses Written for Angela] Although Angela Harley is a character is MT's *Selena,* where other poems relating to her appear, this poem is not included in the novel.

At least one pitying kind Adieu,
And let me see one grateful tear
The memory of our loves bedew—

And Oh! with soothing flattery say
"My once belov'd!, tho' lov'd no more,
Dear to my heart shall ever stay
The image of what charm'd before!
Sweet was our spring of love, tho' past
And thou wert ever fondly true
The soft remembrance long shall last
And pity oft the sigh renew."

But if in spite of all the fears,
Beneath whose cruel weight I droop,
Thy tender hand shall dry my tears,
And thy soft lip still whisper hope.
Oh then my sinking spirit cheer,
And say 'twill yet indeed be sweet,
To press me in those arms most dear
When we again in love may meet.

And thro' my solitary day,
Beloved inmate of my breast!
Still to my sadd'ning fancy say
Whate'er may lull its grief to rest;
Say I have fear'd, have wept in vain,
Thou art not weary of thy friend,
And thou, ev'n thou wouldst see with pain
Our loves, our joys for ever end!—

Song to Oberon

Sweet Sprite! if e'er thy fairy sway
  O'er female hearts delights to reign,
Now Oberon, attend my lay
  Nor let the votive song be vain!

And tho' my lips can never boast
  The powers which tuneful Greville's know,
They speak a heart as sorely crost,
  And shrinking from as keen a blow.

I do not ask the fragrant flower,
  Tho' its fresh leaves with dew drops shine,
For well I know e're one short hour
  The thorny stem alone were mine.

For me of ever verdant leaves,
  The simple, constant garland form,
Such as the hand of friendship weaves,
  To bloom in frosts, and brave the storm.

And spare this weak, this tender heart,
  That throbs with yet remember'd woes,

3: Oberon] King of the fairies in Shakespeare's comedy *A Midsummer Night's Dream*.

6: Greville's] Frances Greville, née Macartney (1727?–1789), wrote "A Prayer for Indifference" (1759), the most celebrated poem by a woman of her day. MT's "Song to Oberon" is both an homage and a response to Greville's poem, which begins,

> Oft I've implored the gods in vain,
> And prayed till I've been weary;
> For once I'll try my wish to gain
> Of Oberon, the fairy. (1–4)

Other women poets also took up the subject. See, e.g., Ann Radcliffe's "Titania to Her Love" and Mary Robinson's "Invocation to Oberon," "Oberon's Invitation to Titania," and "Titania's Answer to Oberon."

9: fragrant flower] The juice of the magic flower "love in idleness" makes Titania, queen of the fairies in *A Midsummer Night's Dream,* fall in love with the first thing she sees upon awakening—Nick Bottom, a weaver, who has been given the head of an ass.

Reluctant, fearful now to part
With peace which scarce at last it knows.

Oh grant me nought that cannot stay,
Nor mock me with ideal joy,
A joy that soon must pass away
And leave regret and memory's sigh!

And if thou hast such potent spell
Of soft oblivious, healing power,
As witching bards delight to tell
In Midsummer's enchanting hour.

Oh! then propitious o'er my sleep
Distil the soft and kindly dew!
And in Lethean dullness steep
Remembrance yet too sadly true.

The transient bliss for ever gone,
The sting of self-reproach, and shame,
The morn too bright, the storm of noon,
The dreaded blast that withering came;

The smile of pleasure scarce enjoy'd,
That rankling yet in memory stings,
The idle vows, the hopes destroy'd,
The voice which still in Fancy rings;

25: potent spell] At the end of *A Midsummer Night's Dream,* Oberon offers the following blessing:

With this field-dew consecrate,
Every fairy take his gait;
And each several chamber bless,
Through this palace, with sweet peace;
And the owner of it blest
Ever shall in safety rest. (Act 5, sc. 2, ll. 47–52)

31: Lethean] In Greek mythology, Lethe is the river of forgetfulness. See John Keats, "Ode to a Nightingale," l. 4.

All then in silent peace shall lie,
  And torture this sad breast no more;
Sweet Spirit haste! the drops apply,
  And all my soul to peace restore!

So by the green bank's sunny side,
  And thro' the dark wood's tangled way,
And by each pebbled, moss-fring'd tide,
  That loves thro' lonely wilds to stray.

Thy fav'rite haunts my feet shall trace,
  Thus grateful lose my peaceful hours,
Admiring mark each slighted grace
  That decks thy wild uncultur'd flowers.

Written for the Hamwood Album

1804

Though genius and fancy hereafter may trace
  The bright pages, commanded by thee,
Yet early the friend of thy youth has a place
  And friendship reserv'd it for me.

Written for the Hamwood Album] Hamwood House, in Dunboyne, County Meath, was the home of Caroline and Charles Hamilton. Built in the Palladian Georgian style in the 1770s, it is located eleven miles west of Dublin.

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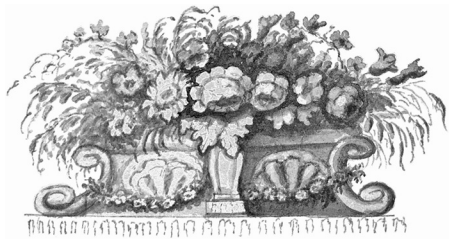
And here, let thine eye with complacence awhile,
In tenderness love to repose,
And partially give to the *name* that pleas'd smile
Which thy judgment on others bestows.

Ev'n thus, in thy breast, such a place would I claim,
Though others a worthier gain,
Where, fix'd in thy love, tho' thy judgment may blame,
I securely thro' life might remain.

And though fonder, and closer the ties of delight
That affection may wind round thy heart,
Ev'n there let thy friend still ask as her right
Some dear yet unoccupied part

Though taught in thy garden with lustre to live
The more brilliant exotic shall glow;
Yet the primrose which Spring shall spontaneously give
Still suffer perennial to blow.

And round the tall shrub whose fragrance divine
Thou hast purchas'd and shielded with care,
The wild woodbine her arms shall with confidence twine
Though Nature had planted her there.



17: garden] The gardens of Hamwood House include a serpentine walled garden established in 1800 and a pine walk containing various specimen trees. These gardens are frequently made open to the public, along with the house.

20: blow] blossom.

The Minstrel

'Tis thy command, and Edwin shall obey,
My voice shall sound submissive to thy will,
Tho' sad my lute, and mournful be my lay,
Yet 'tis enough, thy slave obeys thee still.

Poor as I am, my love how dare I own?
No boon to offer but a faithful heart.
Unblest with fortune's gifts, obscure, unknown
With nought my portion but this tuneful art.

Yet pardon sentiments as warm and pure
As tho' by royal lips they were profest,
My thoughts are noble, tho' my birth obscure,
And truth & honor harbour in this breast.

The Muses too have deigned to touch my tongue,
Early they charmed my simple, ravished ear,
Each rising sun a tender, hopeless song
To thee I'll raise, if thou wilt gently hear.

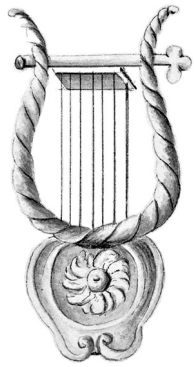
No hope presumptuous shall my bosom fire,
My sole ambition only thee to please,

The Minstrel] In *Selena,* Edwin Stanmore composes these verses for the title character. The poem appears at the end of chapter 17, introduced by the following passage: "Selena had but one method of diverting the conversation which dwelt upon the detail of his feelings, and this was to play herself or request him to entertain her with his own musick—Often would he obey her with reluctance and seat himself at the piano forte when his eyes declared how much he then preferred listening to the melody of her voice which tho' delivering but short and constrained replies was far more enchanting to his ears than his own exquisite harmony—She had one day interrupted an effusion of tender sentiment to which in spite of her endeavours to divert the discourse he had for some time obliged her to listen by desiring him thus to play; it was not till he was threatened with her retiring, that he at length complied and then with a deep sigh, after fixing his eyes upon her in silence during a prelude of some length he sung the following stanzas which he had composed but a few hours before, but Selena made no enquiries concerning the author or their object" (vol. 1, fol. 450).

A look, shall pay the efforts of my lyre,
A smile, the highest boon my soul would seize.

Attendant on thy steps, Oh! might I guard,
Protect, defend thee with an anxious eye,
No ill should reach thee which this arm might ward,
Thy servant would I live, thy champion die.

Art thou for some blest youth reserved by fate?
The nuptial song I'll raise, the garland weave,
Nor mix my woes, nor envy his high state,
But boast myself thy minstrel, and thy slave.



The Scissars
A Riddle

Join'd in perpetual bonds, a faithful pair,
Our mutual aid we to each other lend,
Bright are our forms, and equal powers we share,
And still our effort to one purpose tend;

A Riddle] Composing poetic riddles was a favorite competitive literary pastime of the period. For another good example of the genre, see Anna Letitia Barbauld's "Enigma," beginning "From rosy bowers we issue forth."

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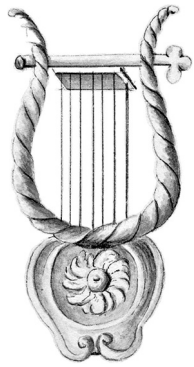

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From baneful jealousy is ever free
The close connexion of our wedded fame,
Tho' oft each other's mystic ring we see
Clasp the white finger of some lovely dame.

Should any dare to interpose between,
Tho' torn asunder in the tyrant hour,
We quick unite in vengeance sharp, and keen,
The rash intruder wounded owns our power.

Yet should some fatal violence succeed,
And final separation be our doom;
Tho' neither at the cruel stroke should bleed
Or seek the shelter of the silent tomb.

Yet all our powers destroy'd, existence o'er,
In helpless indolence we useless lie,
Our dazzling arms divide the foe no more,
Or aid the active hand of industry.

On us, if ancient poets do not feign,
The poor, precarious days of man depend;
Alike the poets work, or tyrants reign
Stopped by our fatal touch at once must end.

Yet, all neglectful of our nobler part,
Obedient slaves to Chloe's magic power,
Behold us now, with imitative art,
Form the white garland of the paper flower.

Imitation from Colardeau

"Tu plains mes jours troubles &c"

No longer weep my days in sorrows past,
Tho' clouds and storms pursue me to the last,
For wisdom's lessons are by sorrow taught
And reason claims the woe-instructed thought.
When uncurbed youth all wild with passion's fire
Abandoned every rein to mad desire,
Scarce had I felt the raptured, feverish dream,
E're one rude flash, one strong resistless beam
From Truth's bright torch aroused me from the trance
And all my pleasures vanished at her glance;
To faithless Love I gave my willing soul,
Woo'd his deceits, and loved his proud control,
Nay when he fled regretted even my pains,
And loathed the freedom which had burst my chains.
Daughters of Memory! to your shrine I flew,
And offered all my bleeding heart to you!
To you for fame presumptuously I bowed,
And thought your flattering smiles the claim allowed.
But Judgment still repulsed me with a frown
And withered with a look my laurel crown.
How clouded every view that smiled from far!
How dimmed the lustre of my ruling star!
E're yet it reached its bright meridian blaze,
Pale thro' malignant vapours, gleamed its rays;
No golden threads the fates my days allow,
Spun all with lingering hand, and sullen brow;
No pleasure strews my path with fairy flowers.
Me Glory calls not from his glittering towers.

Colardeau] Charles-Pierre Colardeau (1732–1776) was the author of a thirty-six-line poem, "A Mon Ami, Stances," beginning "Tu plains mes jours troublés" ("Pity my troubled days"). MT's poem is based on this work; it may have been called to her attention by the romance published in 1801 by Francois-Adrien Boïeldieu (1775–1834), which took as its title the first five words of "A Mon Ami, Stances."

Ah! why must life resign its charms so soon,
And shades untimely blacken o'er its noon!
For bright illusions had its morning drest,
Awhile in flattering dreams my soul was blest,
Too transient error! vanished ere enjoyed,
Why were thy false delights so soon destroyed?
Yet friendship, eloquent the soul to calm,
Shall o'er my sorrows shed her healing balm,
She loves the thorny couch of care to smooth,
And share the anguish which she best can sooth.
And sure some pleasure this sad heart has left,
While of her soft support not quite bereft,
This shipwrecked bark its course shall yet maintain,
And piloted by her, the shores of peace shall gain.
When stern Misfortune's lips our hopes reprove,
Bid us despair to please, and cease to love,
How sweet even then the heart to interest,
And with soft pity touch the generous breast,
And when Love's magic charms for ever end,
Oh! how consoling is the name of friend!

Melancholy

Imitated from L'Abbate Monti
1804

Oblivion of our ills! solace most sweet
Of the sick mind, when cares, and anxious thought

Melancholy] This poem is a translation of "Entusiasmo Malinconico" (1779) by the Italian poet and scholar Vincenzo Monti (1754–1828). MT was probably drawn to Monti's work by her friend, Joseph Cooper Walker, who wrote, "In his Versi, the little poem entitled Entusiasmo Malinconico, is worthy the vigorous pencil, and gloomy genius of his favourite Dante: even the 'black melancholy' of Pope, breathing her horrors o'er the deep woods, and falling waters of the Paraclete, must yield, in sublimity, to the Entusiasmo Malinconico. . . . Though it would seem from this poem, that melancholy had marked the Abate Monti 'for her own,' yet we sometimes find his muse tripping lightly in the measure of Anacreon, and sometimes, with a gay air, offering incense to the fair" (*Historical Memoir on Italian Tragedy,* 331).

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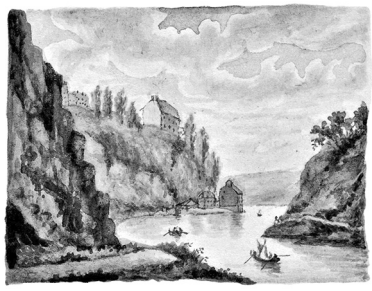
Disturb its calm! Oh! Solitude beloved.
Come from these torments set my bosom free,
And in the veil of night wrap all my woes.
Thee these sad shades invoke with friendly gloom,
And thee, from every leafy, dark recess,
The viewless winds in melancholy sighs
Implore. And wilt thou hear? art thou even now
Hovering around? and 'mid the murmurs hoarse
Of these wood-breezes, with inspiring voice
Wilt thou thine own pathetic ardour breathe?
Yes thou art here! parent of sadden'd strains!
Before my eyes I see thy dark brows lower.
I feel my palpitating heart confess
Thy well-known presence. my rous'd spirits boil;
My brain inflam'd beholds the shapeless throng
Of wild ideas, as they threat'ning, seem
To rush tumultuous—my unprisoned thoughts
Fly headlong with unbridled sweep, like winds
Whose sudden fury agitate the waves.
Urged by their force, on what deserted shore
Into what frightful cavern am I plunged?
Is this the path to dreaded Acheron?
I hear the mournful sighing of the blast,
And the deep murmur of the sullen flood,
While a chill horror creeps upon my soul.
On the rude cliffs, and o'er the mountains brow
The scouring clouds ride imminent, or hang
With menace dark. Oh savage hills! Oh rocks
Dreary and desolate! Oh silence! still
As night, and death. and thou black, secret cave,
Fit residence for wolves, receive me now!
Thy darkness suits the sadness of my soul,
And Melancholy here respires more free.
Perhaps this sand is by the footsteps marked
Of some despairing lover, whose sad days
Were here cut off. I too, with wandering step,

To love a prey, am hither led, and seek
No pitying ear to listen to my woes.
Relentless monster, cruel, faithless Love!
Hast thou then found who yet will worship thee?
Accursed be the thoughts that I have given
Thine idle dreams! accurs'd the wiles, the charms
Which first seduc'd my soul! accurs'd the shades
The conscious witnesses of all the hopes,
Too long in vain indulged, and now destroyed,
With our once happy, now divided loves!
What hast thou said Ah fool! Of the lost good,
Which yet torments thy poor deluded heart,
Why rouse the stinging memory? Behold
Encreasing horrors blacken all around,
Distempered fancy's offspring! gathering clouds
Torn by the angry winds, o'er all the face
Of Heaven their black, funereal mantle spread;
While from their bosoms flash the livid fires
'Mid the loud thunders roar: the tempests wild
Burst with devouring fury o'er the woods,
From steep to steep the swelling torrents rush,
While mingled trees, and cottages, and rocks
O'erwhelmed in horrid devastation sweep.
Fly images of dread! poor, harassed thoughts
Seek shelter from the gloomy scenes around,
'Till all the fury of the storm is past.
Here, in this mournful, solitary cave,
A little calm this agitated breast.
From the dark sod within the hollow'd rock
The opposing spectres start, and flitting by
Funereal groans low murmur in my ear.
Stay mournful shade! whose melancholy voice
Seems to confound its sad complaints with mine.
Unkind form, what art thou? nought replies
Save the lone echo of the hollow vault.
Whence is this sudden chill? why stand these drops

Of horror on my brow? & whence is this
Tremendous phantom, who before me lifts
High pois'd his threat'ning lance? support me now
My sinking courage; 'Tis the face of Death!
Hence dreadful Power! spare my congealed blood
My stiff'ning nerves a horror so intense!
Art thou here sent my punishment from Heaven,
And must I hail the light of day no more?
Ah see! as yet my days are in their spring
Let not thy fury the untimely fruit
Devouring seize! Pitying I see thee stand,
And mercy in thy silent looks I read.
Yet, yet I breathe; some respite is allow'd;
Thou art not then so terrible Oh Death!
Fearless I gaze upon thy form, which now
Brings tears, but no more horror to my eyes.
I fly thee then no longer, but approach
Trembling indeed, yet anxious to behold
In thee the image of myself, here then
This skeleton depriv'd of flesh, that fills
The pride of human dust with shuddering awe,
These dry and nerveless bones, these frightful jaws,
Those black and hollow caverns of the eyes,
All strike upon my soul with mournful light
And tear the curtain from my languid sense.
I too am sprung from dust corruptible;
And thou, inexorable Death! e're long
Must fix thy talons on these destin'd limbs,
And burst for me the wide-opposed doors;
Eternal doom! Trembling on each I gaze,
To which of these, ah which! am I decreed
My timid hopes? When shall the hand of fate
Seize on the remnant of my days, and strike?

83: Ah see!] CH's transcription, which she titles "An extract from a Poem entitled Melancholy," begins with this line (Hannah Tighe's album, fols. 170–73).

Alas, already o'er my shrinking head
The arm is raised, the fatal blow prepared.
While with tremendous voice in dread array,
I hear the uttered record of my crimes.
Adieu, delicious images of Life!
Beloved deceits adieu! Lo! Death appears
Even at my side. Ah! yet suspend the stroke
A little while, 'till from these streaming eyes
The melting tears of penitence may flow.
Since sweet the bed of Death bedewed with tears.



To ———

Imitated from Monti
1804

'Tis then ordained by nature, and by fate
That from the troubled spring of all our joys
Evil and pain must flow! Oh Thou! my wise,
My loved support! amid my adverse fate
Best Counsellor! whose eye benevolent
From others' pain turns not, who rare of speech,

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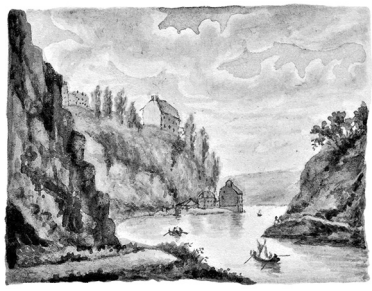

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And liberal of deed my woes relieved.
Oh friend most dear! of anguish, and of joy
What wonderous compound is the human heart!
This portion of existence, source unknown,
And fugitive of life, that feels and sees,
With what delight, what ardour once it sprung
Thro' nature's wide champaign, and all around
Embellish'd fair; now changed, with cruel power
It rules but for my torment, while it threats
To burst its fragile tenement, and this
Poor earthly mansion inwardly consumes;
And mines with lingering, but assured decay.
Ah! happy days, in solitude and peace
Pass'd cloudless! say what power hath chased ye hence?
Broken the golden lamp, whose transient ray
Marked with a momentary flash of light
The drear obscure: now doubled darkness spreads,
While the sad wanderer trembles, and despairs.
Oh! for what crime bright beam art thou extinct;
And why must memory turn to bitter gall
All that could once drop honey on my heart?
Oft I recal those hours; then, when the Sun
First o'er the eastern brow appear'd to rouse
The world from sleep, and spread those hues,
More lively, and more fresh o'er every scene,
Which e're had seemed to steal; jocund I rose,
And from my humble couch sprung with light heart
To hail his beams, and gaze with fixed eye
On the tall hill which yet concealed his orb,
Which o'er its summit shot a lucid crown,
'Till gradually, empurpling all its back
And shaggy sides, dilated light approached
The level plain, where I expectant stood.
Then from her humid bosom earth exhaled
On the light pinions of the mattin breeze
A grateful cloud of odours: while elate,

And smiling on his gifts, the star of day
Wheel'd thro' the sapphire vault his flaming car,
Bathing his golden tresses in the dew
Of fragrant vapours curling in ascent;
Sublime, amid the applauding cheerful song
Of all created things. Then tranquilly
On the fresh margin of the stream reclined,
Where long, and thick the herbs around me rise,
And shade me from the view, supinely laid,
Now gazing on the wood which cloathes the bank
On 'tother side; now on the smoking hills,
The scattered flocks that browse upon the heath,
And the sharp rocks which whiten 'mid the trees,
Or hanging o'er the stream with placid eye,
I mark the clouds that tremble in the pure
And floating glass, then on the flowery turf
That canopies my bed contemplative,
And motionless observe the little world
That hums amid the thickly-peopled leaves,
The mantling swarm of insects; and admired
Their varied forms and manners: some in groups
Pass in long file, and pomp of martial shew.
Some solitary seem to muse like me;
Others in conference close, and deep debate;
Subjects of high import discussed. While one,
Careless of all but pleasure, nectar quaffs,
And hangs enamoured o'er the dewy flower.
Behold a rival comes! contest ensues,
The tilting foes enwreathe their little limbs,
'Till heading in confusion dire they fall
Together from the fatal combat hurled.
Nor is there wanting in such little breasts
Prudence, or valour, or impassioned love,
Foresight, or kindred amity; still prompt
Assistance to each other's wants to lend;
Example rare to man, who oft will war

On his oppressed brother; such were then
The eloquent instructors of my soul,
Whose pure philosophy inspired my breast,
While on my placid brow I seemed to feel
The soft, sweet breath of an all present God;
That breath which penetrates the ample world
And fans the elemental fire of life;
Inspiring matter with strange motion; prompt
To animate the dull, adhesive forms
Inert within the womb of earth, arming
The powers of Nature 'gainst themselves, conflict
From which perpetual harmony results!
Thus while contemplating this lovely frame
From all a torrent stream of rapture poured
Upon my heart; as when some silver lake
Receives the bounding stone impetuous lanced,
Which its pure surface brightening agitates.
Or as when first, with sudden extacy,
We view the unexpected form beloved,
Enchanting tumult every sense o'erpowers,
'Till the dear image settling in the heart
Reposing shines for ever there serene.
How am I changed! and all around how changed
With my changed hours! excess of joy has reigned
O'er all my soul, excess of pain must now
Usurp the seat; and how with daring hand
Shall I withdraw the veil that hides my woes!
A glance of softness, a bewitching smile,
A voice sweeter than each, a gentle sigh!
Can these have power to raise within my breast
A tumult of affections new and strange?
Are these the flowers, the hills, the laughing vales,
That once appeared so lovely in my eyes?
What cloud hath dimmed my sight? Or what hath tinged
All with a hue so dark? Alas, the gloom,
Which as a vapour rises from within,

Spreads o'er the face of nature, and obscures
Her charms for me. Ah wretch! for me alone
The pleasant earth a wilderness appears;
No cheerful song of birds, but tempests howl,
And torrents roar. Where'er I tread, behold
A desert blackens! and before me shapes
Fearful, discoloured, mute and threatning stand.
All is extinct. Eternal grief alone
Survives, nor other comfort have I left
Than thus to raise my weeping eyes to Heaven.
Oh fatally adored! Would I had ne'er
Gazed on thy charms with rapture! without thee
This cruel change had never been, my hours
In tranquil course had seen the planets roll,
Or sunk in quiet to my native dust.
But to have hung enamoured on those eyes,
Yet, yet to feel the intoxicating power
Which stole into my heart at every sound
Of that soft voice that vibrates in my ear.
Thus to have loved, and loved to ecstasy,
And be beloved again! Oh, rapturous bliss
Destroyed and lost! Yes all in Heaven conspired
With all on earth against my cherished hopes,
And never more must I indulge the dreams
Which loved to call thee by a name, even yet
More fond, more sacred, more endeared than lover!
Must I resign the image of delight?
When in the gentle pressure of thine arms,
Methinks I hang upon that neck adored,
Gaze on thy angel smile, or taste thy kiss?
Forced to abandon thee, to give thee up!
Forget thee! hopeless, and for ever lost!

130: But to have hung] MT includes in a note to *Selena* an eighteen-line excerpt (ll. 130–47) from this poem, observing that the "translation can give but an imperfect idea of the tenderness expressed in those lines which Sidney has quoted from Monti."

Hence, hence, ye terrible ideas hence!
Ah fly! nor thus affright my soul, and turn
My tenderness to fury; from my breast,
All quiet banished, wildly forth I rush
And seek the lonely woods, and fill the caves
With lamentations vain. Then it seems sweet
To climb the rock, and 'mid the tangled thorns
With rude-opposing bosom burst my way,
And mark the rugged, new-made path with blood;
While the devouring rage that burns within
Throbs high in feverish anguish on my brow,
And labouring heaves my suffocating heart.
Firmer my foot, as rougher grows the path,
'Till all confused, unknowing where I stray,
Wandering from steep to steep, even on the brink
I stand of some wild precipice; the sight
With horror suddenly arrests my feet,
'Till by degrees subsiding terror yields
To desperate desire. Prone on the verge
Of the tremendous gulph I hang, and gaze
On the loud roaring torrent far below;
Thinking that there for ever swallowed up
My sorrows might have end. Ah coward wretch!
Canst thou not once with firmness raise from earth
The shrinking foot? Fearest thou to mingle yet
With thine own dust? or is it still decreed
That I must yet behold the star of day?
Oh! could I now resign the boasted claim,
The dignity of man, scattered abroad
Confused and blended with the passing whirlwind,
Or mount aloft upon the rapid wings
Of the cloud-rending tempest! rouse the storms
Which slumber o'er the billows of the deep.
When shall I burst this mortal prison-house?
If e'er this spirit shall indeed be free
Ah why prolong this feeble lamp of life?
One only object could delight on earth

And Heaven forbad that wish; and leaves me now
Nought but the hatred of myself and life.
Oh! thou more blest, whose wild & placid mind,
Nurtured in wisdom's school, can yet for me,
And for the wretched shed the generous tear,
When on a summer's eve as thou art wont
Thou shalt ascend yon hill, and call to mind
Thy friend, whose name the faithful stone preserves.
Then wilt thou cast thy tranquil eye below,
And pause to mark the parting sun's last beams
Dwell pitying o'er his tomb? and will thou sigh,
As thou shalt view the light breeze wave the grass
And tremble 'mid the leaves that shade the grave.

The Death of Lausus

Virgil Æneid lib x.

Long had the war with equal fury burn'd,
Success alternate to each party turn'd,

Virgil Æneid lib x.] "The Death of Lausus" is MT's translation of book X, lines 755–908, of Virgil's *Æneid*. At the end of book X, Lausus is killed protecting his father, Mezentius, from Æneas, who has been driven mad with rage by the death of Pallas. David O. Ross describes this most violent book in the epic poem as "the centerpiece of Homeric Battle" (24). Æneas's sorrow over killing Lausus parallels Achilles' rage in the *Iliad,* for both bring home the horror of war, especially in the depiction of fathers outliving their sons. Lausus first appears in book VII, where he is "a son who deserved more joy in a father's rule,/anyone but Mezentius for a father" (Virgil, ll. 760–61).

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To no fix'd side was favoring Fortune join'd
But now to this, and now to that inclin'd.
From the imperial seats of mighty Jove
The pitying Gods beheld how mortals strove,
Saw each brave chief in useless blood engage
And the pale Furies thro' the battle rage.
Compassion touch'd their breast to see how vain
They labour'd all their life in idle pain.
  But chief Mezentius shook aloft his spear,
March'd thro' th' ensanguin'd field devoid of fear.
As when Orion bids the waves obey
And cuts thro' opening lakes his mighty way,
Or with a pine from some huge mountain riv'n
Walks on the earth, and hides his brow in heav'n.
So seem'd Mezentius, whom Æneas spies,
And ardent for the fight to meet him flies;
He unappall'd beheld his foe advance,
Resolv'd to await this day's important chance;
And now, the distance measuring with his eye,
He bids his missle dart securely fly;
"Let but my arm," he cried "assist my will
My well pois'd weapon own its master's skill
To thee my Lausus I devote this prey
The trophy snatch'd from yon proud foe today."
He said, and hurl'd the spear with utmost force,
The shield oppos'd its well directed course,
Turn'd from its aim, constrain'd its flight to bend,
It struck, Alcides! thy illustrious friend!
The noble Antor, who from Argive lands
Had sought Evander's roof, & join'd his bands,

11: Mezentius] A king who first appears in book VII as "Brutal Mezentius, scorner of gods" (Virgil). He is the father of Lausus and is, like his son, killed by Æneas.

30: Alcides] Hercules.

31: Antor] Antores, ally of Æneas and a servant of Evander, "sent from Argos/Hercules' aide."

32: Evander] Father of Pallas, whose death at the hands of Turnus drives Æneas into a murderous frenzy.

His beauteous form now falls on foreign ground,
Doom'd thus to death by an unbidden wound,
He looks towards Heav'n, his breath reluctant yields,
And dying thinks, sweet Argos, on thy fields!
The Trojan hero then with better chance
Drove thro' the triple brass his sounding lance.
Deep was the wound, and thro' the folded hide
The issuing blood gush'd purple from his side,
The exulting foe to closer combat flew,
And the bright weapon from the scabbard drew;
Then Lausus saw the danger of his Sire,
Then glow'd his bosom with a sacred fire,
All other fears his filial terrors chace
And gushing tears o'erspread his manly face.
Oh noble youth! at least thy hapless fate
The mindful Muse shall faithfully relate.
Posterity shall hear the wondrous tale,
And honour thee 'till truth herself shall fail!
Trembling he view'd his father's shield appear
Nail'd to the body by the hostile spear,
Saw the rais'd sword, the meditated blow
And boldly rush'd before the threat'ning foe,
His shield opposing met the harmless stroke
And all the vigour of its fury broke:
Protected by the Son the Sire withdraws,
While shouts proclaim the armies' loud applause.
At once they rush, the glitt'ring javelins fly
And the quick lance obscures the dark'ning sky;
Yet stood Æneas firm behind his shield
And inly rag'd, and scorn'd to quit the field;
As when the lowering heav'ns tempestuous frown
And bursting clouds with storms rush headlong down,
Loud roaring winds th' affrighted woods assail
And fiercely drive the rattling showers of hail.
Quick to his shelt'ring shed the labourer flies
And seeks for refuge from the inclement skies.

In some close cave the traveller secure
Stays while the beating rains & storms endure;
Hastes from the blasted heath & open plains
And safe within the hollow'd rock remains.
'Till all the violence is spent at last,
The floods exhausted, and appeas'd the blast.
'Till the bright Sun looks forth with smiling ray,
Then once more labours in the sight of day.
So stood Æneas, till the rage of war
Already ceas'd to thunder from afar;
Loudly he threatens thus the pious son,
"Incautious youth! what fury drives thee on?
Cease madly thus unequal war to wage
Nor dare with such superior force engage."
The gallant youth did not avoid his sight
But rous'd his courage, & provok'd the fight,
The cruel fates forbad the glorious strife
Drew the last thread of his unhappy life,
Ah! what defence can that light armour yield?
Or what alas! avails thy polish'd shield?
Thro' the soft tunic which in many a fold
His mother fondly wrought with docile gold,
The Trojan sword too surely finds its way
And in his tender side deep buried lay;
O'er his soft bosom flows the vital blood,
Life's source exhausted in the purple flood,
The spirit quits the sad forsaken day
Melts into air and vanishes away.
But when the beauteous youth extended lies,
His face all pallid, and extinct his eyes,
With pity touch'd the Trojan hero mourn'd,
The image of his own lov'd Sire return'd,
His generous sighs the soft compassion prove
For that pure victim of a filial love,
Deeply he groan'd, with late relenting grief

Stretch'd his right hand, & offer'd vain relief;
"Ah what rewards regretted, honour'd shade
To thee by just Æneas shall be paid?
If ought below departed souls can please,
Or funeral rites the sorrowing dead appease,
These thou shalt have, and to thy Sire restor'd
Thy sacred ashes, and thy well-us'd sword,
Still shall thy arms by mourning friends be kept,
For ever honour'd, and for ever wept.
And this atone for thine untimely fate
The blow was noble, & the foe was great!"
Mean while Mezentius lay with anxious mind
Near Tiber's stream against a tree reclin'd;
Spent and exhausted there his limbs he laid,
And wash'd his wounds—while, from the friendly shade,
His brazen helmet hangs suspended high,
And all his glitt'ring arms around him lie,
Panting and sick, oppress'd with grief & pain,
Amid the youth he lay a chosen train,
And anxious oft for Lausus he enquir'd,
And oft impatient his return requir'd,
By many a message with paternal care
Forbad him longer in the fight to dare;
Forbad in vain—already from the field
They bear the hero breathless on his shield,
The following mourners raise the funeral cries,
And fill with loud laments the distant skies;
The wretched father hears from far the groans,
The cause his heart too true presaging owns,
Father no more! in fix'd despair he stands,
Then lifts towards Heav'n his miserable hands,
Clung to his corpse, embrac'd the fatal wound,
Tore his white hair, and sunk upon the ground.
"Hast thou thus purchas'd for thy wretched Sire
Detested life? must thou for this expire?

Have I so covetous of living seem'd?
Forlorn old age so greedily esteem'd?
That thus for life, my pride, my joy, my hope?
My child, my Lausus I must yield thee up?
Shall I thus live to misery reserv'd?
Live by thy death, & by thy wounds preserv'd?
An exile long, long banish'd from my throne,
Ah now at length I feel myself undone!
Now deep indeed the cruel wound is given,
Ev'n to my heart the fatal stroke is driven!
Alas my Son! must thy sad father's shame
Stain the pure glory of thy spotless name?
Torn from thy native sceptre's regal state,
Too pious follower of thy father's fate!
To me, to me, the punishments are due,
Justly let death my aged steps pursue,
The guilt was mine, let me endure the pain:
My subjects hatred! and my country's bane!
And yet I live—yet loathing view the light!
But long I bear not, Man, thy hated sight!"
He spoke, while springing furious from the ground,
Tho' weak, and suffering from so late a wound,
Eager for vengeance he demands his horse,
With soul undaunted, tho' diminish'd force,
His favorite steed, accustom'd to his sway,
His lov'd companion many a well-fought day,
On him well us'd victorious arms to wield,
Oft borne triumphant from the conquer'd field;
Sooth'd by his touch, with gentle hand caress'd,
He now with mournful accents thus address'd,
"Oh Rhæbus! we have liv'd & suffer'd long,
If e're this may be said by mortal tongue,
This day decides with thine, thy master's fate.

163: favorite steed] Rhæbus.

This day thou must return with trophies great,
Force the proud Trojan to resign his breath,
And pay just vengeance for my Lausus' death,
Or if the cruel fates no way afford
To the last aim of my avenging sword,
Then let us die, oh bravest of thy kind!
And fall together to one doom resign'd.
For, in thy noble spirit well secure,
I know another Lord thou never wilt endure."
  Thus while he spoke, he seiz'd with ardent speed
His weighty arms, and mounts the willing steed,
Aloft in air his splendid brow he rais'd,
The plumage nodded, and the helmet blaz'd,
Stung by the furies, anguish, love, & shame
Despair and rage, ran kindling thro' his frame,
While conscious courage, unsubdued by pain,
Thrill'd thro' his nerves, and madden'd in his brain;
He urg'd th' impatient courser to the war,
And thrice he call'd Æneas from afar,
Thro' the thick ranks with rushing force he flies,
Rage in his voice, & frenzy in his eyes;
With joy the glorious call Æneas hears,
Owns the great summons, nor the danger fears,
"Assist, Oh father of the Gods!" he cried,
"And thou, Apollo, o'er this arm preside!"
  Thus far Mezentius heard with angry glance,
And thus defied the terrors of his lance.
"Wretch! dost thou think by threats or cruel arms,
Thou now canst shake my soul with weak alarms,
Now, now my Son lies murder'd in the fight!
That only way thou couldst Mezentius fright.
I fear not Death, nor dread a mortal stroke
No friendly God with trembling hope invoke,
Death, death, I seek, to death resolv'd I go,
But send thee first this gift, Detested foe!"

He said, & now the lowering javelin flings,
Quick thro' the parted air it useless sings,
The following darts in dark succession rain,
Thrice round the chief he rides the circled plain,
And thrice, his rapid courser as he wheel'd,
The Trojan hero turn'd th' opposing shield.
Th' immortal shield's impenetrable power
Sustains with horrent orb the iron shower,
'Till wearied thus by frequent darts from far,
Harass'd on foot by this unequal war,
Doubting Æneas stood, resolv'd at length
Mid the high temples of the fiery horse,
He hurl'd th' unerring spear with steady force;
Erect the courser starts, in anguish reels,
Expiring beats the air with quiv'ring heels,
Cast headlong down his vanquish'd Lord he prest,
And heaps with pondrous load his struggling breast,
Tumultuous shouts from either army sent
The echoing vault of Heav'n with clamour rent,
Æneas now with conquering triumph flew
And as aloft the flashing sword he drew
"Where now the fury of thy vaunts," he cried,
"Where now Mezentius thy disdainful pride?"
The fallen chief recovering from the stroke
Once more beheld the light, and gasping spoke.
"Cease bitter foe, thine insults vain forbear,
In death is no disgrace, and death I did not fear!
From thy detested hand no life is sought,
With no such shameful league my Lausus fought
One only boon, a suppliant foe I crave,
Protect my body with a sheltering grave,
I know the cruel hate my subjects bear,
Heap then the sacred earth with generous care,
Hide from unhallow'd hands my quiet breast,

217: length] The line that would presumably rhyme with this one is missing in the manuscript.

And let my ashes with my Lausus rest!"
He spoke; the sword no weak resistance found
And the free soul rush'd willing from the wound.

Verses

Written in Sickness
Dec^{r} 1804

Oh thou whom folly's votaries slight!
Domestic love! assuasive power!
Life's ruby gem, which sheds its light
Thro' age, and sorrow's darkest hour.

Verses Written in Sickness] On 27 July 1804, MT and HT returned to Dublin after spending most of 1803 at their Rossana estate. She arrived with a cough that her mother said "never left her till it brought her to her grave six years afterwards" (NLI MS 4810). But her friends, according to CH, "alarmed by a long continued cough which became very troublesome . . . persuaded her to go to Bristol," where HT, MT, and her mother lodged in Clifton, in a place that MT told CH "possesses the finest points of view & what is esteemed the best air in the world, but alas! It brings no healing on its wings to me. I am not better, nor I fear shall I ever again know perfect health." Dr. Crawford, she complained, "does me no good & condemns me to the torture of perpetual blisters" (NLI MS 4810).

Dec^{r} 1804] Though ThB said that it was at the end of August 1804 that she and her daughter and son-in-law arrived in Brompton near London, where they joined MT's brother John Blachford and his wife and child, CH said that it was not until later in the year that

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Verses Written in Sickness] On 27 July 1804, MT and HT returned to Dublin after spending most of 1803 at their Rossana estate. She arrived with a cough that her mother said "never left her till it brought her to her grave six years afterwards" (NLI MS 4810). But her friends, according to CH, "alarmed by a long continued cough which became very troublesome . . . persuaded her to go to Bristol," where HT, MT, and her mother lodged in Clifton, in a place that MT told CH "possesses the finest points of view & what is esteemed the best air in the world, but alas! It brings no healing on its wings to me. I am not better, nor I fear shall I ever again know perfect health." Dr. Crawford, she complained, "does me no good & condemns me to the torture of perpetual blisters" (NLI MS 4810).

Dec^{r} 1804] Though ThB said that it was at the end of August 1804 that she and her daughter and son-in-law arrived in Brompton near London, where they joined MT's brother John Blachford and his wife and child, CH said that it was not until later in the year that

Sweeter than pleasure's syren lay,
  Brighter than passion's fever'd dream!
Still round my pillow soothing stay,
  Still spread thy kindly lambent beam.

Alas! for him whose youth has bow'd
  Beneath th' oppressive hand of pain,
Whose claim to pity unallow'd
  Bids him th' unheeded groan restrain.

Alas! for him who droops like me,
  Who mourns life's faded vigour flown,
But finds no soothing sympathy,
  No tender cares his loss atone.

For him no wakeful eye of love,
  Resists the slumbers health would shed,
With kind assistance prompt to move,
  And gently prop the aching head.

With delicate attention paid
  In hope to minister relief,
He sees no sacrifices made;
  He sees no mother's anxious grief!

But I, poor sufferer, doom'd in vain
  To woo the health which Heav'n denied,

MT left Bristol. MT wrote to her from Brompton in December 1804, around the time this poem was composed, "I have had severe weather & felt it severely, in spite of our six Thermometers, roaring fires & constant warmth which has been so effectually kept up in my rooms, that during this whole hard winter, I have never had my hands cold, nor known anything of the frost except its influence on my chest which is inconceivable. [Dr.] Vaughan shakes his head & says with a disappointed air, 'Ah! She must breath our air though we do warm it'" (NLI MS 4810).

5: syren] See the sonnet beginning "Poor, fond deluded heart!" in which MT describes "the syren song/Of treacherous Pleasure" (2–3), and her longer poem, "Pleasure," in which the speaker personifies pleasure as a Siren.

Tho' nights of horrors, days of pain
The baffled opiate's force deride.

Yet well I know, and grateful feel,
How much can lenient kindness do,
From anguish half its darts to steal,
And faded hopes sick smile renew.

That love which brighten'd gayer hours,
When light youth danc'd to pleasure's strain,
Exerts ev'n yet unwearied powers,
The sweet support of nights of pain.

Oh how consoling is the eye
Of the dear friend that shares our woes!
Oh what relief those cares supply,
Which watchful, active love bestows!

And these are mine! shall I then dare
To murmur at so mild a lot?
Nor dwell on comforts still my share
With tenderly contented thought?

Though destin'd to the couch of pain,
Though torn from pleasures once too dear,
Around that couch, shall still remain
The love that every pain can cheer.

And o'er that couch in fondness bent
My languid glance shall grateful meet,

28: baffled opiate's force] MT told CH in December 1804, "My nights have been, in general much better this last month, but that is decidedly the effect of medicine, & I am obliged to change the opiates continually as each loses its effect. The first nights of a medicine are to me indeed blessed Sabbaths & my spirits are better than they have been at times when my strength & health had not 'failed me'" (NLI MS 4810).

The eye of love benevolent,
  The tender smile, the tear most sweet.

And still for me affection's hand
  Shall o'er that couch her roses shed,
And woo from ease her poppied band
  To twine around this throbbing head.

O pitying Heav'n! these comforts spare,
  Tho' age untimely chill gay hope,
May love still crown the sufferer's prayer,
  And gently smooth life's downward slope.

55: poppied band] Apparently the earliest use of "poppied" as an adjective in British literature. The *OED* credits John Keats with this innovation, which appears in "Endymion" (1818): "Their fairest blossom'd beans and poppied corn" (l. 255), and in "The Eve of St. Agnes" (1820): "Until the poppied warmth of sleep oppress'd" (st. 27, l. 3), but Weller called attention to the fact that Keats would have encountered it in MT's earlier work (971).

SONNETS

I
Composed on the White Sands near Arklow

Can I behold those caverns, hear those waves,
  Sounds well remember'd! without pensive thought
  Recurring to those hours, when pleas'd I sought
Thy rocks Oh Dawlish, and thy hollow caves!
Or wander'd on the sands by peaceful Exe,
  List'ning to the gay voice of my poor friend,
  Now heard no more! Many a sigh I send
Of sad regret; and oft, when cares shall vex,
Or sorrow press my agitated breast,
  Thee, Memory, I shall woo, thy soothing powers
  Shall lead me back to those calm, social hours,
Each well-known scene by present Fancy drest
In sober melancholy hues shall rise
And charm as now my captivated eyes.

Arklow] Located fourteen miles south of Wicklow, Arklow is still popular with Dubliners vacationing at the beach. Immediately north of the town is Brittas Bay, with a large expanse of white sand backed by rolling dunes and quiet coves.

4: Dawlish] A seaside resort on the south Devon coast, twelve miles from Exeter, England. Red sandstone cliffs overlook the rocky beaches and the sea. Langstone Rock, Parson Rock, Clerk Rock, Lea Mount, and other headlands jut out above the water. Caverns have been worn into many of the sandstone rock formations.

II
Written at Scarborough

1799

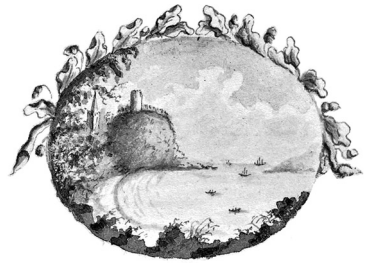
Come placid Sleep! thy balmy influence pour
  O'er my sad brow, but come not with thy train
  Of fearful visions, melancholy pain,
Or drear forebodings for some future hour.
No, come in all thy charms by fancy drest,
  Give me my absent friends, still let me hear
  The cherish'd voice; and by deceits so dear
Atone for all my cares, and give me rest!
Bring back each fading image to my view,
  Of pleasures past, of hours too quickly gone,
  Of joys which with my early youth have flown
Steep all my sorrows in oblivion's dew,
So shall I more thy dear illusions prize
Than all that garish day can give my eyes.

Scarborough] Located on the North Yorkshire seacoast, Scarborough is noted for its cliffs, sandy beach, and the ruins of a Norman castle, which overlook the bay. A mineral spring was discovered there in the early seventeenth century, and the city came into vogue at the end of the eighteenth century as a spa, bathing spot, and place to take the waters. MT spent the summer of 1796 in Scarborough, possibly for her health, and told Sarah Tighe, "as I never before liv'd directly within full view of the sea I find it a never failing amusement—Indeed I could not have believ'd that there was such an infinite variety in an object which at a distance appears with such a tiresome sameness—I have from my window the view of the open sea & a beautiful harbor—without the disadvantage of a view which the tide entirely carries away—I hate that circumstance & would rather have no sea at all, than have it only for a few hours with a bare strand the remaining part of the day" (PRONI MS D/2685/2/44). Charlotte Brontë took her sister Anne to Scarborough in 1849, futilely hoping to delay her death.

III
Written at Scarborough

Aug^{t} 1799

As musing pensive in my silent home
I hear far off the sullen ocean's roar,
Where the rude wave just sweeps the level shore,
Or bursts upon the rocks with whitening foam;
I think upon the scenes my life has known,
On days of sorrow, and some hours of joy,
Both which alike time could so soon destroy!
And now they seem a busy dream alone,
While on the earth exists no single trace
Of all which shook my agitated soul;
As on the beach new waves for ever roll,
And fill their past forgotten brother's place;
But I, like the worn sand expos'd remain
To each new storm which frets the angry main.



Aug^{t} 1799] Caroline Turpin's copy of *Mary* has a manuscript notation giving August 1796 as the date of composition. But successive editions of *PWOP* print the year as 1799.

IV
"When glowing Phœbus quits the weeping earth"

When glowing Phœbus quits the weeping earth
  What splendid visions rise upon the sight!
  Fancy with transient charms, and colours bright
To changing forms in Heavn's gay scene gives birth:
But soon the melting beauties disappear,
  And fade like those, which in life's early bloom
  Hope bade me prize; and the approaching gloom,
These tints of sadness, and these shades of fear,
  Resemble most that melancholy hour
  Which, with a silent, and resistless power,
Shrouded my joys bright beam in dreary night.
  'Till Memory marks each scene which shone so gay:
As the dark plains beneath the Moon's soft light
  Again reveal'd, reflect a mellowing ray.

V
Written in Autumn

1795

Oh Autumn! how I love thy pensive air,
  Thy yellow garb, thy visage sad and dun;

Autumn] The images and ideas in John Keats's ode, "To Autumn," owe much to MT's unusual treatment of the subject in this sonnet. Anna Seward may well have been alluding to

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When from the misty east the laboring Sun
Bursts thro' thy fogs, that gathering round him, dare
Obscure his beams, which tho' enfeebled, dart
On the cold, dewy plains a lustre bright,
But chief, the sound of thy reft woods delight;
Their deep, low murmurs to my soul impart
A solemn stillness, while they seem to speak
Of spring, of summer now for ever past,
Of drear, approaching winter, and the blast
Which shall e're long their soothing quiet break,
Here when for faded joys my heaving breast
Throbs with vain pangs, here will I love to rest.

this sonnet in her letter of 7 September 1795 to the Rev. Henry White: "on my second visit to the fairy palace [the home of Lady Eleanor Butler and Sarah Ponsonby, in Llangollen Vale, Wales], a lovely Being cast around its apartments the soft lunar rays of her congenial beauty.—Mrs. Tighe, the wife of one of my friend's nephews, an elegant and intelligent young gentleman, whom I should have observed more had his wife's beauty been less. I used the word 'lunar' as characteristic of that beauty, for it is not resplendent and sunny . . . but, as it were, shaded, though exquisite. She is scarce two-and-twenty. Is it not too much that Aonian inspiration should be added to the cestus of Venus? She left an elegant and accurate sonnet, addressed to Lady E. Butler and her friend, on leaving their enchanting bowers" (4:107–8).

VI
"Poor, fond deluded heart!"

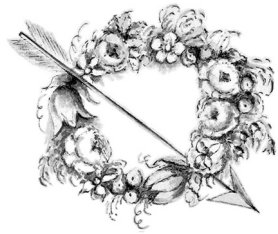
Poor, fond deluded heart! wilt thou again
  Listen enchanted to the syren song
  Of treach'rous pleasure? Ah deceiv'd too long
Cease now at length to throb with wishes vain!
Ah cease her paths bewildering to explore!
  Betray'd so oft, yet recollect the woe
  Which waits on disappointment; taught to know
By sad experience, wilt thou not give o'er
To rest deluded on the fickle wing
  Which Fancy lends thee in her airy flight,
  But to allure thee to some giddy height,
And leave thee there a poor forsaken thing.
  Hope warbles once again, truth pleads in vain,
And my charm'd soul sinks vanquish'd by her strain.

"Poor, fond deluded heart!"] The stone in MT's illustration bears an inscription from Ovid's *Metamorphoses*: "Credule, quid frustra simulacra fugacia captas? Quod petis est nusquam" (Echo and Narcissus, 432–33), translated by Charles Shepherdson as, "Foolish youth! Why grasp at fleeting simulacra—in vain? What you seek is nowhere." ThB said about MT's composition of this sonnet: "During all this time she had patiently borne my continual remonstrations which, however, did not seem to have any effect though her conscience was often smitten her lamentations were melancholy, her convictions keen, but vanity still prevailed as is expressed in her sonnet dated Spring of 1797 which begins 'Poor fond deluded heart . . .'" (NLI MS 4810). MT's conflict between the society that tempted her in the early years of her marriage and the religion that disapproved of its influence finds expression in this sonnet.

2: syren song] MT also personifies pleasure as a siren in "Verses Written in Sickness" and "Pleasure."

VII
"For me would Fancy now her chaplet twine"

For me would Fancy now her chaplet twine
  Of Hope's bright blossoms, and Joy's fairy flowers,
  As she was wont to do in gayer hours,
Ill would it suit this brow, where many a line
Declares the spring time of my life gone by,
  And summer far advanc'd; what now remain
  Of waining years, should own staid wisdom's reign.
Shall my distemper'd heart still idly sigh
For those gay phantoms, chas'd by sober truth?
  Those forms tumultuous which sick visions bring,
  That lightly flitting on the transient wing
Disturb'd the fever'd slumbers of my youth?
  Ah no! my suffering soul at length restor'd,
  Shall taste the calm repose, so oft in vain implor'd.



VIII
"As one who late hath lost a friend ador'd"

As one who late hath lost a friend ador'd
  Clings with sick pleasure to the faintest trace
  Resemblance offers in another's face,

1: chaplet] A wreath or garland of flowers and leaves, suggesting the poet's laurel wreath. But "chaplet" can also be a string of beads for counting prayers—an intriguing double meaning in a sonnet about forsaking pleasure for "calm repose."

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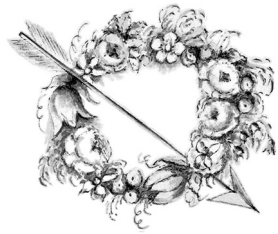

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Or sadly gazing on that form deplor'd,
Would clasp the silent canvass to his breast;
So muse I on the good I have enjoy'd,
The wretched victim of my hopes destroy'd;
On images of peace I fondly rest,
Or on the page, where weeping fancy mourns,
I love to dwell upon each tender line,
And think the bliss once tasted still is mine,
While cheated memory to the past returns,
And, from the present, leads my shiv'ring heart
Back to those scenes from which it wept to part.

IX
Written in the Church yard at Malvern

This seems a spot to pensive sorrow dear,
Gloomy the shade which yields this sombre yew
Sacred the seat of Death! sooth'd while I view

Malvern] The Parish Church of St. Mary and St. Michael, sometimes called the Great Malvern Priory, depicted in the illustration, dates from 1085. In MT's time, the churchyard and priory would have been in serious disrepair, but the medieval stained glass, which has been preserved to the present day, would have been lovely. In the eighteenth century, Malvern became a popular watering place, for its Holy Well spring was, as early as 1622, reported to have healing powers. Elizabeth Isabella Spence recorded that she enjoyed Malvern's "salubrious air, its rich expanse of landscape, its pensive stillness" (2:27).

2: yew] The yew tree was a standard feature of the English graveyard. Its strong but elastic wood was prized for making bows, but its poisonous foliage was a danger to livestock. To keep grazing farm animals safe, the trees were planted in fenced churchyards.

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Thy hills Oh Malvern! proudly rising near,
I bless the peaceful mound, the mouldring cross,
And every stone, whose rudely sculptur'd form
Hath brav'd the rage of many a winter's storm.
Pleas'd with the melancholy scene, each loss
Once more I weep: and wish this grave were thine
Poor, lost, lamented friend! that o'er this silent clay
For once this last sad tribute I might pay,
And, with my tears, to the cold tomb resign
Each hope of bliss, each vanity of life,
And all the passions' agonizing strife.

X
To Time

Yes gentle Time, thy gradual, healing hand
Hath stolen from Sorrow's grasp th' envenom'd dart;
Submitting to thy skill, my passive heart
Feels that no grief can thy soft power withstand;
And tho' my aching breast still heaves the sigh,
Tho' oft the tear swells silent in my eye;
Yet the keen pang, the agony is gone;
Sorrow and I shall part; and these faint throes
Are but the remnant of severer woes;
As when the furious tempest is o'erblown,

4: Thy hills Oh Malvern] Malvern is nestled in the Malvern Hills, about thirty miles southwest of Birmingham, Worcestershire, England.

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And when the sky has wept its violence,
The opening heav'ns will oft let fall a shower,
The poor o'ercharged boughs still drops dispense,
And still the loaded streams in torrents pour.

XI
"Ye dear associates of my gayer hours"

Ye dear associates of my gayer hours
Ah whither are you gone? on what light wing
Is Fancy fled? mute is the dulcet string
Of long-lost Hope? no more her magic powers
Scatter o'er my lorn path fallacious flowers,
As she was wont with glowing hand to fling,
Loading with fragrance the soft gales of Spring,
While fondly pointing to fresh blooming bowers,
Now faded, with each dazzling view of bright
Delusive pleasure; never more return
Ye vain ideal visions of delight!
For in your absence I have learn'd to mourn;
To bear the torch of Truth with steady sight,
And weave the cypress for my future urn.

5: fallacious] See "Imitated from Petrarca" ("As nearer I approach that fatal day"), where "hope's fallacious visions fade away" (4). See also Mary Hays's sonnet beginning "Ah! let not hope fallacious, airy, wild."

14: cypress] Because the dense, dark foliage of the cypress tree was used in funerals, this conifer was often associated with mourning.

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XII
Imitated from Petrarca

Can I look back, and view with tranquil eye
  The course of my sad life? what vain desires
  Have kindled in my heart consuming fires!
That heart accustom'd each extreme to try
Of hope, and chilling fear; What torturing dreams
  Have vex'd my soul with phantoms of despair,
  Which wearied now regrets its wasted care!
Repentant shame its former anguish deems
Unworthy of that sacred spark of life
  From heav'n receiv'd; exhausted in the strife
  To thee Oh God! my sinking soul would turn!
To thee devote the remnant of my years;
Oh Thou! who see'st my sorrows, calm my fears,
  Nor let thy wrath against thy creature burn!

XIII
Imitated from Petrarca

As nearer I approach that fatal day,
  Which makes all mortal cares appear so light,

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XIII Imitated from Petrarca] While MT's sonnet is inspired by and is based upon Petrarch's *Il Canzoniere,* sonetto XXXII, it is not, in any sense, a strict translation. The original reads:

Quanto piú m'avicino al giorno extreme
che l'umana miseria suol far breve,
piú veggio il tempo andar veloce et leve,
e 'l mio di lui sperar fallace et scemo.
I' dico a' miei pensier': Non molto andremo
d'amor parlando omai, ché 'l duro et greve
terreno incarco come frescha neve

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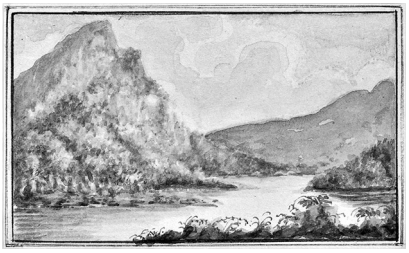
Time seems on swifter wing to speed his flight,
And hope's fallacious visions fade away;
While to my fond desires at length I say
Behold! how quickly melted from your sight
The promis'd objects you esteem'd so bright,
When Love was all your song, and life look'd gay!
Now let us rest in peace! those hours are past,
And with them all the agitating train
By which hope led the wandering, cheated soul;
Wearied she seeks repose, and owns at last
How sighs, and tears, and youth were spent in vain,
While languishing she mourn'd in folly's sad control.



XIV
Addressed to the Ladies of Langollen Vale

Is there a heart, which scenes of rural peace,
And rural beauty never yet have charm'd?

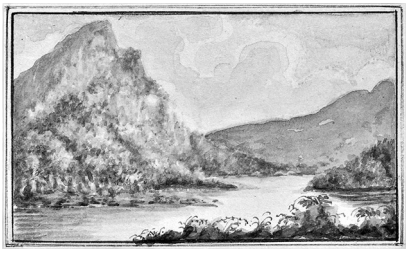
---

si va struggendo; onde noi pace avremo:
perché co llui cadrà quella speranza
che ne fe' vaneggiar sí lungamente,
e 'l riso e 'l pianto, et la paura et l'ira;
sí vedrem chiaro poi come sovente
per le cose dubbiose altri s'avanza,
et come spesso indarno si sospira.

See also MT's sonnet beginning "Can I look back, and view with tranquil eye."

Ladies of Langollen] Lady (Charlotte) Eleanor Butler (1739–1829) and MT's cousin, Sarah Ponsonby (1755–1831), defied their families in 1788 and ran away together from Woodstock, the Tighe family estate. They lived at Plas Newydd, a cottage on the outskirts of Llangollen, a

Time seems on swifter wing to speed his flight,
And hope's fallacious visions fade away;
While to my fond desires at length I say
Behold! how quickly melted from your sight
The promis'd objects you esteem'd so bright,
When Love was all your song, and life look'd gay!
Now let us rest in peace! those hours are past,
And with them all the agitating train
By which hope led the wandering, cheated soul;
Wearied she seeks repose, and owns at last
How sighs, and tears, and youth were spent in vain,
While languishing she mourn'd in folly's sad control.



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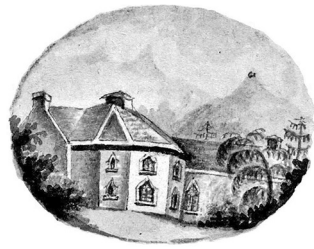
Whose breast the fire of genius never warm'd?
Let him approach; let mental blindness cease,
Oh let him see this bower of polish'd taste;
Where graceful Nature, aided, not opprest,
With sportive hand each varied scene hath drest.
In her own vivid colours, bright, but chaste.
And you! best skill'd in all the Muse's art,
Pardon these notes, as free and unconstrain'd
As your own lyre, which claims no guiding hand.
Uncheck'd effusions of a feeling heart!
Oh, could they but with equal sweetness flow,
What strains of rapture would they here bestow!

1796



village in north Wales, and became famous for their garden, idiosyncratically decorated home, delicious food, and hospitality. MT probably visited them when she traveled between Ireland and England, for their cottage was located near one of the main staging posts of the journey. In 1804, MT presented the Ladies of Langollen with the earliest known manuscript copy of *Psyche; or, the Legend of Love,* now at the National Library of Wales (MS 22985B).

11: lyre] The Æolian harp [*MT's note*].

1796] Four lines, which MT identifies as being from "Petrarca," surround MT's drawing of Plas Newydd:

Qui non palazzi, non teatro, o loggia,
Ma'n lor vece un abete, un faggio un pino
Tra l'erbe verde, e'l bel monte vicino
Levan di terra al ciel nostro' intelletto.

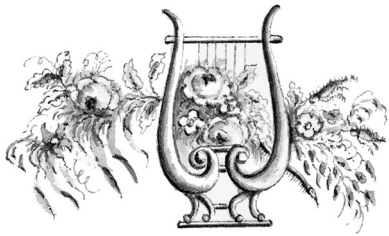
The Italian from Petrarch's sonnet X in the series "To Laura in Life" may be translated:

No palace, theatres, nor arches here,
But, in their stead, the fir, the beech, and pine
On the green sward, with the fair mountain near
(Paced to and fro by poet friend of thine;)
Thus unto heaven the soul from earth is caught. (ll. 5–7, 9, *Sonnets,* 9)

XV
Addressed to the Rev^{d} W. L. Bowles

Sing on, sweet bard! awake thy silver lute
  To thy own soft and plaintive melody;
  Me hast thou sooth'd full often when the sigh
Of anguish press'd upon my heart, and mute
The heav'n-sent woes, which well thy numbers suit;
  Bidding, with voice of tenderest sympathy,
  Submission lift to Heav'n her placid eye;
Still open to the view of patient peace her fruit
  Where all shall yet be well; Oh sing again!
And as I listen to thy mournful note,
  Ev'n then I think while cheated of my pain,
  And all my throbbing sorrows lull'd to rest,
Thus the sad nightingale soft pours her throat
  While the thorn presses on her wounded breast.

Aug^{t} 15th 1804



Rev^{d} W. L. Bowles] William Lisle Bowles (1762–1850), Church of England clergyman, antiquary, and poet, who was instrumental in helping to revive the sonnet form in English. The melancholy speaker in his *Fourteen Sonnets Written Chiefly on Picturesque Spots during a Journey* (1789) finds solace in the beauty of the natural world. Thomas Moore was a mutual friend. Samuel Taylor Coleridge included "To Bowles" (1794) in his *Sonnets of Eminent Characters*.

14: wounded breast] See the opening poem in Charlotte Smith's *Elegiac Sonnets* (1784), which says of the Muse, "while it decks the head with many a rose,/Reserves the thorn, to fester in the heart" (8–9).

XVI
Written at Rossana

Nov^{r} 18. 1799

Oh my rash hand, what hast thou idly done?
  Torn from its humble bank the last poor flower
  That patient linger'd to this wintry hour:
Expanding cheerly to the languid Sun
It flourish'd yet, and yet it might have blown,
  Had not thy sudden desolating power
  Destroy'd what many a storm, and angry shower
Had pitying spar'd. The pride of Summer gone
  Cherish what yet in faded life can bloom,
And, if Domestic Love still sweetly smiles,
If shelter'd by thy Cot he yet beguiles
  Thy Winter's prospect of its dreary gloom,
Oh from the Spoiler's touch thy treasure screen
To bask beneath Contentment's beam serene!

Rossana] The Tighe estate on the south side of the River Vartry near the village of Ashford in County Wicklow, located approximately twenty-eight miles south of Dublin. In MT's time, it comprised about six thousand acres ("The Tighe Story," PRONI MSS D/2685).

2: flower] While the variety of flower is not specified in the poem, MT labels her illustration "Geranium Robertianum." Herb Robert, as it is popularly called, is common throughout Ireland. The drawing's style evokes hand-colored engravings of the sort found in Curtis's *Botanical Magazine*.

5: blown] "Blown" has the double meaning here of "tossed by the wind" or "continued to blossom."

XVII
Written at Rossana

August 1797

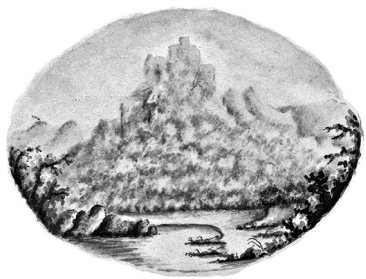
Dear Chesnut Bower, I hail thy secret shade,
  Image of tranquil life! escap'd yon throng
  Who weave the dance, and swell the choral song
And all the summer's day have wanton play'd,
I bless thy kindly gloom in silence laid:
  What, tho' no prospects gay to thee belong,
  Yet here I heed nor showers, nor sunbeams strong,
Which they, whose perfum'd tresses roses braid,
Dispersing fear. Their sunny bank more bright,
  And on their circled green more sweets abound,
Yet the rude blasts, which rend their vestments light,
  O'er these dark boughs with harmless music sound,
  And tho' no lively pleasures here are found,
Yet shall no sudden storms my calm retreat affright.

1: Dear Chesnut] The famous chestnut tree on the grounds at Rossana grows not far from the main entrance to the house. A portrait of John Wesley, now in the Wesley Chapel in City Road, London, portrays him preaching beneath this tree. The *Standard Cyclopedia of Modern Agriculture and Rural Economy* (1908–11) mentions the tree as being the largest chestnut at that time in the whole of the British Isles. It still stands today, measuring thirty-nine feet in circumference, and is said to be the oldest living tree in Ireland.

XVIII
Written at the Eagle's Nest

Killarney
July 26. 1800

Here let us rest, while with meridian blaze
  The sun rides glorious 'mid the cloudless sky,
  While o'er the Lake no cooling Zephyrs fly,
But on the liquid glass we dazzled gaze,
And fainting ask for shade: Lo! where his nest
  The bird of Jove has fix'd. the lofty brow,
With arbutus and fragrant wild shrubs drest,
  Impendent frowns, nor will approach allow:
Here the soft turf invites: here magic sounds
  Celestially respondent shall enchant,
While melody from yon steep wood rebounds
  In thrilling cadence sweet: sure life can grant
No brighter hours than this, and memory oft
Shall paint this happiest scene with pencil soft.



Eagle's Nest] This is the first of three sonnets that Sidney Dallamore writes for Selena "because they attempt some description of scenes indeed that surpass all language, scenes which are surely ever dear to memory and cannot therefore fail to please in some degree those who have once enjoyed them" (*Selena,* vol. 5, fol. 535). The second in the series is "Written at Killarney," there titled "Sonnet Returning at Night," and the third is "On leaving Killarney." The Eagle's Nest, pictured in the illustration, is a large pyramid-shaped rock, which causes a famous echo in the midst of the Long Range, a channel that connects the lower and middle lakes of Killarney. MT refers to this echo in lines 9 and 10. The town of Killarney is located in County Kerry, known for its beautiful mountains, lakes, and rugged but picturesque landscape. In the Romantic era, Killarney began to be regarded as a sublime locale. See Gibbons.

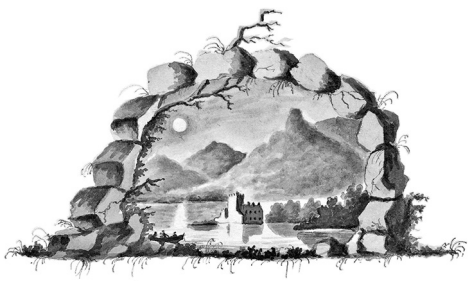
6: bird of Jove] The eagle.

7: arbutus] The evergreen strawberry tree was commonly cultivated in southwest Ireland.

XIX
Written at Killarney

July 29. 1800

How soft the pause! the notes melodious cease
  Which from each feeling could an echo call;
  Rest on your oars, that not a sound may fall
To interrupt the stillness of our peace:
The fanning West-wind breathes upon our cheeks
  Yet glowing with the sun's departed beams.
  Thro' the blue Heav'ns the cloudless moon pours streams
Of pure resplendent light. in silver streaks
Reflected on the still unruffled lake.
  The Alpine hills in solemn silence frown,
  While the dark woods night's deepest shades embrown.
And now once more that soothing strain awake!
Oh! ever to my heart, with magic power,
Shall those sweet sounds recall this rapturous hour.



Written at Killarney] This is the second of Sidney Dallamore's sonnets for Selena Miltern from MT's novel *Selena*. The illustration depicts Ross Castle, a fifteenth-century fortress on the shore of Lough Leane.

1: notes melodious] Andrew Carpenter observes that "Mary Tighe seems to be recounting hearing real music while being rowed on the Lake of Killarney in the moonlight. In fact, William Ockenden reports that 'Lord Kenmare, the largest landowner in the Killarney area, would sometimes arrange for a French horn player to play beside the waters of the Lakes of Killarney while his guests were being rowed around the lake, presumably to heighten the romantic effect of the experience.' Though Ockenden was writing about forty years before Mary Tighe, it seems clear that the custom continued." Carpenter credits Luke Gibbons for the insight (Carpenter 586, n. 1, quoting from *Letters Describing the Lakes of Killarney and Muckross Gardens* [Cork, c. 1760], 13).

XX
On leaving Killarney

August 5. 1800

Farewell sweet scenes! pensive once more I turn
  Those pointed hills, and wood-fring'd Lakes to view
  With fond regret: while in this last adieu
A silent tear those brilliant hours shall mourn
For ever past. So from the pleasant shore.
  Borne with the struggling bark against the wind,
  The trembling pennant flutt'ring looks behind
With vain reluctance. 'Mid those woods no more
For me the voice of pleasure shall resound,
  Nor soft flutes warbling o'er the placid Lake
  Aerial music shall for me awake,
And wrap my charmed soul in peace profound.
Tho' lost to me, here still may Taste delight
To dwell, nor the rude axe the trembling Dryads fright.

On leaving Killarney] In *Selena,* this would have been the third of Sidney Dallamore's sonnets for Selena Miltern. While it is alluded to, it does not actually appear in the novel. It "was instantly concealed by the blushing Selena from every eye but hers which swam in delighted tenderness as they beamed upon him [her beloved, Sidney Dallamore] a grateful confession of sympathy in the love and rapture which they had so sweetly expressed" (vol. 5, fol. 535). See also "Written at the Eagle's Nest" and "Written at Killarney."

XXI
To Cowper and his Mary

Aug^{t} 17th 1803

Mild Spirits ye are gone, together gone,
  Where ye shall feel the heavy weight no more
  That presses on humanity. tis o'er,
The sympathising pang, the patient groan,
The cold, dark cloud is past! bright day has shone,
  And Mary never shall again deplore,
  Or vainly bid mysterious Heav'n restore
The wounded heart, "*the noble mind o'erthrown*."
And thou, sweet Boy! whose pure and spotless page,
  So early clos'd, thy God approving ey'd!
  The infant critic, and the blooming guide
Of suff'ring genius, and disabled age;
  Thou! with a cherub smile rejoic'd to hail
  Thy friends at length releas'd from life's deep shadowy vale.

Cowper and his Mary] MT read William Hayley's three-volume work *The Life, and Posthumous Writings, of William Cowper* (1803), with engravings by William Blake, which describes the visit that Cowper and his long-time companion Mary Unwin paid to Hayley at Eartham in 1792. Hayley's then eleven-year-old son Thomas Alphonso endeared himself so much to Cowper that "he allowed and invited him to criticize" his translation of Homer's *Iliad*. Unwin had suffered a stroke not too long before, and Hayley admired the "compassionate sensibility, with which Cowper incessantly watched over his aged invalid" (2:70–71). She died in December 1796 (*DNB*). See MT's "To W. Hayley," presented, she explained, "In return for a copy of Cowper's life sent with a Sonnet."

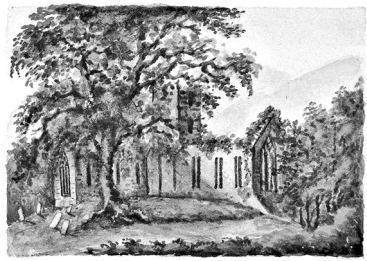
8: "*noble mind oerthrown*"] Ophelia's characterization of Hamlet in *Hamlet,* Act 3, sc. 1, l. 150.

9: sweet Boy] Thomas Hayley. See Hayley's life of Cowper [*MT's note*]. Thomas Alphonso Hayley died in April 1800, a week before Cowper (*DNB*).

XXII
Written for Angela

1802

How sweetly plaintive 'mid yon loftiest trees
  The Woodquest pours his soft, sad notes of love;
  With thrilling tenderness my soul they move,
Speaking of scenes most fair, and bowers of ease;
For there, ev'n there, those mellow tones could please,
  And lure us longer 'mid the woods to rove;
  While the fond eye of love might yet reprove
The unbidden tear; and Hope's dear witcheries
  Awhile deceive this too foreboding heart,
Which even then foresaw this hour would come,
  When, forc'd with Love itself at last to part,
The fairy flowers of Joy no more should bloom,
And mournful should those summer sounds appear,
Recalling with regret, hours of delight too dear!



Angela] Although Angela Harley is a character in MT's novel *Selena,* this sonnet does not appear in that work. MT's illustration depicts the fifteenth-century ruins of Muckross Abbey, a burial place for poets in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and its ancient yew tree, said to be as old as the abbey itself.

XXIII
Written for Angela

1802

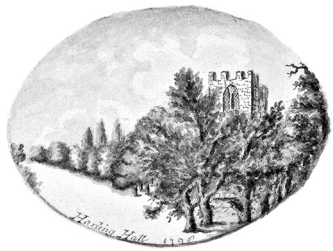
'Tis past—the cruel anguish of suspence
  Shall vex my soul no more! I know 'tis lost!
  For ever lost to me! and all that most
On earth I valued, bought with dear expense
Of peaceful days, and nights of innocence,
  Lies wither'd in my grasp. Oh idle cost
  Of squander'd hours! Oh vows of anguish tost
To the wild winds, which mock'd the eloquence
  Of grief indignant, yet constrain'd to speak;
Now all is past; the desolating storm
No longer can the bowers of bliss deform;
  Its furious malice has no more to seek;
  Each high aspiring hope lies all laid low
Sweep on ye powerless winds o'er your fall'n trophies blow.

Angela] Selena opens a parcel to find treasured objects once belonging to the ill-fated Angela Harley, who has recently died, broken-hearted. These include a portrait of Lord Henry Ortney, her unrequited love, two of his letters to her, and some of Angela's own writings, including this poem "expressive of the deep melancholy and despairing fondness which consumed her soul" (vol. 4, fol. 194). Selena cries over the contents of the parcel.

14: blow] Up until this last line, the sonnet adheres strictly to traditional Shakespearean form. The alexandrine, borrowed from the Spenserian stanza, adds emphasis to the final couplet and demonstrates MT's poetic virtuosity.

XXIV
"Could the sad trembling tenant of this breast"

Could the sad trembling tenant of this breast
  Declare to what delicious scenes it flies,
  When night, and silence seal these weary eyes,
Yielding awhile my anxious sorrows rest;
If, as I think, it then with freedom blest,
  May seek the friend for whom it hourly sighs
  Thro' tedious days, that joy might well suffice,
To cheer the following morn, and when opprest
By present cares, the hopes of coming night
  And sleep to free it from earth's heavy chain,
Should sooth my soul with promise of delight;
  The soft reflection might relieve the pain
  Of absence, mock the transitory reign
Of fate, and scorn the bounds of space in rapid flight.



tenant of this breast] In allusion to a fanciful idea of some metaphysicians, that the soul quits the body and feels herself at liberty during the hours of Sleep—[*MT's note*]. MT's illustration, labeled "Harling Hall 1798," depicts All Saints Church, West Harling, Norfolk, England, which dates from the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries and contains fifteenth-century stained glass. East Harling Hall was constructed around 1490 by Sir Thomas Lovell (d. 1524) but was torn down in the early nineteenth century. It had a dominating gatehouse tower of four stories above an arched entranceway (Emery 2:86, n. 9).

XXV
"Thy Summer's day was long, but could'st thou think"

Thy Summer's day was long, but could'st thou think
  Deluded fool, it would for ever last?
  Thy sun indeed mid shrouding clouds, is fast
Declining, and must soon for ever sink.
But from the long foreboded gloom to shrink,
  Thus in the hopeless depths of languor cast,
  Declares thy brighter hours were idly past
In thoughtless folly. Did'st thou never think
That all thy fond heart priz'd must pass away?
  And all those sparkling joys, ev'n when most bright,
Were but as heavy drops, which trembling play
  On the breeze-shaken leaf? could'st thou delight
With calm security thro all the day
  Nor seek a shelt'ring bower for sure approaching night?

XXVI
"Yes we must part—the cruel struggle o'er"

Yes we must part—the cruel struggle o'er
  I can resign thee now, the die is cast,
  The day-dream of my fancied bliss is past,
And now we part to meet, perhaps, no more.
The orient morn shall to the earth restore
  Fresh light, but not the hope that we at last
  Shall meet e'er night. the setting sun sink[s] fast,
And I have not beheld thee! Yet before

Yes we must part] In MT's illustration, the rectangular stone with "ANGE" written on it may have more letters obscured by vegetation growing over its right side. The inscription could be a reference to Angela Harley, or it may be the French word for "angel." Neither is mentioned in the poem—a good example of how MT's illustrations sometimes introduce new concepts or provide commentary on the text.

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The last farewell is heard, tell my sad heart,
  Tho' future scenes may from thy memory blot
All traces where my image bore a part,
  Yet can'st thou ne'er with scorn, or cruel thought
Recall thy friend. no rather in thy breast
In sweet oblivion let my follies rest.

XXVII
"Or do I dream, or do I view indeed"

Or do I dream, or do I view indeed
  That form long-lov'd, deplor'd? Oft soothing night,
  By fancy aided, gave thee to my sight,
And thus I gaz'd, thus my fond soul could feed
On the vain image! 'till with cruel speed
  It vanish'd at the morn's returning light.
  How cheerless have I mourn'd the phantoms bright,
Which seem'd to Pleasure's rosy gates to lead!
Ah is it thus? and am I doom'd again
  To see my hopes dissolve like melting snow?
  To wake and weep, and all the anguish know

Or do I dream, or do I view] For Shakespeare's comic treatment of this idea, see *The Taming of the Shrew,* "Induction," sc. 2, line 69. Although it is unlikely that Keats read this sonnet, there are uncanny connections between it and his "Ode to a Nightingale."

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Of disappointment? yet, yet delay the pain;
Smile thus again, thus cheating all my woe,
Oh ever friendly vision yet remain!

XXVIII
"Oh London! have I bid thy varied scene"

Oh London! have I bid thy varied scene
Farewell for ever! shall each well-known haunt
Endear'd by fond remembrances enchant
No more my heart? fled are the hours serene,
When round the board I bless'd the placid brow,
The lov'd domestic circle, and the smile
Of the dear sportive friend, who could beguile
The course of chidden time, whose speed ev'n now
For ever parted us? The charm dissolv'd,
I wake as one from a delightful dream,
And catch at each bright form whose fleeting gleam
Still rests upon my heart; past hours revolv'd
Soften by sweet reflection my sad road,
And free my heart of half its present load!

XXIX
To Death

Oh! thou most terrible, most dreaded power,
In whatsoever form thou meet'st the eye!
Whether thou bid'st thy sudden arrow fly

London] This fond, nostalgic portrayal of London, along with the delight MT expresses for Dublin in "La Cittadina," seems somewhat atypical for the period. Disdain for the city runs strong in poets such as William Blake, Charlotte Smith, and William Wordsworth. However, MT's contemporary, Mary Robinson, also celebrated urban life in poems such as "London's Summer Morning" (1795).

To Death] MT's journal entry for 25 July 1795 records her reaction to the recent death of her friend Thomas James Fortescue, who had been MP for County Louth in the Irish Parliament:

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Endear'd by fond remembrances enchant
No more my heart? fled are the hours serene,
When round the board I bless'd the placid brow,
The lov'd domestic circle, and the smile
Of the dear sportive friend, who could beguile
The course of chidden time, whose speed ev'n now
For ever parted us? The charm dissolv'd,
I wake as one from a delightful dream,
And catch at each bright form whose fleeting gleam
Still rests upon my heart; past hours revolv'd
Soften by sweet reflection my sad road,
And free my heart of half its present load!

XXIX
To Death

Oh! thou most terrible, most dreaded power,
In whatsoever form thou meet'st the eye!
Whether thou bid'st thy sudden arrow fly

London] This fond, nostalgic portrayal of London, along with the delight MT expresses for Dublin in "La Cittadina," seems somewhat atypical for the period. Disdain for the city runs strong in poets such as William Blake, Charlotte Smith, and William Wordsworth. However, MT's contemporary, Mary Robinson, also celebrated urban life in poems such as "London's Summer Morning" (1795).

To Death] MT's journal entry for 25 July 1795 records her reaction to the recent death of her friend Thomas James Fortescue, who had been MP for County Louth in the Irish Parliament:

Of disappointment? yet, yet delay the pain;
Smile thus again, thus cheating all my woe,
Oh ever friendly vision yet remain!

XXVIII
"Oh London! have I bid thy varied scene"

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In the dread silence of the midnight hour;
Or whether hovering o'er the lingering wretch
  Thy sad, cold javelin hangs suspended long,
  While round the couch the weeping kindred throng,
With hope, and fear alternately on stretch.
Oh! say for me what horrors are prepar'd?
  Am I now doom'd to meet thy fatal arm?
  Or wilt thou first from life steal every charm,
And tear away each good my soul would guard,
That thus depriv'd of all it lov'd, my heart
From life itself contentedly may part.

XXX
Addressed to my Brother

1805

Brother beloved! if health shall smile again
  Upon this wasted form, and fevered cheek;
  If e'er returning vigour bids these weak,
And languid limbs their gladsome strength regain;
Well may thy brow the placid glow retain

Heard of Fortescue's death—Oh my God I bow in reverence to thy awful & afflicting dispensations—but spare thy worm! Cut me not off in the midst of my sins—spare me a little that I may recover my strength before I go hence & am no more seen Oh! Thou soul of my departed friend where art thou? Has thou found mercy? Has thou received the onslaught of benefits of thy slighted redeemer. My God! How cold is the grave—The receptacle of all we love! & all we fear. Very terrible is the sentence which in one cruel word separates us for ever from those we love. Covered by the devouring tomb, soon forgotten by all! & the immortal soul gone to appear before an unknown God! (NLI MS 4810)

1: Brother] Probably MT's brother, John Blachford (1771–1817). According to ThB "the whole winter & part of the summer [of 1805] was spent in union with John's family, between Chelsea and Brompton." But the poem may have been addressed to William Tighe, for during this period the term "brother" was also used to mean "brother-in-law." ThB recorded that MT's health deteriorated in 1805, and she and MT spent several weeks at Birmingham in August 1805 with the Blachfords and William Tighe and his family, "talking of Madeira & consulting Dr. Bree" in hopes of restoring MT's health (NLI MS 4810).

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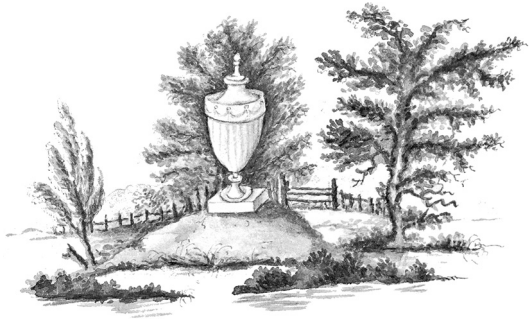
Of sweet content, and thy pleased eye may speak
Thy conscious self-applause; But should I seek
To utter what this heart can feel, Ah! vain
Were the attempt! Yet kindest friends, as o'er
My couch ye bend, and watch with tenderness
The being whom your cares could even restore
From the cold grasp of death; say can you guess
The feelings which this lip can ne'er express?
Feelings deep fixed in grateful memory's store!



9: kindest friends] MT is probably referring here to the friendship of her family, but CH records that between 1805 and 1809, "While Mary lived in Dominick Street she was visited . . . by 'troops of Friends' all vieing with each other which should contribute most to her amusement" (NLI MS 4810).

Textual Notes

The copy text for all of the following poems is "Verses Transcribed for H. T.," Vol. I (NLI Hamilton Papers Acc. 5495 C/8/1). Page numbers from this holograph manuscript appear in parentheses after each poem title.

The Vartree (VTHT I:1–3). First published in *PWOP,* 244–47. Substantive variants:
25: Linda] Mary
32: Continual] Fallacious
deceive, and the vex'd] the baffled

The Kiss (VTHT I:4–5).

The Hours of Peace (VTHT I:6–7). Another copy appears in the commonplace book entitled "Extracts from Various Authors" (NLI MS 4800), which contains one textual variant:
25: power] flower

CH made another copy for Hannah Tighe's album (fols. 4–7), which contains the following textual variants:
25: power] flower
34: breathes] beams
39: you] ye
43: you] ye

The Faded Flowers (VTHT I:8–9). CH also copied this poem into Hannah Tighe's album (fols. 14–17). Substantive variants:
16: would Art for me] I would by art
31: let] may
44: exhal'd] enchanted

Verses Written at the Commencement of Spring (VTHT I:10–12). First published in *PWOP,* 251–55, but the penultimate stanza is entirely absent in the second edition. Substantive variants:
60: pleasure] rapture
71: delayed] delaying

"Extracts from Various Authors" (NLI MS 4800) contains another copy of this poem, with the following substantive variants:
2: gale] gales
11: thy hues shall now] shall now thy hues
40: tracing] making
67: consign'd] confined

Address to my Harp (VTHT I:13–14). First published in *PWOP,* 238–40, where the third stanza is entirely absent. Otherwise, there are no substantive variants.

Song ("See, my love, yon angry deep") (VTHT I:15–16). Two manuscript copies of this poem not in MT's hand are known to exist—one in "Extracts from Vari-

ous Authors" (NLI MS 4800) and another in Hannah Tighe's album (fols. 9–12). Substantive variants:
VTHT] Hannah Tighe's album] NLI MS 4800
4: to] from] to
8: 'Midst] Mid] 'Midst
9: storm's] storm's] storms
11: heads] hearts] heads
13: Ah] Yet] Ah
17: darkling gloom begins] opening clouds begin] opening clouds begin
20: Brightens] Brightens] Is brighten'd
21–24: The vale . . . disappear] The vale . . . disappear] [*stanza absent*]
26: kinder] milder] kinder
28: our] the] the

The superannuated guide's Farewell to the Seven Churches (VTHT I:17–19). CH copied a version of this text into Hannah Tighe's album (fols. 36–40). It included an epigraph not present here (see above) and these substantive variants:
13: you] ye
17: you] ye
18: you] ye
20: you] ye
34: slightest] single
39: Ah] Oh
52: You] Ye
53: road] sod

Verses Written at the Devil's Bridge in Cardigan (VTHT I:20–22). Another copy appears in Henry Moore's commonplace book, where this notation follows the poem: "Innistiogue—May—1811 copied from M.rs Tighe's M:S:" (Chawton House Library, Henry and Lucy Moore MS Album 5137: Poems HM 1811, fols. 63–66). We are grateful to Daniel Robinson and Lucy Morrison for consulting this album for us. William Tighe's estate at Woodstock, where MT died, is located just outside the town of Inistioge. CH made another copy of this poem (titled "Verses Written near Havod in Cardiganshire") in Hannah Tighe's album (fols. 25–30). This version moves the eleventh stanza so that it follows the ninth. Substantive variants:
VTHT] Henry Moore's commonplace book] Hannah Tighe's album
epigraph: Propertius] Propertius] Prop. lib 1.
3: solace] object] comfort
10: When to joys that are gone the sad mourner] When to joys that are gone the sad mourner] That moment so transient that never
11: yet] still] yet
12: hopes] hopes] joys

18: rivers] river's] river's
20: the steep] steep] the steep
23: stream's] stream's] streams
30: drear] drear] dread
42: It] It] She
50: joy on his days soon shall] joy on his days soon shall] day on his path shall yet
52: again] again] once more

La Cittadina (VTHT I:23–29). First published in the *Dublin Penny Journal* for 9 Jan. 1836 (222–23) by George Dwyer. CH copied a somewhat different version of the poem into her commonplace book (NLI MS 4801, fols. 22–30) under the title "La Cittadina (on leaving Rossana Jan[uar]y—1798)." She made another copy of the poem in Hannah Tighe's album (fols. 49–60) using the same title. That copy is missing lines 31 and 32. She also copied lines 119–24 and lines 127–34 into another notebook (NLI 4810, fols. 24–25). There are no substantive variants between the lines in these excerpts and her copy in NLI MS 4801.

Following are substantive variants between the holograph manuscript (VTHT), Dwyer's text, the text in CH's commonplace book, and the text in Hannah Tighe's album:

1: leafless] leafless] hapless] hapless
3: tempestuous] impetuous] tempestuous] tempestuous
4: howl] fall] howl] howl
in] on] in] in
ear] ear] ears] ears
7: Here] Here] There] There
8: 'mid] midst] 'mid] 'mid
8: brownest tints] mists] brownest tints] brownest tints
9: you] ye] you] you
16: toils] toil] toils] toil
18: would] can] would] would
21: hurried] humid] hurried] hurried
26: Gaiety's long festive] Amuse the days; beguile the] Gaiety's long festive] Gaiety's long festive
29: Joys] Toys] Joys] Joys
32: us] us] me] [*line missing*]
36: mirth] dance] dance] dance
38: lov'd] loved] Irish] loved
39: laughing] laughing] pleasing] pleasing
42: my] mine] my] my
42: thy] the] thy] thy
43: so gay] and gay] and gay] & gay
51: Where] Where] When] When

54: Conscious] Anxious] Conscious] Concious
57: fair] fair] maid] maid
62: Declare what youth obtains the] Yield the unreluctant] Declare to whom belong the] Declare to whom belong the
65: Where] When] When] When
67: heedless] heedless] careless] careless
68: careless] careless] heedless] heedless
73: Her] Her] Her] The
75: And every swain] In softest strains] And ev'ry swain] and every swain
76: soft'ning] glistening] soft'ning] softening
77: this] these] this] this
79: As] As] While] While
79: mingling] mazy] mingling] mingling
84: know] know] shew] shew
88: or] and] or] or
95: breast] heart] heart] heart
99: When] Where] When] When
100: and virtue loud he] the patriot loudly] and virtue loud he] & virtue loud he
101: patriot] statesman] patriot] patriot
102: forth] forth] forth] out
104: shine] join] shine] shine
105: the] my] the] the
106: kindling] kindling] kindly] kindly
celestial] a sacred] a sacred] a sacred
107: mute] much] mute] mute
111: sweetly] sweetly] gently] gently
114: Own the powers] Owns the power] Owns the power] Owns the powers
118: concert] concord] concert] concert
spritely] sober] sprightly] sprightly
120: can] can] may] can
125: There] Where] There] [*missing*]
126: soul] souls] [*missing*] [*missing*]
125–26: There . . . sweet] There . . . sweet] [*These two lines missing*] [*These two lines missing*]
131: frost] frost] frosts] frosts
melts] melts] melt] melt
134: contracted] compacted] contracted] contracted
137: there] them] there] there
138: calm] calm] mild] mild
139: Mild indulgence, white-robed candour] Mild indulgence, white-rob'd candour] Charity, benign indulgence] Charity, benign indulgence
142: partial kindness] kindness, fondly] [*missing*] [*missing*]

140–42: Warding off . . . erring] Warding off . . . erring] [*These three lines missing*] [*These three lines missing*]
143: evermore] ever at] evermore] evermore
149: refine our] reprove; or] refine our] refine our
152: Venus] Venus] Fair Venus] Fair Venus
154: Plac'd her] Placed] Placed her] Placed her
154: silver] sacred] silver] silver
155: That her] that] That her] That her
156: faults] voice] crimes] crimes
157: crimes] crimes] faults] faults
159: infants] infant's] infant's] infant's
162: The] Her] Her] Her
the starting] her starting] and starting] & starting
163: lips] words] words] words
164: art] art] art] grace
165: perception] perceptions] perceptions] perception
168: breath] mouth] breath] breath
172: social] cheerful] cheerful] cheerful
173: hover round] twine around] hover round] hover round
174: The] Our] Her] Her
178: his] his] the] the
180: When] When] Where] Where
pleasure bless'd] plenty bless'd] pleasure bless] pleasure bless]
181: to me if thou can'st] delights if thou couldst] delights if thou can'st] delights if thou can'st

For the grave of Isis (VTHT I:30–32). MT's illustration depicts a tombstone decked with flowers with "1515" inscribed on it.

A copy of this poem in Hannah Tighe's album (fols. 30–35) includes an epigraph and an extra stanza after line 32 not present in VTHT. (See footnotes.) Other substantive variants:
6: lowly] humble
which] that
7: calmly] calm &
8: days] hours
10: humble song] simple strain
11: in no lofty strains] no uncommon doom
12: speak my griefs in language strong] tell in lofty lays my pain
13: Yet to] Yes, for
19: heart] breast
25: from afar] yet, from far
28: can] shall
31: artless] simple

32: they can like her] their hearts like her's
33: grateful] artless
45: gay] dear
58: at last, thou too] thou too at length

Forget me not! (VTHT I:33–38). The Houghton Library owns a copy, not in MT's hand, titled "From the German" (Autograph File, T). Substantive variants:
42: bought] brought
45: wealth] wreaths
57: the board] thy board
65: hour] hours
75: heart] hand

Hope (VTHT I:39–40). There are no substantive variants between this text and the one in the fair copy manuscript of *Selena* (2:58–60), NLI MS 4743, except that the latter lacks the epigraph and is untitled. CH copied this poem into Hannah Tighe's album (fols. 12–14) and titled it "The Moment of Return." That text contains no substantive variants.

A faithful friend is the medicine of life (VTHT I:41–42). First published in *PWOP,* 248–50. An album belonging to MT's sister-in-law Camilla Blachford contains a holograph copy, apparently made in 1800 (NLW MS 22983B, fols. 2–3). That text includes the footnote from Lucretius, which is absent in *PWOP.* Other substantive variants between the three texts include:
VTHT] *PWOP*] Camilla Blachford's album
3: on] in] on
10: sweet] sweet] pure
11: streams] streams] stream
12: we may] we may] Man can
14: defile] defile] pollute
20: shall] will] shall
24: The cordial] The cordial] The pure cordial
25: faithful] faithful] feeling
28: sorrows] sorrow] sorrows
29: hours] hours] moment
35: can] can] should
40: Nor] Nor] Or
43: nor follies] or follies] or follies
44: should] should] would

Stanzas Written at the Hotwells of Bristol (VTHT I:43–46).

Morning (VTHT I:47–49). First published in *PWOP,* 241–43, without stanza 4. The only other substantive variant is: 36: watchful] wakeful

To ———— 1802 (VTHT I:50–51). Two other manuscript copies are known to exist: one in "Extracts from Various Authors" (NLI MS 4800) and the other in Hannah Tighe's album (fols. 7–9). Our copy text is the only one that supplies a

date; the NLI MS 4800 copy is titled "To ———C ——— e". Only one other substantive variant occurs between the three manuscript copies. Line 30 in Hannah Tighe's album has "friendship" instead of "kindness."

The Picture Written for Angela (VTHT I:52–53). First published in *PWOP,* 269–70. Another copy is in the manuscript of *Selena* (3:182–84), NLI MS 4744. Substantive variants:

VTHT] *Selena MS*] *PWOP*

6: dwells] dwelt] dwells

8: From these roses no sweet dew of love can] From those roses no sweet dew of Love can] No sweet dew of love from these roses

9: which] that] which

24: these] those] these

Elegy Written for Emily (VTHT I:54–57). Another copy appears in the manuscript of *Selena* (3:353–58), NLI MS 4744, where it is untitled. Substantive variants include:

15: still] yet

16: still may] yet can

32: my] mine

38: speak] talk

61: corroding] forboding

72: dreads] knows

73: thy] thine

Stanzas Written for Angela (VTHT I:58–60). Another copy appears in the manuscript of *Selena* (4:195–99), NLI MS 4745. Substantive variants:

25: the] some

41: delusion] delusions

52: flown] gone

Verses Written for Emily (VTHT I:61–63). CH copied this poem, which she titled "Verses written 1801," into Hannah Tighe's album (fols. 20–25). That copy contains not only an epigraph but an additional stanza. (For the text, see note to line 48.) Other substantive variants include:

1: pleasure] hope yet

9: Ah] Oh

45: Joy, and hope] Joy, Hope

Ten stanzas of this poem appear, in somewhat altered order, in MT's novel *Selena* in a poem beginning "Lord of hearts benignly callous." Given MT's dating of this poem as 1799 and what is known about the composition of *Selena,* MT must have recycled portions of this earlier work for her novel.

Verses Written for Angela (VTHT I:64–65).

Song to Oberon (VTHT I:66–68). CH copied this text, which she titled "To Oberon," into Hannah Tighe's album (fols. 45–48). Substantive variants:

5–8: And tho' . . . blow] [*This stanza is missing in Hannah Tighe's album.*]

16: brave] bear

26: soft oblivious] sweet oblivion's
35: of] at
37–40: The smile . . . Fancy rings] [*This stanza is missing in Hannah Tighe's album*.]
51: Admiring] And heedful
52: uncultur'd] & favorite

2: delights] The holograph manuscript reads "delight," a grammatical error corrected in CH's copy, which may have been taken from another draft of the poem. We have emended the text to correct the error.

Written for the Hamwood Album (VTHT I:69–70). Another holograph copy, untitled but dated "April 1803," is in CH's commonplace book (NLW MS 22984C, fols. 7–8). CH also copied the poem into Hannah Tighe's album (fols. 75–77). She titled it "Lines Written in the Album at Hamwood." Substantive variants:
VTHT] NLW MS22984C] Hannah Tighe's album
5: let] may] may
11: Where] Where] When
14: thy] thine] thine
22: hast] hast] has
23: her] its] its
24: her] it] it

The Minstrel (VTHT I:71–72). Another copy, untitled, appears in the manuscript of *Selena,* chapter 17 (1:450–452), NLI MS 4742. The only substantive variant is:
23: might] could

The Scissars (VTHT I:73–74).

Imitation from Colardeau (VTHT I:75–76). Two other manuscript copies are known, one in "Extracts from Various Authors" (NLI MS 4800) and another in Hannah Tighe's album (fols. 1–3). Substantive variants:
VTHT] NLI MS 4800] Hannah Tighe's album
5: passion's] passions] passion's
14: burst] burst] broke

The poem's title appears as "Imitation from Boïeldieu" in HL (188), but the name in all three manuscripts clearly reads "Colardeau."

Melancholy (VTHT I:77–81). CH copied the last thirty-five lines of this translation into Hannah Tighe's album (fols. 170–73). Substantive variants:
90: Brings] Bring
93: here] where
102: on] in
109: arm] hand

To ——— Imitated from Monti (VTHT I:82–88, 133). Eighteen lines of this translation (ll. 130–47) appear in the fair copy manuscript of *Selena* (5:220–22), NLI MS 4746. Substantive variants:
130: eyes] lips

after 130: *line missing*] To drink the poison of those beaming eyes!
132: sound] word
136: in Heaven] on earth
137: With all on earth against my cherished] Against the voice of Heaven, against my
138: never more must I] must I never more
139: Which loved] That love
144: thy] thine

The Death of Lausus (VTHT I:89–98). MT's illustration to the poem is dated "Glamorganshire November 1796." The citation to Virgil's *Æneid* is penned in a different ink (blue as opposed to black) and seemingly in a different hand.

Verses Written in Sickness (VTHT I:99–101). First published in *PWOP*, 258–61. Substantive variants:
27: horrors] horror
28: opiates] opiate's
32: hopes] hope's
33–36: That love . . . nights of pain] [*stanza absent*]
44: tenderly] thankful and

Composed on the White Sands near Arklow (VTHT I:103).

Written at Scarborough 1799 (VTHT I:104).

Written at Scarborough Aug^t^ 1799 (VTHT I:105). First published in *PWOP*, 220. "Extracts from Various Authors" (NLI MS 4800) also contains a copy. Substantive variants:
VTHT] *PWOP*] NLI MS 4800
9: While] While] And
exists] exists] remains
10: which] that] which

"When glowing Phœbus quits the weeping earth" (VTHT I:106). First published in *PWOP*, 221. "Extracts from Various Authors" (NLI MS 4800) includes a copy. Substantive variants:
VTHT] NLI MS 4800] *PWOP*
5: the] those] the
8: These tints] Those tints] These tints
these shades] those shades] these shades
11: joys] joys] joy's
dreary] dreary] shadowy
12: 'Till] Still] 'Till
shone so] shone so] once shone

Written in Autumn (VTHT I:107). First published in *PWOP*, 222. Substantive variant: 7: sound] sounds

"Poor, fond deluded heart!" (VTHT I:108). First published in *PWOP*, 223. According to a manuscript notation in Caroline Turpin's copy of *Mary*, this sonnet was

composed in March 1798 (p. 13), although ThB dates it to the spring of 1797 (HL 234). "Extracts from Various Authors" (NLI MS 4800) contains a copy. Substantive variants:

VTHT] *PWOP*] NLI MS 4800

5: her paths bewildering] her paths bewildering] the path of fancy

11: allure] seduce] allure

"For me would Fancy now her chaplet twine" (VTHT I:109). First published in *PWOP,* 225, which has no substantive variants. "Extracts from Various Authors" (NLI MS 4800) contains a copy with the following substantive variants:

l: would] shall

6: now remain] then remains

9: gay] bright

Another copy in the NLI Hamilton Papers notebook (C/7/1) dates the poem 1798 and has the following substantive variants:

4: Ill would it suit] It would ill suit

6: remain] remains

14: oft] soft

"As one who late hath lost a friend ador'd" (VTHT I:110). First published in *PWOP,* 226. According to a handwritten notation in Caroline Turpin's copy of *Mary,* the poem was composed in London in June 1794 (13). "Extracts from Various Authors" (NLI MS 4800) contains a copy with no substantive variants. Another copy in the NLI Hamilton Papers notebook (C/7/1), not in MT's hand, also dates the poem "London June 1794." Substantive variants:

VTHT] *PWOP*] Hamilton Papers notebook

3: another's] another's] another

9: on] in] on

13: heart] heart] breast

14: those] those] the

wept] wept] mourned

Written in the Church yard at Malvern (VTHT I:111). First published in *PWOP,* 224. Substantive variants:

2: sombre] ancient

10: this silent] thy

To Time (VTHT I:112). First published in *PWOP,* 227. "Extracts from Various Authors" (NLI MS 4800) contains a copy. Substantive variants:

VTHT] *PWOP*] NLI MS 4800

5: breast] breast] heart

6: my] mine] my

14: streams] streams] boughs

"Ye dear associates of my gayer hours" (VTHT I:113). First published in *PWOP,* 228, and, according to a handwritten notation in Caroline Turpin's copy of *Mary,* composed in 1800 (p. 13). There are no substantive variants.

Imitated from Petrarca ("Can I look back") (VTHT I:114). First published in *Mary,* 15, under the title "Sonnet." Another copy, in an unidentified hand, is in the NLI Hamilton Papers notebook (C/7/1), where it is dated December 1796. There are no substantive variants.

Imitated from Petrarca ("As nearer I approach that fatal day") (VTHT I:115). First published in *PWOP,* 229, and, according to a handwritten notation in Caroline Turpin's copy of *Mary,* composed in November 1801 (13). There are no substantive variants between this manuscript and the *PWOP* text. A copy in the NLI Hamilton Papers notebook (C/7/1) dates the poem 1801 and contains the following substantive variant: 2: mortal] earthly

Addressed to the Ladies of Langollen Vale (VTHT I:116).

Addressed to the Rev^d^ W. L. Bowles (VTHT I:117).

Written at Rossana Nov^r^ 18. 1799 (VTHT I:118). First published in *PWOP,* 230. There are no substantive variants. A manuscript copy in another hand in the NLI Hamilton Papers notebook (C/7/1) has the following substantive variants:

9: can] may

11: he] she

Written at Rossana August 1797 (VTHT I:119). First published, without the date, in *PWOP,* 231. There are no substantive variants.

Written at the Eagle's Nest (VTHT I:120). First published in *PWOP,* 232. There are no substantive variants. *Selena* contains another copy (5:535), NLI MS 4746, which includes the following substantive variants:

title: Written at the Eagle's] Sonnet Written at the Eagles

2: 'mid] o'er

5: Lo!] So

11: yon steep wood] those steep woods

1: meridian] After being correctly printed as "meridian" in the second edition of *PWOP,* this word was misprinted as "meridan" in the third edition but corrected in the fourth edition.

Written at Killarney (VTHT I:121). First published in *PWOP,* 233. There are no substantive variants. *Selena* contains another copy (5:535–36) under the title "Sonnet Returning at Night" (NLI MS 4746), which includes the following substantive variants:

6: sun's] suns

12: soothing] melting

14: those] these

PWOP, second edition, prints "these" while *PWOP,* third and fourth editions, print "those."

On leaving Killarney (VTHT I:122). First published in *PWOP,* 234. There are no substantive variants.

To Cowper and his Mary (VTHT I:123). MT included this sonnet in a letter to Joseph Cooper Walker (docketed 13 Aug. 1803, TCD MS 1461/5, fol. 128). Substantive variants:
10: thy God] Heav'n hath
13: a] thy

Written for Angela ("How sweetly plaintive") (VTHT I:124).

Written for Angela ("'Tis past—the cruel anguish") (VTHT I:125). *Selena* (4:194–95), NLI MS 4745, contains another copy. Substantive variants:
2: 'tis] him
5: days] nights
nights] days
8: which] that
11: can] may

"Could the sad trembling tenant of this breast" (VTHT I:126).

"Thy Summer's day was long, but could'st thou think" (VTHT I:127). First published in *Mary,* 16, where it is titled "1802." There are no substantive variants.

"Yes we must part—the cruel struggle o'er" (VTHT I:128).

"Or do I dream, or do I view indeed" (VTHT I:129).

"Oh London! have I bid thy varied scene" (VTHT I:130).

To Death (VTHT I:131). First published in *PWOP,* 235. "Extracts from Various Authors" (NLI MS 4800) contains a copy, and another, dated "Cheltenham 1795," appears in the NLI Hamilton Papers notebook (C/7/1). Substantive variants:
VTHT] *PWOP*] NLI MS 4800] Hamilton Papers notebook
2: the] the] the] our
3: arrow] arrow] arrows] arrow
9: horrors are] horrors are] horrors are] horror is
12: tear] bear] tear] tear]
13: loved] loved] loved] prized

According to a manuscript notation in Caroline Turpin's copy of *Mary,* MT composed this sonnet, referred to there as "On Death," in August 1795 at Cheltenham (13).

Addressed to my Brother (VTHT I:132). First published in *PWOP,* 237. There is only one substantive variant: 11: even] e'en

A copy in the NLI Hamilton Papers notebook (C/7/1) dates the poem "Brompton 1805." Another copy appears in "Extracts from Various Authors" (NLI MS 4800). Another holograph copy, in the Pforzheimer Collection, New York Public Library, has no substantive variants with VTHT. Substantive variants:
VTHT] Hamilton Papers notebook] NLI MS 4800
3: vigour bids these] vigour bids those] health shall bid these
6: speak] speak] seek

Verses

Transcribed

for

H T

Vol. II.

Bromp ton

1805.

Verses Transcribed for H. T.
Vol. II

BROMPTON

1805

Cleuen
An Elegy

How sweet the placid light which Evening sheds!
  How Melancholy loves the soft'ning ray!
The gloomy shade the child of sorrow treads,
  And the swoll'n eye invokes departing day.

Dear to the pensive heart the silent scene
  As o'er the mellow'd plains I cast my view,
Where the Nore winds his wooded banks between
  And the gray ruin wears the redd'ning hue.

There aged Cleuen moulders into dust
  To time a victim, tho' a victim slow,
Where once the hardy chief repos'd his trust,
  And frown'd defiance on his threat'ning foe.

Tho no proud architect the pile adorn'd
  Or taught the graceful column to ascend,
Its haughty strength opposing battle scorn'd,
  Firm to resist, and well the prey defend.

When Britain drove her outcasts on this shore,
  They rear'd those castles on the blood-stain'd field,

Cleuen] The parish of Clowen is situated on the left bank of the river Nore, in the county of Kilkenny, and province of Leinster, one mile southeast of Inistioge, near Woodstock, the Tighe family home. In 1837, *A Topographical Dictionary of Ireland* reported, "On a steep mound near the river stand the ruins of Clowen castle. . . . There are also some remains of an old church. In a romantic glen up a creek of the Nore is Clodagh waterfall; it is a cascade of great beauty falling down a rugged precipice of about 60 feet, and from the fissures of the overhanging rocks on both sides spring a great variety of trees and shrubs" (Lewis 1:357).

7: Nore] The River Nore forms a picturesque valley near the village of Inistioge. It also runs through Kilkenny and by the manor house of Cloone.

11–12: hardy chief . . . foe] According to Irish mythology, Rathbeagh on the River Nore is supposed to be the ancient Argiodross and the residence of Heremon, one of the sons of Milesius, who came into Ireland and laid the foundation of the Milesian dynasty in that kingdom (Lewis 2:489).

The pillage from the helpless natives tore,
And forc'd the trembling combatants to yield.

Hither they came a fine and lawless band,
And met a foe tho feebler, not more rude;
Oppression lorded o'er the groaning land,
And Discord revell'd in continual blood.

Yet was young Aldred of superior race,
By science foster'd and the Muses lov'd;
Skill'd the rare characters of art to trace;
His genius nurtured, and his soul improv'd.

Let pity hear his melancholy doom,
Which drove him far from Albion's cherish'd shore,
Yielded his youth to unremitting gloom,
And gave him hopeless exile to deplore.

The child of sorrow; orphan'd & forlorn,
From noble Osburn he protection sought;
His early merit Osburn lov'd to adorn,
Nor quench'd the fires with which his soul was fraught.

Taught with his son the graceful Aldred grew,
The lov'd companion of his youthful hours,
Improving days on blissful pinions flew,
Strengthen'd their forms & gave their minds new powers.

Together still in ev'ry search sublime,
Their studies mutual, their pursuits the same,
To rouse the chace, the rugged steep to climb,
Or wing the rapid dart with certain aim.

Tho' Aldred shone superior in each art,
And still surpass'd in every manly grace,
No envy poison'd his friend's noble heart
The quicker genius gain'd his ready praise.

When stripling beauty wore first manhood's bloom,
For Osburn's son were Hymen's rites prepar'd,
His long betrothed bride at length brought home,
And princely feasts the happy hour declar'd.

But who shall paint that fair, that angel face,
That form the image of celestial joy,
Each softer beauty, each attractive grace
Glow'd in her cheek, & sparkled in her eye.

Unhappy Aldred! wherefore dost thou gaze,
Why doth thy heart such strange enchantment feel?
Ah! shun the meteor's bright destructive blaze,
Nor let the serpent to thy bosom steal.

Ah caution vain! the soft seducer Love
Thro' all his veins the treach'rous venom pours,
With gentle whispers Virtue would reprove
The passion which his struggling soul deplores.

Oft struck by self-reproach, by reason woo'd
He sought his former studies to resume,
Where'er he fled, her image still pursued
Spoke in each sound, & pierc'd thro' every gloom.

Stung by the random shaft ev'n thus the deer
Shoots thro' the plains, or seeks in shades to hide,
In his vain flight still doom'd the dart to bear,
While still it rankles in his wounded side.

Thou too sweet Ida, poor unconscious fair,
Will no protecting power from ruin save?
What anguish wastes thee, & what black despair
Prepares thine early, thine untimely grave!

Ere yet the latent guilt her soul perceiv'd,
Fierce thro her bosom flew the subtle flame,

Each tortur'd nerve the fatal fire receiv'd,
Consum'd her soul & rag'd thro' all her frame.

Her fading cheek her secret griefs confess'd,
From her dim eye the heav'nly radiance fled,
Her lovely form by silent woes oppress'd,
And the young roses wither'd all and dead.

This Aldred saw with trembling doubt and fear,
Saw too with conscious pang his friend was lost,
O'er his dark brow saw discontent appear,
And lowering there beheld reserve's cold frost.

Unable to endure the cruel sight,
Resolv'd to go, yet dreading to depart,
His long lov'd friend resisted not his flight,
Which yet was destin'd to no certain part

Unhappy Youth! ah wherefore didst thou stray,
Doom'd the extreme of misery to know,
Thy tortur'd heart shall bleed for this delay
And thine eye see the fates resistless blow.

The tender object of thy guilty sighs
Conflicting passions to the grave have driv'n,
The fated victim sinks before thine eyes,
And 'scapes that anguish which thy flight had giv'n.

In vain the healing powers of art are tried,
No skill of medicine can her wound assuage,
The wasting fires all human art deride,
And the fair mourner touches life's last stage.

Beside her dying couch, in stupid woe,
Her wretched husband, and her lover stood,
From their fix'd eyes no softer sorrows flow,
Tho' sad attendants pour the pitying flood.

Yes Aldred saw for ever clos'd that eye
Whose heav'nly speaking emanations charm'd,
Heard on her lips faint quiv'ring the last sigh,
And felt her hand by life no longer warm'd.

Then madly rushing to the forests gloom,
That house of mourning he for ever left,
Curs'd his existence, & invok'd the tomb,
Of every sense but anguish quite bereft.

There in dark shades his furious grief to hide,
He shunn'd each eye 'mid rocks & woods conceal'd,
'Till nature sunk bid passion's rage subside,
And his exhausted soul to sorrow yield.

With aching tenderness he view'd around
The long lov'd scenes he shall for ever mourn,
While Melancholy spoke in every sound
"No peace shall ever to thy breast return."

That spot endear'd by many a tender tie
He now resolv'd for ever to forego,
Yet the vast world to his despondent eye
No prospect offerd which might sooth his woe.

Urg'd by despair, thus wretched and forlorn,
He join'd the daring and adventurous crew,
With them from Albion's friendly coast was born,
And plough'd the waves Hibernia to subdue.

There in the rudest solitude immur'd,
Leagu'd with those wretches whom foul crimes had stain'd,
Harden'd by ills, to sufferings long inur'd,
A tender, manly soul he yet retain'd.

The voice of the oppress'd oft reach'd his ear,
The helpless oft from pillage he preserv'd,

His aw'd companions, tho' unus'd to fear,
Admiring felt their savage grasp unnerv'd.

But when opposing chiefs in battle fought
Rous'd from his gloom he rush'd into the field,
The hottest combat desperately sought,
Which still refus'd the wish'd-for doom to yield.

In vain implor'd still death appear'd to fly,
Despis'd applause from hence he only gain'd,
The chiefs more cautious view'd with wond'ring eye
The mighty terrors of his fearless hand.

Oft when black storms contending rag'd abroad
And night assembled the far scatter'd band,
On the dark battlements the youth unaw'd
Was wont the tempest's fury to withstand.

The mountain torrents roaring mid these woods
Spoke more accordant than the gentler stream,
And the swell'd Nore's now loudly dashing floods
To his wild sorrows sympathetic seem.

While the full bowl his rude companions fir'd,
Loathing the tumults of the boistrous scene,
Far from the roar of festive mirth retir'd
He ask'd no calmer sky to smile serene.

There would he utter oft his hopeless grief
But sigh'd to no kind sympathising ear
No pitying eye his anguish gave relief
No soothing friend's soft influence to cheer.

He thought of Albion's lov'd regretted shore,
Dear objects ne'er to be review'd again,
And to the heedless winds that round him roar
Forlorn deserted thus would he complain.

"Oh! sad associate of a savage horde,
Thou wretched victim of devouring grief!
Why is thy death delay'd so oft implor'd,
Why is despair denied its last relief?

Cut off from every hope by one sad stroke
No interest ties thee to this dreary world,
The chain of sweet society it broke
And I accurs'd to savage wilds am hurl'd.

Is this then all the fruit of early joys
The dreams of hope, and rosy pleasure's charm?
Return ye hours e're love allur'd my eyes
And fill'd my soul with anguish and alarm.

Once more the sweets of friendship let me know
And rise with innocence to hail the morn,
Feel with my friend blithe vigour's healthful glow
And cheerly echo to the sportive horn.

Come dearest Youth restore the social scene
The liberal charm of unsuspected truth,
The careless heart, the open brow serene,
The warmth of confidence, the smile of youth.

Dear lovely partners of my happiest hours,
With you each pleasure & each joy is fled,
O'er my sad bosom every sorrow lowers
And every hope of future bliss is dead.

How could I quit that soft delightful scene
Which once with Ida I had wander'd o'er,
Those sacred woods, those meadows ever green
That silver river, and that peaceful shore!

Those gardens painted by sweet Nature's skill
Those meads adorned with her richest powers,

The wood-crown'd summit of that gentle hill,
The mingled fragrance of those rosy bowers.

At least delighted memory bring near,
Unto my cheated heart with strongest power,
Each look of love, each word, each action dear,
Each fond memorial, and each happy hour.

Still let me fancy that each peaceful night
I lay me down in sweetest hope to view,
Her form returning with the morning light
And hear those accents soft, persuasive, true.

Still let me think mine opening eyes shall see
Upon the dewy lawn glad morning's beams,
Marking the shadow of each well-known tree
Gracing with lustre the sweet river's streams.

Still let me think that I with her shall rove
O'er the soft verdure of the sloping mead,
Or rest delighted in the upland grove
And all the treasures of her bosom read.

Let thrilling rapture all my soul entrance
By one soft touch of Ida's yielding hand,
As when, united in the festive dance,
We once were mingled with the happy band.

Once more let Ida tune the melting lute,
Let solemn strains inspire my ravish'd breast,
Thro' all my kindling nerves let rapture shoot
Or softer accents lull to tender rest.

Oh no! let me be banish'd & undone,
Let no sweet hope my wretched days beguile,
O'er my sad life let dark'ning sorrow frown
And sportive nature wear from me no smile.

But Oh! at least the spotless Ida spare,
Let her be blest, while I condemn'd may rove,
With her the light of Heav'n but let me share,
And view the sun which shines on all I love.

Ah no! in the cold senseless grave she lies,
Wild are my wishes, and my prayers are vain,
Silent her tongue, and clos'd her beaming eyes,
And I survive, to suffer and complain.

Oft in these woods methinks her voice I hear,
It speaks of happiness for ever gone,
Of blasted hope, of moments still how dear!
Of friendship wither'd, and of pleasure flown.

Hark even now the soft melodious charm
Steals thro' the hush'd & dusky vault of night.
With power ev'n my mute anguish to disarm
And sooth despair itself with strange delight.

Seraph once more those coral doors unclose!
Let Heav'n proceed from those celestial gates,
Already sure resistless rapture flows,
And on thy breath ethereal odour waits.

Oh! let me dwell for ever on that sound,
Still let me hang delighted on that voice,
There fix'd I rest tho' all the world around
Should strive to tear me from my partial choice.

Delirious fool it is not Ida speaks!
Loud from the mountains pour the threatning floods,
O'er these drear walls the furious tempest breaks
And the storm rages thro' th' affrighted woods.

No tongue pronounces my lov'd Ida's name,
My longing ears in vain the sound desire,
My constant thoughts this poor indulgence claim,
While falt'ring accents on my lips expire.

Vainly I court submission, gentlest power,
The wretch's best associate, tenderest friend,
Wisdom and she have left me in this hour,
And every hope of comfort now must end:

For what can future hope to me disclose,
To me abandon'd, lost, and desolate,
Will time return in pity to my woes,
On me to bid reverted Nature wait?

And thou Oh tomb! where all my hopes are laid
Wilt thou my silent treasure e'er restore?
Give back to earth the fair embodied shade
And bid the clay cold dust revive once more?

Then shall my beating heart this pang resign
My charmed eyes shall welcome light again!
Ah wretch this never, never must be thine,
Heaven smiles on all but smiles on thee in vain!

So stands the barren cliff expos'd, alone,
Nor feels the genial, vegetative sway,
On its cold brow no balmy sweets are known,
Nor kindly influence of the vernal ray.

Beneath, the circling meadows cultur'd glow,
With yellow harvests, and with forests green,
The voice of festive mirth resounds below,
And smiling industry and joy are seen.

Oft in the transient beam of opening Heav'n
The vallies brighten, and rejoicing sing,
While clouds and darkness to that steep are driv'n
Where snows eternal mock the powerless Spring.

Thus am I doom'd the storm of fate to bear,
To woo the lightning, and the tempest's rage,
Condemn'd to Solitude perpetual, drear,
And grief which time itself can ne'er assuage.

Oh Albion! Oh my country! never more
Must those sad eyes review thy cherish'd land!
Hail with exulting heart thy distant shore,
Or gaze impatient at thy whiten'd strand.

Might I but once behold the scenes of youth,
Ere Death the wretched exile's eyes shall close,
Remembrance sweet methinks awhile might sooth,
And lull my sorrows to a short repose.

Vain Murmurer peace! for what can memory give,
What but must sting thee with redoubled smart?
In dark Albion let me silent live,
And drown the thoughts which agonize my heart!

Written in an Almanach

1805

To the year which departs, shall another succeed,
And with similar seasons the months shall proceed,
For the planets shall roll with unvarying course
While unmoved in its brightness stands fixed their great source.

Tho' the rich hues that blush on the banners of Spring,
May fade in the fervors that summer shall bring,
Yet again shall young May by the Zephyrs be woo'd
And again shall her couch with each blossom be strewed.

Even thus tho' the gift which is offered thee here,
Is doomed by its nature to last but a year,
Yet the love that receives, & the love that bestows,
With sweet tokens renewed unremittingly glows.

Almanach] Printed almanacs for each year were popular during this period, especially in Germany and France, and often included poetry, along with sections on the seasons or the months and other assorted information. As was the case with commonplace books, their owners, as well as family and friends, sometimes added their own original poetic compositions and drawings. MT's illustration is in the style of what might have been found in an almanac.

The World

Oh! sacrifice no more thy peace, thy joys
To the ungrateful World! it but insults
Thy wasted anguish, and thy votive cares.
When served with faithful, unremitting toil
It slights, and once provoked, approves no more:
While Virtue, ever graciously is prompt
To pay the smallest offering with a smile.
By present compensation, future peace
She still rewards each sacrifice, & joys
With sweet parental fondness to accept
Repentance, as atonement absolute.

The World] This poem is written in a nonce form that recalls the sonnet in its juxtaposition of the first five-line section with the next five-line section and its use of iambic pentameter. However, unlike the traditional sonnet, it is unrhymed and is eleven lines long. Notice, too, the repetition in lines 8 and 9 of "sacrifice," "peace," and "joys" from the opening line.

Imitation from Jeremiah

Chap xxxi. Ver 15
Nov^{r} 1800

Hark the voice of loud lament
  Sounds thro' Ramah's saddened plain,
There cherished grief, there pining discontent,
  And desolation reign.
  There, 'mid her weeping train,
See Rachel for her children mourn,
  Disconsolate, forlorn!
  The comforter she will not hear
And from his soothing strains all hopeless turns her ear.
  Daughter of Affliction peace

Chap xxxi. Ver 15] Jeremiah 31:15 (KJV) reads, "Thus saith the Lord; A voice was heard in Ramah, lamentation, and bitter weeping; Rachel weeping for her children refused to be comforted for her children, because they were not." But MT also includes verses 16 and 17: "Thus saith the Lord; Refrain thy voice from weeping, and thine eyes from tears: for thy work shall be rewarded, saith the Lord; and they shall come again from the land of the enemy. And there is hope in thine end, saith the Lord, that thy children shall come again to their own border." John Wesley's explanatory notes for this passage would have been familiar to MT:

> Rachel is here brought in, having been buried near that place, as if she were risen up from the grave, and lamented the Jewish nation which came out of her loins (for so Benjamin did, which was one of the two tribes that made the kingdom of Judah.) Were not—Because her children either were not absolutely, being slain by the pestilence, the famine, and the sword of the king of Babylon, or were no longer her children, being transplanted into Babylon. And there was a lamentation like this, when Herod caused the infants of two years old to be slain in Bethlehem, and in the coasts round about Bethlehem, of which Ramah was one (Wesley, *Explanatory Notes upon the Old Testament,* 3: 2207).

2: Ramah] A town on the border between Judah and Israel that is traditionally believed to be Rachel's burial place.

6: Rachel] Daughter of Laban and wife of Jacob, whose story is told in Genesis 29–35. Jacob falls in love with Rachel, promising her father to work seven years in order to gain her hand. At the wedding, Laban substitutes his older and heavily veiled daughter Leah for Rachel, and Jacob does not discover the real identity of his bride until after the marriage takes place. To marry Rachel, Jacob has to work for yet another seven years. Jacob and Rachel eventually have two sons, Joseph and Benjamin. But Rachel dies giving birth to Benjamin on the way to Canaan. As she dies, she names her child Ben-oni ("son of my suffering"), but Jacob changes his name to Benjamin, meaning "son of the right hand." According to rabbinical commentary, Jacob buried Rachel on the road, so that those on their way into exile would pass her grave.

Let at last thy sorrows cease,
Wipe thy sadly streaming eye,
Look up; Behold thy children nigh!
Lo! thy vows have all been heard!
See how vainly thou hast feared,
See from the destroyer's land,
Comes thy loved lamented band:
Free from all their conquered foes
Glorious shall they seek repose;
Surest hope for thee remains,
Smile at all thy former pains;
Joy shall with thy children come
And all thy smiling bowers shall bloom.

Psalm cxxx Imitated

Jan^{y} 1805

From sorrow's depths to thee I cry,
Oh Thou! who know'st my inmost fear.

Psalm cxxx] Psalm 130 (KJV) is a prayer for deliverance:

Out of the depths have I cried unto thee, O Lord.
Lord, hear my voice: let thine ears be attentive to the voice of my supplications.
If thou, Lord, shouldest mark iniquities, O Lord, who shall stand?
But there is forgiveness with thee, that thou mayest be feared.
I wait for the Lord, my soul doth wait, and in his word do I hope.
My soul waiteth for the Lord more than they that watch for the morning: I say, more than they that watch for the morning.
Let Israel hope in the Lord: for with the Lord there is mercy, and with him is plenteous redemption.
And he shall redeem Israel from all his iniquities.

MT's poem extends beyond the source psalm and is a far more personal supplication. The psalm ends with the hope of redemption for Israel; her poem's speaker seeks personal peace.

In 1805, ThB wrote to Rev. Henry Moore, "In reference to Mary, my greatest satisfaction arises from her having particularly marked some of the psalms in her Bible, especially some verses in the one hundred and seventh psalm; but I am sure her literary taste has been very injurious to her faith, for almost every modern admired production is more or less tinctured with infidelity" (quoted in Smith 211–12).

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The unuttered prayer, the half breathed sigh,
Still let it reach thy pitying ear!

Unworthy as I am, from thee
My soul with hope will mercy claim,
For Thou has made us; Thou canst see,
With mercy, crimes, which man would blame.

If thou should'st mark, with eye severe,
Thy children's faults, Ah! who could stand?
Ah! who with boldness could appear
Or bless his God's creating hand?

Despair might then with impious voice
Mock the vain tears of penitence,
And curse existence, not his choice,
Sad boon of free Omnipotence!

But Mercy ever dwells with Thee
Still to forgiveness Thou art prone!
That all with fearful hope may see
Their only refuge is thy throne.

On Thee, with humble confidence,
My suffering soul for peace shall wait,
Thy love will comfort speak, and hence
Thy word my hopes shall animate.

The languid sufferer doomed to weep
While painful nights their course delay,
Hopeless of sweet refreshing sleep
Not more desires the morning ray,

Than this poor harassed, troubled soul
Hath watched for inly-whispered peace,

'Till mercy shall its fears control
And bid its anxious sorrows cease.

And still at mercy's sacred seat
Let all thy children, Lord! be found.
For love is there, and at thy feet
Consoling hopes, and joys abound.

Verses
Written when a detachment of Yeomen were sent against the rebel army

Oh! my gallant dear defenders,
Beloved Yeomen! Erin's pride!
Every hope my soul surrenders,
If we thus your force divide.

When, to meet a savage foe,
Each exulting hero armed,
Weeping I beheld them go,
Every fear my heart alarmed.

Yes, I marked the electric flame
Run thro' every bosom bold,
As o'erjoyed, each heard his name
In the glorious list enrolled.

In the hour of doubt and terror,
For myself I felt no fear,

1: dear defenders] Henry Tighe, MT's husband, was among the detachment of Yeomen. See "Bryan Byrne," note to line 76. The inscription on the shield in MT's illustration dates this poem "Dublin July 13. 1798." The Latin phrase on the shield, "I secundo Omine!," is from Horace (bk. 3, Ode 11, ll. 50–51) and means "Go, and may all good go with you."

'Till mercy shall its fears control
And bid its anxious sorrows cease.

And still at mercy's sacred seat
Let all thy children, Lord! be found.
For love is there, and at thy feet
Consoling hopes, and joys abound.

Verses
Written when a detachment of Yeomen were sent against the rebel army

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But I mourned my country's error,
Shed for her the bitter tear.

And for you, beloved Yeomen!
Oh! what tears I shed for you!
Save them Heaven! from foes inhuman,
Shield those breasts so firm, so true.

Must those chosen youths then perish?
Is it thus, just Heaven! decreed?
Must the fondest hope we cherish,
Must our gallant Yeomen bleed?

No, with omens more auspicious,
Linda, cheer thy trembling heart
Heaven shall hear thy prayers propitious,
Heaven shall take thy heroes' part!

All my wishes Heaven hath granted,
If, my fears and sorrows past,
I shall see these youths undaunted
Gloriously return at last.

But if, o'er my country lowering,
Ruin must her banners wave,
Sheltered from the storm devouring,
Let me find a timely grave.

Sensibility

Ah! well I know what pangs await
  Where feeling prompts the frequent sigh,
Nor to be envied is the state
  Of boasted Sensibility.

Philosophy will ne'er despise
  The smile which calm Indifference wears,
Tho' coarse and homely to our eyes
  Her unattractive form appears.

That homely coarseness plainly shews
  The soundness of her healthful state,
It speaks an undisturbed repose
  That slumbers mid the storms of fate.

Those storms which can at once deprive
  Of every hope, & peace destroy
In souls to pleasure more alive
  Who keenly taste each transient joy.

But Wisdom sure may something yield
  To meliorate their tender woes,
Her aid afford a timely shield,
  To guard their trembling weak repose.

Let her assist the softer heart
  Which fortune's frowns too deeply feels,
Its hopes to hang with prudent art
  But loosely on her giddy wheels.

Sensibility] This poem would seem to be a critique of the fashionable cult of sensibility and, by implication, its literary practitioners, such as Laurence Sterne and Helen Maria Williams.

Oh! let them, warned, to drink forbear
Too deeply from joy's flowing horn,
Refuse her proffered gifts to share,
Her sudden flight they so may scorn.

The prince who graciously received
A beauteous toy of fragile frame,
By which the artist vain believed
To gain a proud immortal name,

To pieces dashed the glittering toy
A weak regret in time to spare,
Lest chance should unforseen destroy
The darling object of his care.

Prudence the caution would approve
And bids us learn to imitate,
And what too ardently we love
Timely forego, preventing fate.

"See while the Juggler Pleasure smiles"

See while the Juggler Pleasure smiles
Before our dazzled face,

Pleasure] For another poetic treatment of this subject, a major issue in MT's life, see "Pleasure."

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Pleasure] For another poetic treatment of this subject, a major issue in MT's life, see "Pleasure."

Enchanted by her various wiles
We watch each sportive grace.
But while the fascinating Dame
Holds fix'd our wond'ring eyes,
She robs us of our peace and fame
The gems we most should prize.

"If Slander sting thy swelling heart"

If Slander sting thy swelling heart
Let this assuage the cruel woe,
The Wasp still turns his venom'd dart
'Gainst sweetest flowers that brightest glow.

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Let this assuage the cruel woe,
The Wasp still turns his venom'd dart
'Gainst sweetest flowers that brightest glow.

Written
On the acquittal of Hardy &c.

Dec[r] 1794

Oh! Erskine! say does not thy generous breast
  Beat high with triumph at thy country's love?
  Thy strong exertions dost thou not approve,
And deem thy virtue and thy labours blest?
When proud Oppression heard thy nervous voice
  He shrunk behind the shield which Falsehood rear'd;
  The injur'd sufferer then no longer fear'd,
And Truth and Justice bad the world rejoice.
But who for thee shall twine the laurel bough
  While sanction'd Murder stalks in martial shew?
  What heav'n taught numbers in thy praise shall flow?
And who prepare the wreath to bind thy brow?
  Sweeter, far sweeter task to raise thy fame
  Than his, whose tribute conquering tyrants claim!

1794] In November 1794, in three separate trials, Thomas Hardy, secretary of the London Corresponding Society, John Horne Tooke, and John Thelwall were tried for high treason. All three were acquitted to great public rejoicing. The trials were an effort on the part of William Pitt's government to quash the British radical movement.

1: Erskine] The Lord Chancellor Thomas Erskine (1750–1823), close friend of Charles James Fox and Richard Brinsley Sheridan, successfully defended Hardy and others by arguing that they were interested in bringing about a revolution in ideas, not a violent political revolution.

The Dove

Anacreon
Ode 15

Graceful dove, on pinion light,
Whither dost thou bend thy flight?
Whence the fragrance thou dost bear
Breathing thro' the perfumed air,
Showering from thy rapid wing
All the odours of the spring?
  Fond Enquirer, let me go
Sappho's dove thou sure shouldst know.
To Bathylus, to her love,
Sappho sends her faithful dove,
To Bathylus who all hearts
Rules by soft bewitching arts.
Gift of Venus for a song
I to Sappho now belong,
And to both forever true,
Love I serve, and Sappho too.
Soaring thro' the liquid air
See the tablets which I bear
Promised for my swift return
Liberty which yet I spurn.
Wherefore should I wander wide
O'er the mountain's pathless side,
Or weary seek the tender shoot
To crop the wild wood's tasteless fruit,

Ode 15] Anacreon's "On a Dove" is often referred to as Ode 9. MT follows the alternate numbering system adopted by Thomas Moore in *The Odes of Anacreon, Translated into English Verse, with Notes*. Possibly MT composed this poem as a playful response to Moore's translation. MT's version is faithful to the original in many respects, although she introduces Sappho as a character and alters the ending somewhat. See also *Psyche* (1805) in which the faithful Dove plays a major role.

When now from Sappho's hand, at will,
I snatch my food with fearless bill,
From the full bowl allowed to sip
Just kissed by Sappho's ruby lip;
A weary wanderer thro' air,
What greater freedom could I share?
While hovering sportive o'er her head
My fluttering pinions thus I spread,
Or resting on her lyre I hear
Its magic sounds with ravished ear.
Enough—farewell—loquacious grown,
Sappho will her dove disown.

Madagascar eclogue

Imitated from the Chev. du Parney

Ampoina
Fairest of the captive train,
  Raise thy silky-curtain'd eye;
Cease thy tears, and speak what pain
  Taught thy lovely breast that sigh.

Vaina
Shall the wretched Vaina dare
  Here her sorrows to deplore?
To her King her fears declare
  Those eyes shall see her love no more.

Ampoina
Lovelier than the morn's first ray
  Where is thy beloved gone?
Vaina, beauteous captive say
  Has thy lover faithless flown?

Vaina
In the battle's dreadful day
  Fierce and fearful was the fight.

Chev. du Parney] Évariste de Parny (1753–1814), a poet sometimes referred to as "The French Tibullus," was elected to the French Academy in 1803. His real-life lost love Esther is given the fictional name Éléanore in his *Les Poésies érotiques,* which appeared in 1778. The volume brought him celebrity and literary success. *Chansons Madécasses* (*Songs of Madagascar*) came out in 1787. It is based in part on his experience as governor-general of the French colonies in India and is one of the first prose poems written in French. He was also the author of the comic heroic poem "La Guerre des Dieux" (1799, "The War of the Gods"), which criticizes the Church. Other works include *Élégies* (1784) and *Goddam!* (1804), an allegorical poem attacking King George III, his family, and his subjects. MT's poem is based on de Parny's "Chanson VI," from *Chansons Madécasses.* There, the dialogue is between "Ampanani" and "Vaïna." MT's translation is fairly faithful to the original. See also MT's "Verses Imitated from the Chev. du Parney."

There perhaps he breathless lay,
Loving freedom, scorning flight.

Ampoina
Vaina, weep his loss no more,
Death, or flight his portion be,
Fate shall love and joy restore,
In thy King thy lover see.

Vaina
Let my Sovereign's pitying eye
Mark the tears which bathe his feet,
In the dust his slave would lie
Nor his angry glances meet.

Ampoina
Vaina fearlessly impart
Whence thy griefs redoubled rise?
Chosen of thy monarch's heart,
Fairest in thy monarch's eyes.

Vaina
To Vaina's lip with fond consent
Hath not her lover's oft been prest?
Those eyes to earth now sadly bent,
To his have all her heart confest.
Hath he not on this breast reclin'd?
Dwells he not ever in this heart?
And shall the power of earth conbin'd
Force his lov'd image to depart?

Ampoina
Captive maid, receive this veil;
Hide thy charms from every eye;
From thy King no wish conceal
Nothing will he now deny

Vaina
Oh permit thy wretched slave,
'Mid the fallen youths to seek
Him who fell a victim brave,
Let her press his pallid cheek.

Ampoina
Maid of sorrow, go in peace,
Perish him whose barbarous loves,
Could for selfish joys encrease
The woe thy gentle bosom proves.

The Kiss

Imitated from Voiture

Le soleil ne luit pas &c;

When the Sun with amorous beams
  Greets with kisses soft the rose,
Pleas'd the blushing beauty seems,
  And with brighter lustre glows.

When his harbinger of joy
  Tells Aurora he is near,
Blushes of celestial dye
  O'er her glowing charms appear.

But a brighter, vermeil hue
  Deepen'd in my Celia's face,

Voiture] Vincent Voiture (1597–1648), a seventeenth-century French poet. Thomas Moore responded to MT's poem in his "To Mrs. ———, On Her Beautiful Translation of Voiture's Kiss" (1801):

> How heav'nly was the poet's doom,
> To breathe his spirit through a kiss;
> And lose within so sweet a tomb
> The trembling messenger of bliss!
>
> And, sure his soul return'd to feel
> That it *again* could ravish'd be;
> For in the kiss that thou didst steal,
> His life and soul have fled to thee.

Moore also wrote another short poem entitled "The Kiss" ("Grow to my lip, thou sacred kiss"), which may have been inspired either by Voiture or by MT's rendering of Voiture. MT wrote a second poem on the subject, also titled "The Kiss," beginning "Oh Florence! dearest Love! I have bid thee then Adieu!," which might have been a continuing part of this playful conversation with Moore. In 1802, Moore's song "When Time who steals our years away: A Ballad Dedicated to Mrs Henry Tighe of Rosanna" was published in London as sheet music.

Le soleil ne luit pas &c] From the eleventh-century French epic poem, *La Chanson de Roland*. The full passage reads, "le soleil ne luit pas, le blé ne peut pousser,/la pluie ne tombe pas, la rosée ne se pose pas" (The sun does not shine, wheat cannot grow,/Rain does not fall, the dew does not arise).

10: Celia's] A name familiar to readers of pastoral poetry.

Than the modest morn e'er knew,
Or the rose's bashful grace.

As I snatch'd the sudden kiss,
From my lips my heart hath flown,
Ravish'd by th' enchanting bliss,
Mad resign'd its native throne.

This deserted breast it left,
Thro' these lips it past to thine,
Of my "bosom's lord" bereft,
Hopeless now I languid pine.

There, a wretched slave enchain'd,
Pants the trembling pris'ner still,
Still reluctantly retain'd,
Captive to thy sovereign will.

See thy sad repentant lover,
Of himself and thee bereft,
Let him now his peace recover,
Willing to restore his theft.

Dearly paid the fatal pleasure,
Oh forgive the transient bliss!
Yield me up my bosom's treasure,
And let me give back the Kiss!

19: "bosom's lord"] Shakespeare uses this expression in *Romeo and Juliet* (Act 5, sc. 1, l. 3); these are also the concluding words in Thomas Dermody's "Sonnet, to the Rev. Mr. Sterling" (1792), which apostrophizes the spirit of Spenser.

Imitated from a Sonnet Written by Mad. de la Valliere

Yes, all must perish, all must fade,
  The tenderest heart must cease to love;
Ah fool! by hope in vain betray'd,
  Who thought unchanging truth to prove.

The years of old in all their course
  Eternal loves have never seen,
Nor constancy with greater force
  O'er ages yet to come shall reign.

Her laws alas, thou wilt not hear,
  No skill thy changeful heart can bind,

de la Valliere] Mad^me^ de la Valliere se plaignit tendrement au Roi de son changement, il lui repondit avec froideur qu'il etoit trop sincere pour lui cacher sa passion pour Mad^me^ de Montespan. Mad^me^ de la Valliere envoyà au Roi ce sonnet.

Tout se detruit, tout passe; & le coeur le plus tendre
Ne peut d'un même objet se contenter toujours;
Le passé n'a point vu d'éternelles amours,
Et le[s] siècles futurs n'en doivent point attendre:
La constance a des lois qu'on ne veut point entendre;
Des desseins d'un grand Roi rien n'arrête le cours:
Ce qui plait aujourd hui déplaît en peu de jours
Son inégalité ne sauroit se contraindre.
Tous ces défauts grand Roi font tort à vos vertus.
Vous m'aimiez autrefoi, & vous ne m'aimez plus,
Ah! que mes sentimens, sont diffèrens de vôtres;
Amour! à qui je dois et mon mal, et mon bien,
Que ne lui donner vous un coeur comme le mien?
Ou que ne m'avez vous fait le mien comme les autres?

Ce sonnet fut loué de Louis, mais il se contenta d'assurer Mad: de la Valliere qu'il auroit toujours de l'estime pour elle—S^t^ Simon [*MT's note*]. MT draws her note from the *Mémoires* of Louis de Rouvroy Saint-Simon (3:364–65). Louise de La Vallière (1644–1710) was, for six years, the mistress of King Louis XIV of France. She bore him four children, only two of whom survived infancy. Eventually, she was replaced in the king's affections by Madame de Montespan. In 1674, she entered the Carmelite convent in the Faubourg Saint-Jacques in Paris. Her *Réflexions sur la miséricorde de Dieu* and *Lettres de Mme la Duchesse de la Vallière* were both published posthumously in 1767. MT's poem captures the ideas and mood of La Vallière's sonnet while, at the same time, exercising poetic license.

Thy vows may charm to day the ear,
  But fly before to-morrow's wind.

And what so late possess'd the art
  Thy fondness too much priz'd to gain,
Already, banish'd from thy heart,
  Thy pity now can scarce obtain.

Oh Love! to whom at once I owe
  All that can sooth, or rend my soul;
Dear source of all my joy and woe,
  Why feel I still thy strong control?

Give me like him, releas'd & free,
  To bear no more thy heavy chain:
Or, Oh take back his liberty
  And teach his heart to share my pain.

Verses Imitated from Du Moustier

Submit at length, poor struggling heart,
  To drink the cold Lethean draught,
With every fond memorial part,
  Tear from thy bleeding breast the shaft.

That bleeding breast, this weeping eye,
  The balm of peace shall then restore,
And thou may'st then forget to sigh,
  And think of him so lov'd no more.

Du Moustier] Charles Albert Demoustier (1760–1801), a descendant of both Racine and La Fontaine, is best known for his *Lettres à Emilie sur la mythologie,* published in six parts between 1786 and 1798. MT's translation is of a poem from "Lettre XLIV" in that work, said to have been composed by Sappho before she plunged into the water to her death (3:68–69).

And must I think of him no more?
With trembling transport own his voice?
Nor bless the joy-admitting door
Which opening bad my soul rejoice?

The morn no more shall see me rise
Eager to watch his hop'd return,
And stretch in vain my longing eyes,
And all the day impatient mourn.

Must I no more expect him here,
And count the weary hours in sorrow,
And sigh as evening shades appear,
Hope whisp'ring still "he comes to-morrow?"

Must I no more indulge the dreams
Which oft could solitude beguile?
Where seated by me yet he seems,
And fancy paints th' enchanting smile.

Must I, alas, no longer now
Image delights where he appears?
And breathes for me the tender vow,
And marks with soften'd eye my tears.

Delusions, whose bewitching power
Supported oft my widow'd heart,
And thou, who gladden'd sorrow's hour,
False, flatt'ring Hope! with all I part.

But worse than every varied pain,
Than all the ills I suffer'd yet,
And sure the hardest to sustain
Is the chill voice which says Forget.

Verses Imitated from the Chev. du Parney

Il est tems mon Eleonore! &c

1798

The time is come, beloved friend!
  The moment of delusion past!
Here let our faults, our weakness end,
  And here our errors cease at last.

'Tis time to stop the idle tears
  Which tender sorrow taught to flow,
Silence the hopes, resist the fears,
  Forbid the sigh, restrain the woe.

The brilliant moments of delight
  Are past, the sweet enchantment o'er,
Our swift wing'd pleasures take their flight,
  Oh let us dream of joy no more!

du Parney] See the note to MT's "Madagascar Eclogue," also a translation of a poem by de Parny.

Eleonore &] The first line of De Parny's "Le Départ," which reads:

Il est temps, mon Éléonore,
De mettre un terme à nos erreurs;
Il est temps d'arrêter les pleurs
Que l'amour nous dérobe encore.
Il disparaît l'âge si doux,
L'âge brillant de la folie!
Lorsque tout change autour de nous,
Changeons, ô mon unique amie!
D'un bonheur qui fuit sans retour
Cessons de rappeler l'image;
Et des pertes du tendre Amour
Que l'Amitié nous dédommage.
Je quitte enfin ces tristes lieux
Où me ramena en l'Espérance,
Et l'Océan entre nous deux
Va mettre un intervalle immense!
Il faut meme qu'à mes adieux
Succéde une éternelle absence!
Le devoir m'en fait une loi.
Sur mon destin sois plus tranquille;
Mon nom passera jusqu'à toi:
Quel que soit mon nouvel asile,
Le tien parviendra jusqu'à moi.
Trop heureux si tu vis heureuse;
A cette absence douloureuse
Mon cœur pourra s'accoutumer.
Mais ton image va me suivre;
Et si je cesse de t'aimer,
Crois que j'aurai cessé de vivre.

Oh cease the image to recall
Of pleasures which must ne'er return;
Forget the past, and banish all
The fond ideas love would mourn!

I quit this melancholy spot,
Where Hope oft sung her syren song,
While deaf to all that reason taught
I madly listen'd to her tongue.

The laws of duty heard at length
I yield to her severe control,
And virtue's hand with potent strength
Shall burst the fetters of my soul.

Thy voice I must no longer hear
But in this last and sad Adieu,
And to that sound, which most I fear,
Eternal absence must ensue.

Yet tho' a dreaded distance vast,
And ocean's waves divide our fate,
My tedious days shall not be past
Unconscious of thy future state.

With beating heart, attentive ear,
Thy much lov'd name I oft shall seize,
Thou too, wilt sure with interest hear,
The name which once had power to please.

Accustom'd to this cruel pain
My heart may absence learn to bear,
But still thy image shall retain
'Till life shall throb no longer there!—

Imitation from Horace

Eheu fugaces &c Lib II. Ode XIV.

Alas! my friend, the flying years
  Glide with an all-resistless force!
Time mocks our idly wasted tears,
  Our efforts vain to stop his course.

Can piety delay his speed,
  Or hide his traces from our eyes?
Ah no, tho' hecatombs should bleed,
  And hourly prayers invoke the skies!

Destroying age his step attends,
  And daily steals from life some charm,
'Till faint beneath his power it bends,
  Expecting death's all-conquering arm.

For *this* at length must be our fate,
  To *this* alike we all must yield;
From him who boasts his regal state,
  To the poor slave who ploughs his field.

Yes, we have breathed the vital air,
  Have seen the sun's enlivening light,
The fruits of earth awhile to share,
  Have toiled the day, and wept the night.

Ode XIV] MT's poem seems to have been inspired by Horace's ode, but hers is not a literal translation. Horace was an important poetic influence on MT, who wrote two other poems based upon his work—"Imitation from Horace" ("At last the wintry gloom is o'er") and "To Caroline." She also refers to him as "the bard" in "La Cittadina" and quotes six lines in Latin from his "Ode VII" in a note to *Psyche* (canto V, l. 211 n.). The text of "Written in an Horace given on my birth-day by H. Vaughan" was inscribed on a blank leaf in a volume of Horace's writings.

7: hecatombs] In ancient Greece, sacrifices to the gods of one hundred cattle.

For this, condemned, the price to pay,
And sink at last beneath the grave,
Forced to forego each tender stay,
And pass th' irremeable wave.

In vain we guard, with idle care,
Our bodies destined to the tomb,
In vain we shun the noxious air,
The fatal hour shall bring our doom.

Regardless of surrounding ease,
Death hovers o'er Arcadian bowers,
Nor, but his destined prey can seize,
Tho' sanguine Mars invoke his powers.

No form of danger need appall,
No skill our cherish'd good can shield;
One certain fate awaits on all,
Nor cautious love defence can yield.

Fearless, my friend, pursue thy way,
Tho' loud the hoarse Atlantic roars,
Tho' threatening rocks demand their prey,
And pale disease should waste the shores.

Ah! what avails the pleasing friend,
The loved companion prized in vain?
Soon, soon to Death our joys descend,
Nor shall we long to weep remain.

The flowers shall blow, the sun shall rise,
The fragrant earth shall charm the eye,
When we no more these charms can prize,
And in the dust forgotten lie.

24: irremeable] Affording no possibility of return (*OED*).

Of all this earth which blooms so gay,
Nought but the grave shall soon be ours,
Exchanged for night the cheerful day,
For cypress glooms these roseate bowers.

Imitation from Horace

Lib: 1. Ode. IV.
Solvitur acris &c

At last the wintry gloom is o'er,
The mingled storm no longer flies,
Inclement winds are heard no more,
And sweet Favonius rules the skies.

Once more the sailor quits his home,
And hears with hope the flattening gales,
The syren breezes tempt to roam,
And softly woo his swelling sails.

52: Cyprus glooms] Cypress trees had been associated with death since classical times and were often planted in English graveyards.

Ode IV] MT incorporates many of the themes and images of Horace's ode, but her poem is not a literal translation. MT follows Horace in describing how spring loosens the grip of winter, while acknowledging the brevity of human life and how death awaits us all; however, she leaves out elements of the original, such as Vulcan, the Cyclops, Pluto, Lycidas, and Sestius, and puts greater emphasis on the joyful celebration of spring.

Solvitur acris] Horace's ode begins "Solvitur acris hiems grata vice veris."

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To gambol o'er the vivid green
From whence dissolving frosts are fled,
Jocund the sportive flocks are seen,
Fresh springing from their wintry shed.

The labourer now no longer leaves
Reluctantly his blazing fire,
The cheerful dawn he glad perceives
And hails it with the vocal choir.

But when pale Cynthia rules the night,
The nymphs by Cytherea led,
With quick, alternate, footsteps light,
In the gay dance together tread.

With myrtles fresh, and tender leaves,
Now be your graceful tresses bound,
Or cull the sweetest, flowery wreaths
Which Spring profusely throws around.

Behold! each hill arrayed anew.
See how the fruitful vallies glow!
The softened earth assumes each hue,
The breathing sweets around us blow.

Now in the shadowy sacred groves
The sacrifice to Faunus bring,
Dress the green altar of the Loves,
And let the nymphs around it sing.

17: Cynthia] Diana, Apollo's twin sister. In *Psyche* (1805), MT refers to her as the "brightest goddess of the skies" (canto V, l. 191).

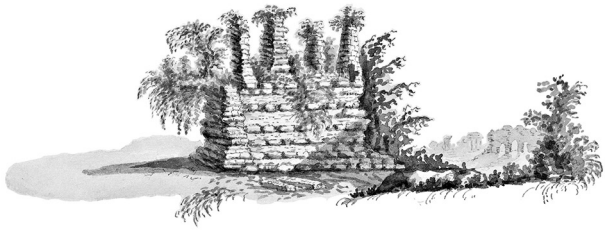
18: Cytherea] Aphrodite, Greek goddess of love and beauty (Venus in Roman mythology).

30: Faunus] Roman god of fertility, of the wild natural world, of fields, forest, and plains (Pan in Greek mythology).

Our little life forbids delay,
  Alas! how soon our Spring is gone!
How quickly fades our summer's day,
  Our transient bloom of pleasure flown.

With equal steps pale Death invades
  The lowly cot, and lofty dome,
Arcadia's bloom his presence fades,
  And Virtue's self even finds a tomb.

Thee too, Beloved youth! his power
  Shall soon oppress with gloomy night,
No more to glad our festive hour,
  For ever ravished from our sight!



Imitated from an Elegy attributed to Sulpicia

Est qui te, Cerinthe, &c.
Vide Tibul. lib IV.

May. 1803

Oh! ever dear, and sacred day,
  That gave Cerinthus to the light,

38: cot] Cottage.

Vide Tibul. lib IV.] Book 4 of the poetic works of the Roman poet Albius Tibullus (55-19 BCE) contains elegies and letters attributed to Sulpicia and, during MT's time, were said to be the only surviving love poems by a woman living in ancient Rome. In recent years, critics such as Robert K. Hubbard in "The Invention of Sulpicia" have argued that Sulpicia was a fictional persona, created by Tibullus or one of his male contemporaries.

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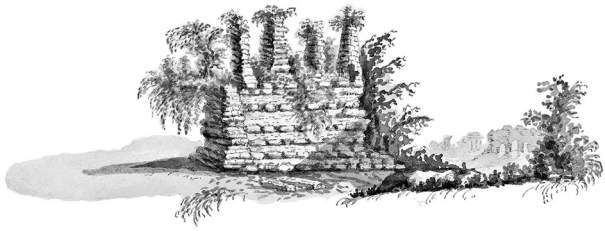

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And bad him hold unrivall'd sway,
O'er every key of soft delight.

The fates on him, with lavish hand,
Bestow'd each captivating art,
And smil'd to see him still demand
A worthless gift, his Lesbia's heart.

But since propitious to thy vows
That heart Cerinthus, now is thine,
And hope the mutual prayer allows,
That brighter days for each shall shine

By the dark glances of thine eyes,
And by that sweet persuasive tongue,
On which with speechless, fond surprise
Her charmed soul so oft hath hung.

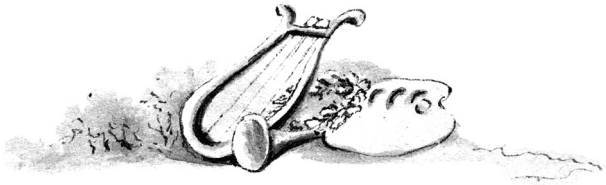
By all those graceful, winning charms
She lov'd in silence still to trace,
Indulgent hear her weak alarms,
And if thou canst, her terrors chace.

Say that with her, and her alone,
Thy constant heart can sympathise,
Thy purest wishes all her own,
Thy nightly prayers, thy daily sighs.

Or if to Lesbia's love unjust,
Thine heart a newer chain can wear,
Unmindful of that sacred trust,
Our parting sorrows bid thee share.

Oh, then release her captive soul,
In vain to hopeless woe reserv'd,
Let both be freed from love's control,
Or both in willing bonds preserv'd.

Oh, rather thus, thus both remain
  Indissolubly, dearly join'd!
Nor ever may this golden chain,
  Some future, fatal day unbind.



Imitations from Catullus
I

Miser Catulle &c

Fond Catullus! cease to grieve
  What is lost, esteem as lost.
Never can regrets retrieve
  Pleasures which thy fates have crost.

Brilliant shone the star of day,
  Smiling o'er thy happy hours,
When beneath thy Lesbia's sway,
  Love directed all thy powers.

Catullus] Gaius Valerius Catullus (c. 84–c. 54 BCE), Roman poet who influenced Virgil, Horace, and Ovid.

Miser Catulle &c] MT's inspiration is Catullus's poem 8, beginning "Miser Catulle, desinas ineptire," but she takes many liberties with the original. Most strikingly, she softens the invective against Lesbia and Catullus.

7: Lesbia's] The name Catullus chose to refer to his married lover, often assumed to be Clodia, the inspiration for and subject of many of his poems. He likely took the pseudonym from Sappho, whose poetry he adapted, and, thus, readers would see the subject of his poems as a figurative Greek courtesan (Catullus, *Poems,* xxii–xxiii).

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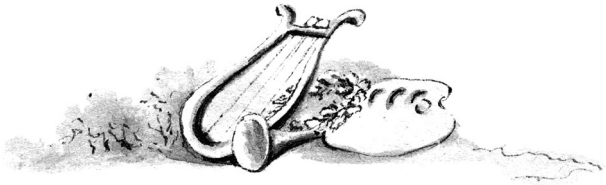

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Loving more than youth e'er lov'd,
Once adored! I sure may say
O'er the joys we both have proved,
Brilliant shone the star of day!

But she joys in thee no more,
Bid the false one then Adieu!
Wretched fool! at length give o'er
Her, who flies thee, to pursue.

Now no more thy love desiring,
See me changed, thy scorn forbear!
Nothing new from thee requiring,
Hard of heart, and false as fair!

Yet I know, regret will oft
Stain thy cheek with tears for me,
When recalled in moments soft,
Then our pleasures past shalt see.

When no more thy slave returning
Dwells enraptured on thy charms,
Who with equal transports burning
E'er shall seek thy circling arms?

Thou who know'st so well the pleasure
Of the fond, impassioned sigh,
Thou wilt mourn thy slighted treasure,
What can love like mine supply?

Yes, I know that soon relenting,
Scorn for scorn she shall receive,
But thy fate no more lamenting,
Fond Catullus, cease to grieve!

II

Si qua recordanti &c

If ought of conscious worth the soul can cheer,
Or wasted faith, or truth in vain sincere,
Or purest sentiments unstained by art
May with remembrance sooth the injured heart,
Then much, tho' love be lost, to thee remains,
To heal with past delights thy present pains;
For thou, abandoned though thou art, canst claim
That self-applause which frees from guile, or blame,
And all that fond affection could perform
This hast thou done, from hopes most pure, most warm.
All, all to perish, squandered on a heart
Which thankless owns no sympathising part;
Wherefore then idly thus consume thy soul?
Rouse thee at length, thy weak regrets control,
Collect thy strength, bid reason bring relief,
And spite of fate itself dismiss thy grief.
'Tis hard, long cherished feelings to repel,
And each loved image from the heart expel,
But yet this must be done, fulfil the task,
Nor seek evasion, nor a respite ask:
One only part remains, one last resource
For this exert thy soul's extremest force,
Yet this last effort make, deferred too long
And powerless as thou art, for once be strong.
Oh! sweetest Heaven, if mercy be thy boast,
If still it love to save the wretch most lost,
Look on me now! in pity bid me rest,
Tear this consuming mischief from my breast,

Si qua recordanti &c] Poem 76 begins "Si qua recordanti benefacta priora voluptas est homini" (Catullus). MT takes inspiration and subject matter from the original, but her poem is an imaginative elaboration rather than a literal translation.

These torturing pangs which inwardly destroy
Blast every hope, and poison every joy.
I ask not love—no more my idle prayers,
Invoke a bliss of which my soul despairs,
I ask not Heaven with purely, constant fire
That cold and faithless bosom to inspire,
My own relief is all I now implore,
This suffering soul at last to health restore;
From these indignant pangs in mercy save,
And steep my anguish in oblivion's wave.

III

Veranni omnibus &c

Tenderest friend, so long deplored,
  Art thou then indeed returning?
To thy friends, thy home restored,
  Turn to joy thy mother's mourning.

I shall see thee safe, and hear
  All the dangers thou hast past,
While thy voice, my longing ear
  Sweetly satisfies at last.

Herald of approaching joys,
  Blessed messenger of bliss!
Soon his lips, and dearer eyes
  I shall press with many a kiss.

Veranni omnibus &c] MT is inspired by the subject and mood of Catullus's "Ad Verannium" (To Verannius) 9, beginning "Veranni, omnibus è meis amicis," but does not offer a literal translation.

Each peculiar grace so charming
I already seem to own,
Fear no more my heart alarming,
Who such perfect bliss hath known?

IV

Iucundum mea vita &c

Dearest! did I hear thee say
That our love should ever last?
Oh! on this auspicious day
Be thy vows sincerely past.

Purely from thy inmost soul,
May the soothing promise flow;
May our loves united roll,
Nor divided current know.

If thine heart is wholly mine,
Oh! may fate our wishes crown!
All our future hours entwine,
Pillowed on affection's down.

Iucundum mea vita &c] MT takes Catullus's six-line poem 109, beginning "Iucundum, mea vita, mihi," as inspiration for her twelve-line poem with similar subject matter. This is the final poem to Lesbia, and the implication is that she has, at last, succumbed to Catullus's wooing and agreed to marry (Catullus, *Poems,* 183).

V

"Vivamus mea Lesbia &c"

Let us Lesbia, ever loving,
  Live our life's so fleeting day,
Heed not sages' stern reproving,
  Heed not what the rigid say.

Lo! the Sun extinct appearing,
  In the depths of Ocean lies,
Soon Aurora's whispers cheering,
  O'er the hills shall bid him rise.

But when death's perpetual slumbers
  Once have sealed our eyes in night,
Magic charms, nor magic numbers,
  Wake us to no second light.

While the fates are yet consenting,
  Now with kisses crown our joy,
Kisses countless still preventing
  Numbering of the curious eye.

VI

"Quæris quot mihi &c"

Rather bid thine ardent lover
  Tell the sands on Libya's shore,

Vivamus mea Lesbia &c] Of all of Catullus's poems, this one, Poem 5, beginning "Vivamus mea Lesbia, atque amemus," may be the best known and most often translated. MT takes liberties with the original to shape her own poetic statement.

Quæris quot mihi &c] MT is faithful to the ideas in Catullus's Poem 7, beginning "Quaeris, quot mihi basiationes," although she takes considerable poetic license with their expression.

Than the number to discover
Of the joys his lips implore.

Countless thousands be thy kisses
As the starry eyes of night,
When the lover's secret blisses
Silently she veils from sight.

Mixed with mine in sweet confusion,
So swiftly let thy kisses flow,
That inquisitive intrusion
Never may their number know.

Thy Catullus fondly sighing,
Kisses numberless would ask,
That the envious eye espying
Vain may own the curious task.

Translations from the Carm: Quad.
I

"Vespere sub verno &c"

See the fair, vernal Eve begins to smile!
At length the showers are past; yet drops awhile
The sweet relenting face of Heaven distils,
And the fresh breeze with balmy fragrance fills.
Now shines the bow with interrupted gleam

Carm: Quad.] *Carmina quadragesimalia ab aedis Christi alumnis composita* (1723 and many subsequent editions). One of the original editors of this anthology was Charles Este (1696–1745), who became bishop of Waterford and Lismore and restored what had once been the bishop's palace in Kilkenny, not far from Woodstock, the Tighe family estate.

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While the fields brighten in th' uncertain beam.
O'er the moist plains the frequent fungus swells,
A deeper verdure on the valley dwells.
Shook from the aged branch the vigorous snail
Dares in the path his shining course to trail,
While mid the thicket that o'erhangs the way
The glow worm trembling shoots his emerald ray;
Ah! not for us could Eve such charms diffuse,
Or shed o'er all those brightly lovelier hues,
Had not our morning's lustre been o'erpowered
And black deforming clouds o'er day's sad bosom lowered!

II
Cupid's Quiver

"Diversos animos &c"

To fix the conquest of each varying mind
The Idalian Boy has various arms assigned;
If eagle plumage cleave the sounding air
Then heroes' hearts are doomed to amorous care;
But if the peacock's gaudy tail supplies
A lighter wound, the coxcomb Cotta dies;
And still, loquacious girl! to point thy words
The chattering pie his ready plume affords.
But when enamoured on his Lesbia's strain,
The languid lover hangs with thrilling pain
'Tis Philomela wings the softer dart,
And bids each liquid note dissolve the heart.
While 'mid the wanton youth he hurls his arrows,
Light fly the feathers of his Mother's sparrows.

Diversos animos &c] The opening words of "An Effectus requirat Agentem sibi proportionatum? Affirmatur," which begins "Diversos animos ut vincere possit amantûm."

2: Idalian] Idalium was an ancient city in Cyprus, sacred to Venus.

But when my Celia's heart he sought to move
He chose the plumage of her favorite dove,
And gently stole from the unguarded nest
The softest down that cloathed his faithful breast.
  Ah! who can hope to shun the crafty Boy
Who can so surely wound, such different arms employ?

III
The Fly

"Picta auro &c"

Busy, hovering, timid guest,
Come, and share my friendly feast,
Buzzing, bathe thy taper limb,
Hum the Anacreontic hymn.
Fearless, here thy light wing dip,
Largely quaff, or sparing sip,
Here indulge the genial hour,
Hail the joy-bestowing power,
While the fates yet lingering stay,
And o'er thy little web delay,
Thy little web too quickly crushed,

Picta auro &] "Picta auro et nitidis variata Coloribus alis." In Ritson's *English Songs,* this poem is entitled "The Fly" with the added note: "Made extempore by a gentleman, occasioned by a fly drinking out of his cup of ale." Thomas translated it into Latin from English for the *Carmina Quadragesimalia.* The original author is unknown.

In dark oblivion rudely brushed,
With doom alas! resembling mine;
Yet must not you or I repine,
Since death alike triumphant sat
O'er Virgil and o'er Virgil's Gnat!

IV
The Grass-hopper

"Parvula progenies &c"

Little progeny of Spring!
To the light-winged Zephyr born,
Thoughtless, idle, chirping thing,
Gayest tenant of the morn!

Cherished still by Ceres' care,
Dear to Phœbus ever thou!
Freely they have bid thee share,
All that yields the fruitful plough.

While the fragrant turf is green,
While the yellow harvests wave,
All that culture's eye hath seen
All that earth profusely gave.

All is thine! behold for thee
Their milky arms the lillies spread!

52: Virgil's Gnat] The attribution of "Culex," or "The Gnat," to Virgil is now considered spurious. Spenser translated it from the original Latin under the title "Virgil's Gnat." A sleeping man, awakened by a gnat, kills the insect before realizing that he has regained consciousness just in time to defend himself against a snake. Later, the man dreams that the ghost of the gnat scolds him for being ungrateful.

Parvula progenies &c] This fourteen-line Latin poem appears under the heading "An Vita consistat in Calore? Affirmatur" and begins "Parvula progenies Veris Zephyrique, Cicada."

5: Ceres] Roman goddess of agriculture, fertility, and motherly nurturing.

And the dewy nectar see
O'er thy drunken goblets shed!

Stanzas from Petrarca

When smiling fate propitious to my prayer
Leads me with trembling joy to Laura's feet,
That soothing voice relieves my dark despair,
Which Love himself inspires with accents sweet.
Eager I catch each rapture-breathing sound,
And gaze with transport on her smile benign,
The loves which in each rosy blush are found,
The sprinkled gold with which her tresses shine.
Ah! where is now the calm that once I felt,
No longer peace within this heart shall reign,
In soft confusion at her sight I melt,
And feel what language never can explain.
Absent, her voice still vibrates in my ear,
Her image still my soul enkindled fires,
No other sound but this I seem to hear,
No other form attention e're inspires.
But Ah! the passion which my bosom knows
My silent tongue must never dare express.
The still-consuming flame which inly glows
In secret nourished I must ne'er confess.

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The Flowers

from Mad[me] Deshouliers

Dec[r] 1795

Sweet blooming Flowers! pride of our glowing plains
Your life tho' short, is blest, and free from pains.
Too oft alas, one swift, but happy day
Concludes your charms, and blights your beauties gay.
The kindest fate but a few suns allows
Even to thy lustre, queen of summer, Rose!
Yet ah! lament not this, love-favored flowers!
Tho' short your date, tho few your balmy hours,
No crime, no sorrow, and no anxious fears,
Shed o'er your peaceful joys their baneful tears.
Your innocent delights are ever free
From stern constraint, and cruel jealousy;
That pure unmingled pleasure which you know
When spring returns, and Zephyr whispers low
Soft notes of love to the enamoured heart,
Is ne'er disturbed by dark suspicion's art.
No cruel doubt your happiness destroys,
Tho' far from you he tastes of other joys;
And tho' he courts each odour as it flies,
And tho' for others he inconstant sighs,

Mad[me] Deshouliers] Antoinette du Ligier de la Garde Deshoulières (1638–1694), French poet known especially for her idylls "The Birds," "The Sheep," and "The Flowers," although she also wrote in other forms, including elegies, odes, ballads, eclogues, madrigals, and songs. Voltaire considered her the finest of the French woman poets. "Les fleurs" (The Flowers), first published in 1677 and the inspiration for MT's poem, begins:

Que votre éclat est peu durable,
Charmantes fleurs, honneur de nos jardins!
Souvent un jour commence et finit vos destins,
Et le sort le plus favorable
Ne vous laisse briller que deux ou trois matins.
Ah! consolez-vous-en, jonquilles, tubéreuses.
Vous vivez peu de jours, mais vous vivez heureuses;

And tho' your absent sweets he never mourns,
Unconscious you rejoice when he returns!
Too delicate a wish his heart to fix,
Ne'er in your joys its bitterness can mix;
You never can that mortal anguish prove
Which feeds on tender hearts, when what they love
Inconstant, or ungrateful they behold
Warm with another love, or to their passion cold.

Love
Imitated from Florian

Alas! how cruel are the cares of Love,
But the cold void, which souls unfeeling prove,

Florian] Jean-Pierre Claris de Florian (1755–1794), French poet and fiction writer. MT's poem is inspired by his song "Plaisir d'amour" ("The Pleasure of Love"), which appeared in his fictional work "Célestine, nouvelle espagnole" (119) as words set to a rustic air.

Plaisir d'amour ne dure qu'un moment;
Chagrin d'amour dure toute la vie.
J'ai tout quitté pour l'ingrate Sylvie;
Elle me quitte, et prend un autre amant.
Plaisir d'amour ne dure qu'un moment;
Chagrin d'amour dure toute la vie.

Tant que cette eau coulera doucement
Vers le ruisseau qui borde la prairie,
Je t'aimerai, me répétoit Sylvie:

And tho' your absent sweets he never mourns,
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Is far more cruel, and the gaudy toys
Which pride and grandeur offer us for joys,
With vanity's alluring, empty train
Of pleasures, are not worth love's tender pain.
He on whom fortune lavishes her store
'Till greedy avarice can ask no more,
Whom slaves surround, whom honors seem to bless
Oft feels a void more painful than distress.
He then looks back upon his humbler years,
Regretted youth to memory's eye appears.
The tender pleasures which his heart had known
When love and innocence were all his own.
Tho' fortune frowned upon his state obscure,
Perhaps despised, and indigently poor,
Yet Love was his—and its remembrance sweet,
Tho' but remembrance—yields him charms more great
Than all the enjoyments of the present hour
Tho' heaped with riches, and adorned with power.
Oh Love! 'tis thee alone can'st fill the heart,
Thou only canst a pure delight impart,
Source of each joy which fills the ravished mind
While sacred virtue to thy path is joined;
Oh! may she still walk ever at thy side
Be thou her comforter, and she thy guide;
Offspring of Heaven! Oh! may you never leave
Each other's path, but mutual aid receive.
And if misfortunes in your road you meet
Or thorny cares perplex your wandering feet,
Still sooth each other thro' the painful way,

L'eau coule encore; elle a changé pourtant.
Plaisir d'amour ne dure qu'un moment;
Chagrin d'amour dure toute la vie.

Jean-Paul-Égide Martini (1741–1816) set Florian's words to music in 1784. Hector Berlioz arranged the song for orchestra (H134) in 1859. The song has had enduring popularity. Modern arrangements include performances by Joan Baez, Marianne Faithfull, Paul Robeson, and the Seekers, among others.

And never, never from each other stray!
Let not these woes your peace serene destroy,
They soon shall pass—and pure unmingled joy
With added lustre thro' the envious night
Shall shed around your path celestial light.
While soft reflection on distress endured
Shall add new charms unto your bliss secured.
So when the storms are past, and beating rains
No more descend in torrents o'er the plains,
A fresher verdure o'er the land is seen
While liquid pearls adorn the brilliant green,
The glowing flowers now raise the drooping head
And o'er the lands a richer fragrance shed.
With sweeter songs the birds from every spray
Bless the returning sun's enlivening ray,
And every charm the various sweets bestow
Reviving with redoubled beauties glow.

First Love

From "Il pr[i]mo Amore" Metastasio Canz: 15

Ah it is true! in vain we strive
To quench this first-felt amorous fire,
While life exists 'tis still alive,
And never, never can expire.

Concealed, oppressed, the secret flame,
Smothered by ashes seemed to die,

Metastasio Canz: 15] Pietro Metastasio (1698–1782), Italian poet and the most famous librettist for the opera seria in eighteenth-century Europe; his Cantata 15 begins: "Ah troppo è ver! Quell' amoroso adore,/Che altrui scaldò la prima volta il seno,/Mai per età, mai non si'estingue appieno." MT was inspired by Metastasio's depiction of unrequited love and remembrance. The first seven lines of her poem are faithful to the first eight lines of Metastasio's cantata, and her lines 73 to 76 closely reflect lines 28 to 32 in the Italian. But most of her 88-line poem deviates substantially from the 38-line original and is her own imaginative creation.

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A gentle breeze from Zephyr came,
Sudden it rose, and blazed on high.

So when I found my tranquil breast
Free from the anxious pains of love,
My silent passions hushed to rest,
I thought my heart was free to rove.

Resolved another view to take,
I bad the cruel fair adieu,
That instant saw the fire awake
With all its former powers anew.

A single glance decides my fate,
Again the lovely tyrant reigns,
My bosom feels unusual weight,
And frequent sighs confess its pains.

Amazed I felt my fears revive
Each other wish at once resigned,
Nor other hopes, nor joys alive
And in her eyes my fate designed.

Their powerful sway I own once more,
With anxious wishes pine again,
Again my hopeless love deplore
And gaze in silent, tender pain.

In vain to seek relief I fly,
To secret shades, or crowds, or noise,
Her form still swims before my eye,
My heart still hears alone her voice.

Ah! what avails corporeal flight?
Some object, whereso'er I turn,
Brings her loved image to my sight,
And busy memory bids me mourn.

Here I recal the time when first
The gentle spring of love I found,
In hopes soft arms then sweetly nursed
By fatal chains unconscious bound.

When all enraptured at the sight
I watched each movement of her eye,
And in that mirror dear and bright,
Saw and adored my destiny.

This place was witness of the vow
My timid heart in secret made,
And painfully reminds me now
With what delight those vows were paid.

There I remember how confused
In vain to tell my love I tried,
My timid tongue the task refused,
The amorous sounds within me died.

Here I reflect on what I felt,
My love displeased, reserved the while,
And there in tenderness I melt
In memory of a gracious smile.

That smile could ever fill my soul
With jealousy, or hope, or joy:
Its power my heart could still control
And the dark glooms of doubt destroy.

Here I remember with a sigh
The transports of my throbbing breast,
When first young love had timidly
Its trembling, raptured hopes confest.

Here I again my sorrows mourn
Again my doubts and terrors bear,

While cruel Memory bids return
The hours of sad suspence & Care.

While round me lovely nymphs appear,
And amorous youths their graces view,
I praise their forms, their beauties rare,
The lilly and the rose's hue.

But while I speak of Silvia's eyes,
Of Daphne's shape, or Chloe's face,
"Thy love," my whispering heart replies,
"Has matchless beauty, matchless grace."

Thus every object food becomes
For the devouring flame I prove,
And fuel adds to what consumes
Each wish, each thought, each hope but love.

Each charm reminds me but of thee
Dear Idol of my constant heart!
And never shall that heart be free
From its sweet fetters to depart.

My soul no laws but thine receives
Nor do I of my fate complain,
Sweet is his lot who only lives
A subject in thy gentle reign.

Imitated from Aulus Gellius

Love with his finger light imprest
  Near her bright lips a mystic seal,
And softness there delights to rest
  Ambrosia from her breath to steal.

The Violet

from the french

Modest in colour and in dress,
  In modest shades I grew,
And free from pride beneath the grass
  I hid my sweets from view;
But if once taken from my shade
  And on your breast revealed,

Aulus Gellius] Aulus Gellius (c. 125–after 180 CE), Roman author and grammarian, known for *Noctes Atticae* (*Attic Nights*), a commonplace book with notes on many subjects and excerpts from otherwise lost ancient authors. The Greek original of these lines appears in book 19, section 11 of this work. Gellius provides the following introduction, translated into English by John C. Rolfe: "Here are two Greek verses that are famous and deemed worthy of remembrance by many learned men because of their charm and graceful terseness. There are in fact not a few ancient writers who declare that they are the work of the philosopher Plato, with which he amused himself in his youth, while at the same time he was beginning his literary career by writing tragedies" (Gellius 390–91; see also 392–93).

from the french] An imaginative translation of "la Violette," a French madrigal by Jean Desmarets de Saint-Sorlin (1595–1676) included in the "Guirlande de Julie" ("The Poetical Garland of Julia"), a manuscript volume of flower paintings accompanied by poems and made for Julia d'Angennes by the Duke de Montausier. It reads:

> Modeste en ma couleur, modeste en mon séjour,
> Franche d'ambition, je me cache sous l'herbe;
> Mais, si sur votre front je puis me voir un jour,
> La plus humble des fleurs sera la plus superbe.

In his *Curiosities of Literature,* Isaac Disraeli reprints it, along with a translation far inferior in poetic merit to MT's. Disraeli declares "The Violet" to be "one of the prettiest inscriptions" in the volume (Disraeli 1:247–48).

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The humblest flower will then be made
The proudest of the field.

Song

How hard with anguish unreveal'd
Easy and gay to appear,
And teach the lip by sorrow seal'd
An artful smile to wear.

The heart consum'd by secret pains
Which must not, dare not speak
Whose silent tongue to none complains
Must sigh, or swelling break.

Then cease by stern reproach to load
Fresh sorrows on the opprest;
Strew not with thorns his rugged road
Who fainting pants for rest.

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Song Adapted to an Air by Mozart

1806

Come May! bring pleasant weather,
  And bring the maid I love,
That we, once more, together
  May thro' the greenwood rove.
The dreary winter over,
  Soft hope returns with thee.
To bless the longing lover
  With all he sighs to see.

Like me, with smiles of gladness,
  To welcome thee, sweet May!
All nature bids her sadness
  At thy approach give way;
The year's delicious morning,
  For love, and beauty deckt,
Thy smiles the world adorning,
  The face of Heaven reflect.

Shed, from thy lip of roses,
  Those sweets that breathe delight,

Air by Mozart] The air is Mozart's "Sehnsucht nach dem Frühlinge" K. 596. MT's song was published in Dublin by S. Holden around 1805, without attribution, under the title "The Child's Wish for May," along with Mozart's musical score (NLI Add Mus 13011). Mrs. Cooke performed the song at the Theatre Royal, Crow Street, Dublin, on Saturday, 3 May 1806, as part of an interlude entitled "No Harm to Try," under the title "Come May! bring pleasant weather," by Mozart. The interlude had been performed once before, the previous season, on 22 May 1805, also at the Theatre Royal (Greene 5:3514), suggesting that MT's dating may be off by a year. The song and musical score were republished in Boston, Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, and Charleston, South Carolina, between 1807 and 1811 (Potter 165). Hime and Son in Liverpool also published it around 1815. According to the *London Literary Gazette* for Saturday, 26 February 1820, an air by Mozart entitled "Come May! Bring pleasant weather" was performed at Drury Lane Theatre by Miss Povey on Wednesday, February 23 (p. 141), and the *European Magazine, and London Review* for March 1820 reviewed the event.

While Flora's hand discloses
  Thy charms all glowing bright.
Unveil thy bosom's treasure
  And from thine eyes let fall
Those dewy drops of pleasure
  That joy to life recall.

To Caroline
Imitated from Horace

Albi, nostrorum sermonum, candide judex, &c

Oh thou! whose ever partial ear
Whate'er I write consents to hear,

Caroline] Caroline Hamilton, MT's sister-in-law.

Albi . . . &c] MT's version of Epistle i.4, addressed "To the poet Tibullus," is inspired by Horace's lines rather than being a faithful translation. MT takes as her epigraph the first line, which David Ferry translates as "Albius, honest reader of my poems." His translation continues:

> What shall I say you're doing, out there in the country?
> At work on a poem to outdo Cassius?
> Taking a calm salubrious walk in the woods,
> And thinking thoughts that are worthy of yourself?

While Flora's hand discloses
  Thy charms all glowing bright.
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> At work on a poem to outdo Cassius?
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> And thinking thoughts that are worthy of yourself?

Say what doth now thy thoughts engage?
The poet's, or historian's page?
Or doth thy comic pencil true,
Exceed what Bunbury can do,
And by its ever charming power
Shew us the follies of the hour?
Or, wandring o'er the peaceful mead,
Dost thou thy vacant morning lead,
Thro' those sweet woods, o'er that green sod
Which we so oft together trod?
There, while indulging graver thought,
Oh let thy friend be ne'er forgot;
For, in those hours of seeming rest,
The active inmate of thy breast
Then most employ'd, then farthest flies
And brings the absent to thine eyes—
  If bounteous Heav'n hath giv'n to thee
A soul from furious passion free,

You never were a body without a soul.
The gods gave you good looks and they gave you money,
And gave you the art of being pleased with their gifts.
What more could a governess want for the sweet child she raises,
Than that he should know and that he be able to say
What's honest and right, and that he should act upon it,
And that he be granted favor and fame and good health,
And the money to live an agreeable kind of life?

Between hope and discouragement, fears, and angers, and such
Treat every new day as the last you're going to have,
Then welcome the next as unexpectedly granted.
When you want a good laugh you'll find me here, in the pink,
A pig from Epicurus's sty, fat, sleek, well cared for. (*Epistles of Horace* 23)

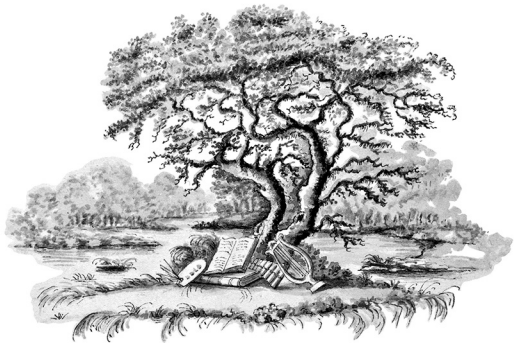
See also MT's "Imitation from Horace ('Alas! my friend')" and "Imitation from Horace ('At last the wintry gloom is o'er')."

6: Bunbury] Henry William Bunbury (1750–1811), artist and caricaturist, whom Horace Walpole regarded as "the second Hogarth." His comic portrayals of inept riders, including "Hints to Bad Horsemen" (1781) and "An Academy for Grown Horsemen" (1787), were hugely popular. But his most successful work, "A Long Minuet as Danced at Bath" (1787), mocking both ungainly and graceful dancing couples, is seen today as a precursor to the modern comic strip. He illustrated the works of Sterne and Goldsmith and exhibited "Sketches for The Arabian Nights" at the Royal Academy (*DNB*).

A lovely form, a cheerful mind,
A ready wit and taste refin'd,
Fair culture hath adorn'd thy breast
And all thy native genius drest;
  The anxious Mother's utmost prayer
Can scarce exceed a lot so fair,
Thus blest with health, and every grace,
Which mind can give the speaking face
While sprung from no ignoble line
Thy talents may conspicuous shine,
Whom Fortune o'er the vulgar lifts,
Not wanting even her golden gifts,
And, what above them all I prize,
The art to enjoy, so rare, so wise!
  Amid a world, where cares surround,
And idle hopes, and fears abound,
Oh! let *us* pass our hours serene,
Free from desires, and free from spleen!
Enjoy the present, happy still,
Nor tremble at some latent ill;
Tho' clouds obscure to-morrow's sky
Yet shall the passing tempest fly,
Or we, from life already past,
Be shelter'd from the angry blast,
Then why today's bright beam deform,
Thro' fear of some expected storm
Or pining o'er some absent joy
Thy present peace secure, destroy?
  'Tis thus my friend I wish to live,
The tyrant Care I thus deceive;
I scarcely hope, my fears are few,
And peace alone my views pursue.
Say canst thou too content embrace
A life with such a placid face

38: spleen] Psyche visits the Cave of Spleen. (See *Psyche,* canto V, l. 452 and note.)

Or smiling on thy humbler friend,
Sometimes with her thy soul unbend
When free thy breast from vain alarms,
And Hope itself but calmly charms.



Written for Emily

Peace, peace, nor utter what I must not hear!
  Too much already hast thou been believed,
Think not thy words can reach alone mine ear,
  In this weak heart too easily received.

Why wouldst thou mock me with a vain complaint,
  Why speak of feelings which thou dost not know?
Too well thy lips can fond affection paint,
  But from thy heart those accents never flow.

Written for Emily] In MT's novel, *Selena,* the title character believes that these verses written by Emily Trevallyn "painted so exactly that state of anxious and harassing uncertainty in which she had spent her brightest years while she was indeed fairest of the fair." They were penned "on the back of a very passionate song" not included in the novel, which Lord Henry Ortney translated for her, and "appeared to have been written about two years before her marriage." Selena memorized Emily's verses and her "heart was weighed down by a sense of her [own] situation, despised and abandoned as she appeared to be by him to whom she was enchained, and perhaps now forgotten by the amiable the tender Sidney whose warm friendship and sympathy had secretly tho' unconsciously supported her thro' all her cares" (vol. 4, fols. 386, 391).

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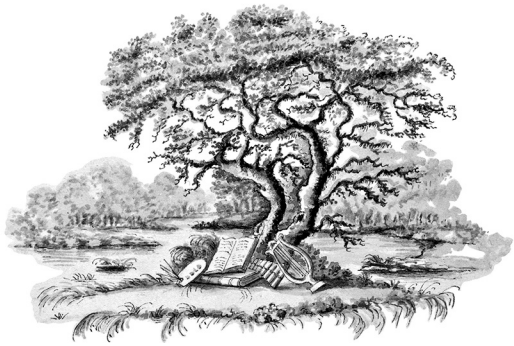

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What dost thou wish? what would this language mean?
What can the idle boast to thee avail?
To wound my peace, to blast my hours serene,
O'er every hope of future bliss prevail?

Is this thy sport? ah! thoughtless and unjust!
For I have marked thee with a jealous eye!
Since reason first forbad my hopes to trust,
And virtue call'd me from the snare to fly.

Why should I tell the struggles which have torn,
This simply credulous, this trusting heart,
As down the stream of fond affection borne
I saw the tranquil shores of peace depart.

As the light flag impelled against the breeze
Looks back and trembles with reluctance vain,
My vanquish'd soul reflects on former ease
Yet powerless sinks submissive to the chain.

Oft when my friendly fate had bid us part,
Thy well feigned sorrow could prevent my cure,
And absence cherished in my grateful heart,
Friendship it call'd so innocent and pure.

Yet when returned I saw this friend advance
Expecting joy to sparkle in his eye,
Chill'd I beheld the cold averted glance,
And proudly check'd the involuntary sigh.

Then how with scorn my weakness I despis'd
The folly which was lured by falsehood's tale,
When other smiles than those I thought were prized
Could o'er thy false or changeful heart prevail.

Back then with trembling haste to wisdom's side
Offended delicacy bad me flee,

Accept my peace restored by wounded pride,
And think no more of tenderness or thee.

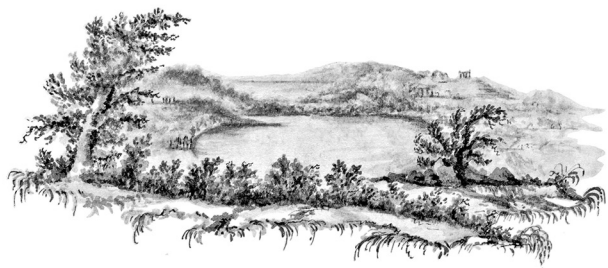
Ah why with cruel art and idle pain
Revive the sentiments I still deplore?
Why seek what thus you slighted to regain,
And swell this breast with anxious sighs once more?

In vain the foldings of thy heart I seek
At length by reason or by truth to trace,
Conjecture cannot from thy conduct speak,
But baffled yields to sad surprise the place.

I sought no art to captivate thy soul,
To blast the prospects of thy opening youth,
Such selfish vanity could ne'er control
The heart which loves with innocence and truth.

Torture no more this agitated breast
With false seductive hopes of joy and love,
Suffer in calm indifference to rest
The feelings Prudence bids me disapprove.

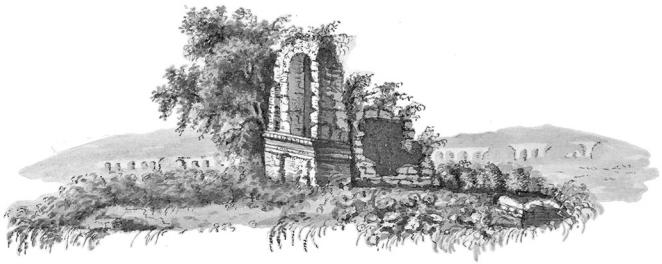
Yet a short while, and this sad, timid eye
No more shall meet thee with reproachful glance,
No claims have I to make, or thou deny,
For ease alone this wearied bosom pants.



from an ancient inscription, Neapoli

D. M. Gliconi. Vernæ Dulciss

My boy! beloved boy! Ah who hath torn
  Thee from the light of day? and in this tomb
    Veiled all thy glowing charms in deepest gloom?
  Yet here at least let me forget to mourn
  While, all my woe to cheat, I see thee still
    And thus for ever with thee speak; until
    We rest together—no! we shall not part!
  Here will I dwell! and if, oppressed by sleep,
  These eyes shall cease to watch, shall cease to weep,
    My spirit thus released, with joy will start
  From its dull prison, and again with thine
In many a pure embrace of fondest love shall join!



Neapoli D. M. Gliconi. Vernæ Dulciss] MT may have seen this inscription reproduced in *The Poetical Works of the Late Thomas Warton*:

Verna puer, puer O mi verna, quis ah, quis ab aura
  Te in tenebras rapuit perditus? Heu morerer
Nì tecum assidue loquerer, nì saepe jocando
  Fallerer, hinc dum te continuo aspicio.
Semper ero tecum, et si me sopor occupet, umbram
  Te umbra petam, ergo unquam ne metue abs te abeam. (2:307–08)

It had earlier appeared in Warton's collection, *Inscriptionum Romanarum Metricarum Delectus* (London, 1758): 7, and it was reprinted in the *Critical Review* for 1759 and 1775.

Sonnet from Fidentio

Day engraved on whitest stone!
  Fated for supremest joy;
  Golden day, and prized more high
Than that which for my birth I own!
When my hopes were all o'erthrown,
  When to my despairing eye
  Gloomy death stood threatening nigh,
Thou to my relief hast flown:
  Thou, sweet day for ever dear,
After absence, hath restored
  My Camillus to my eyes,
  Lo! for this, I grateful rear
To thee an altar, day adored!
  And place my lyre a sacrifice.

Fidentio] *I Cantici di Fidentio Glottochrysio Ludimagistro* is a pseudonymous work, first published in 1562. The most reliable attribution has been to Camillo Scrofa. The volume urbanely satirizes pedants and includes, among other works, seventeen sonnets. The original begins:

O giorno con lapillo albo signando,
Giorno al mio gaudio & al mio ben fatale
Aureo felice, & più del mio natale
Da me perpetuamente celebrando:
Quand' io credea migrar del secul, quando
Credea proxima aver l' hora lethale:
Te propitio di me scacci ogni male,
E mi vai tutto dentro exhilarando.

MT's fourteen-line poem does not adhere to the meter of the traditional sonnet in English; however, she uses the challenging rhyme scheme of an Italian sonnet.

11: Camillus] In ancient Rome, an acolyte in various rituals. In the original poem, the name appears as "Camillo."

Dirge Written at Brompton

January 12 1805

Bloom, sweet Acacia, ever bloom,
  And let thy graceful, pensile boughs
Wave lightly o'er the grassy tomb,
  Which fate my favorite here allows.

Oh! lost, for ever lost, farewell!
  This once-loved voice thou canst not hear,
But Sorrow's self alone can tell
  How bitter is this parting tear.

Beloved, beautiful, and fond!
  To this sad heart too dearly bound,
What tho' proud reason scorn the bond,
  Yet was it closely, firmly wound.

Oh! thou wert mine in brighter hours!
  And dear while life itself was dear,
While Pleasure shone o'er all the bowers
  That Youth and Hope delight to rear.

And thou hast seen that golden sun
  'Mid heaviest clouds for ever set,
Nor shudd'ring felt, as I have done,
  The hand of fate that lingers yet.

Yes it was meet we now should part,
  Our days of gaiety had fled,
And hardly thro' this languid heart
  Is life's warm current feebly led.

Dirge Written at Brompton] A penciled note in an unidentified hand to the right of the last stanza in the manuscript reads, "on her little . . . greyhound." For another poem by MT mourning the death of a beloved canine companion, see "For the grave of Isis."

24: feebly] MT had come to Brompton because of ill health.

For who, when death had closed these eyes,
  Like me would watch thee tenderly?
Thy winning ways so fondly prize,
  And feel them blest by Memory.

But Oh! 'twas sad with hopeless pang
  Thy dying agonies to mark,
The cries that o'er my heart-strings rang,
  The last faint glimm'ring, vital spark.

Yes! these were sad—but all is o'er
  Why must I still these pangs behold?
Why hear the voice that moans no more?
  Why feel those limbs convuls'd and cold?

Oh! why must fancy still revive
  The anguish thou no more canst know?
Why still in tortured Memory live
  Regretted joys and transient woe?

Then fare thee well! a long farewell
  Thy melancholy mistress breathes,
But bids this sweet acacia bloom,
Her fondness and regret to tell,
  In verdant festoons, roseate wreaths
Forever o'er her favorite's tomb.

Address to the West Wind

Written at Park Gate

Sept[r] 1805

"Breathe, balmy spirit of the West,
  Why are thy gales so long delayed?
Why must this lacerated breast
  Vainly invoke thy lenient aid?

"For thee I stayed thro' wintry hours
  In patient long captivity,
And while stern Eurus ling'ring lowers
  Still blighted spring's chill'd touch I flee.

"Play round this drooping brow once more,
  And gently kiss this fevered cheek,
To life, to liberty restore
  And hope, and health returning speak."

Thus have I oft with fruitless prayer
  Wooed the mild Zephyr's tardy wing,
Languished to taste the fresh, pure air,
  The promised, healing breath of Spring.

Then wooed in vain! perversely now
  Why send us here unwelcome gales?
Why must no breeze in Heaven but thou
  Cling fondly to our fettered sails?

1805] In September 1805, MT made what her mother described as "a very dangerous passage" to Dublin from Parkgate, a quay on the River Dee near Chester, England (NLI MS 4810). MT had wanted to return to Ireland for months, but poor health had prevented it. ThB wrote to Henry Moore several times in 1805 concerning MT's declining health; see Appendix 5.

7: Eurus] Greek god of the east wind, who brings from the east rain and warmth.

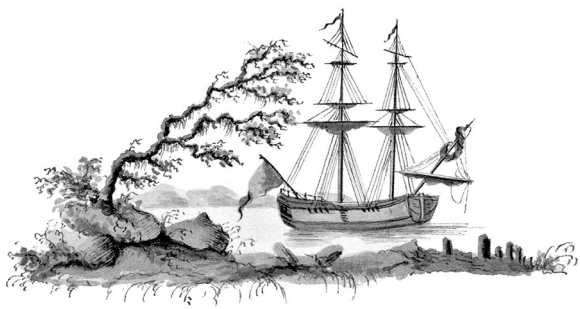
Mild as thou art, thy prisoner still
I droop by thee unblest, confined,
To me unfriendly feel thy will
Absent or present still unkind

Go to the couch where languid pain
Gasping invokes thy clement power,
Go sport mid Flora's glowing train
Or sigh o'er young Love's myrtle bower.

Soon will I hail thee welcome, kind,
And bid thee, on thy pinions, bear
To friends so dear, I left behind,
The kiss of love affection's tear.

Close in thy chambers of the West,
Mid spicy sweets luxurious lie,
Or watch near the beloved's breast
To steal the perfume of a sigh

But hie thee hence! and thou my foe,
Whose fatal blasts I dread no more,
For once propitious East-wind blow
And waft us to our isle's green shore.



Adorea

Illam, quicquid agit, quoquo vestigia movit
Componit furtim, subsequiturque decor
TIBULLUS

When bright Adorea's speaking eyes
  Assist her angel smile,
From the soothed breast each trouble flies
  And care is charmed the while.

Unconscious of the secret power
  The magic influence spreads,
And her soft voice in that calm hour
  The gentlest pleasure sheds

Even thus, a mild and placid light
  The equal taper sends,
Dispels around the gloom of night
  And all alike befriends.

But when by every grace arrayed
  Attended by each Love,
In the light dance the peerless maid
  Celestial seems to move.

The kindling eye with eager gaze
  Her gliding form pursues,
Some new-born beauty still surveys
  Varied as Fancy's hues;

Tibullus] From the first of the Sulpicia poems in the works of the Roman poet Albius Tibullus (55-19 BCE): "If she but moves or looks, her step, her face/By stealth adopt unmeditated grace" (Horace Walpole's translation in a letter to the Rev. Joseph Spence, 3 June 1751, in Walpole 117–18). Ariosto quotes this passage in vol. 2 of *Orlando Furioso,* and William Hazlitt quotes it in *Liber Amoris.* See also MT's "Imitated from an Elegy attributed to Sulpicia."

It is not now the lambent flame
  The taper's steady light,
Those charms a brighter image claim
  Which strike the astonish'd sight.

The blazing torch when waved on high,
  The vivid, dazzling ray,
That strikes at once the daring eye
  And flashes on the day.

Soothed or enraptured thus we seem
  As she exerts her charms,
As the same calm or brandished beam
  Dazzles, illumes or warms.

Pleasure

Ah! Syren Pleasure! when thy flatt'ring strains
Lur'd me to seek thee thro' thy flowery plains,
Taught from thy sparkling cup full joys to sip

1: Syren] In classical mythology, the Siren was a fabulous creature, either female or part female, part bird, who lured sailors to their deaths by her enchanting song. In *The Odyssey,* bk. 12, Ulysses recounts the story of how he and his men successfully resisted the lure of the Sirens. In this conceit of Pleasure as a Siren, MT warns her readers to skirt the shore and so avoid the fatally enticing song. This is one of many allusions to *The Odyssey* in the poem. Pleasure also plays the role of Siren in the opening three lines of MT's sonnet "Poor, fond deluded heart!" as well as in "Verses Written in Sickness," where MT describes domestic love as "Sweeter than pleasure's syren lay" (5). See also *Psyche,* canto V, l. 225.

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And suck sweet poison from thy velvet lip,
Didst thou in opiate charms my Virtue steep,
Was Reason silent and did Conscience sleep?
How could I else enjoy thy faithless dreams,
And fancy day-light in thy meteor gleams,
Think all was Happiness that smiled like joy,
And with dear purchase seize each glitt'ring toy?
'Till, rous'd at length, deep rankling in my heart,
I felt the latent anguish of thy dart!
Oh! let the young and innocent beware,
Nor think uninjur'd to approach her snare!
Their surest conquest is the foe to shun,
By fight infected, and by truce undone.
Secure, at distance let her shores be past,
Whose sight can poison, and whose breath can blast;
Let them not listen to her fatal song,
Nor trust her pictures, nor believe her tongue,
Contentment blooms not on her glowing ground,
And round her splendid shrine no peace is found.
If once, enchanted by her magic charms,

4: suck sweet poison from thy velvet lip] See Alexander Pope's "Eloisa to Abelard":

> Still on that breast enamour'd let me lie,
> Still drink delicious poison from thy eye,
> Pant on thy lip, and to thy heart be press'd;
> Give all thou canst—and let me dream the rest. (121–24)

MT may also have been recalling lines from William Hayley's translation of Alonso de Ercilla's *La Araucana* (244): "Their differing words alike their love display,/Feed the sweet poison, and augment its sway" (canto 14, ll. 19–20). In "Pleasure," MT uses the word "poison" five times.

12: thy dart] MT copied David Hume's observations on happiness into her reading journal: "Expect not too great happiness in life. Human nature admits it not—Anticipate by your hopes and fancy future consolation, which time infallibly brings to every affliction—I desire to be rich—Why? That I may possess many fine objects, houses, gardens, equipage, &c. How many fine objects does nature offer to every one without expence? If enjoyed, sufficient" (entry following 25 Dec. 1807, NLI MS 4804).

18: blast] This dangerous being is reminiscent not only of a fire-breathing dragon but of the Medusa, the sight of whose beauty turned men to stone.

They seek for bliss in Dissipation's arms,
If once they touch the limits of her realm,
Offended Principle resigns the helm;
Simplicity forsakes the treacherous shore,
And once discarded she returns no more;
Thus the charm'd mariner on every side
Of poison'd Senegal's ill-omen'd tide,
Eyes the rich carpet of the varied hue
And plains luxuriant opening in his view
Now the steep banks with towering forests crown'd
Cloath'd to the margin of the sloping ground,
Where with full foliage bending o'er the waves,
Its verdant arms the spreading Mangrove laves;
And now smooth level lawns of deeper green
Betray the richness of th' untrodden scene;
Between the opening groves such prospects glow,
As art with mimic hand can ne'er bestow,
While lavish Nature wild profusion yields
And spreads unbid the rank uncultur'd fields;
Flings with fantastic hand in every gale
Ten thousand blossoms o'er each velvet vale,
And bids unclasped their fragrant blossoms die
Far from the painter's hand or sage's eye.
From cloudless suns perpetual lustre streams,
And swarms of insects glisten in their beams.

24: Dissipation's arms] This situation is reminiscent of Ulysses and Calypso at the beginning of *The Odyssey*.

30: Of poisoned Senegal's ill-omened tide] The river Senegal annually overflows its banks, not as the Nile to administer health and plenty, but rendering the beautiful country which it thus visits so unwholesome as not only to be in itself unhabitable, but that it exhales such poisonous vapours as to be extremely noxious to the unguarded sailors who, allured by the luxurious appearance of the shore, venture up the mouth of this destructive river [*MT's note*]. Before germs were understood to be responsible for the transmission of contagious diseases such as malaria and cholera, epidemics were explained by the miasma theory, which held that illness was spread through noxious vapors or miasmas generated by rotting organic matter.

36: Mangrove] Mangrove trees (genus *Rhizophora*) grow densely in tropical coastal swamps and tidal estuaries. Large masses of their interlacing roots are above ground, intercepting mud and weeds, and thus causing the land to encroach on the sea (*OED*).

Near and more near the heedless sailors steer,
Spread all their canvass and no warnings hear,
But gaze astonish'd on the enchanting shore
On forms magnificent ne'er seen before
Where on the edge of the clear liquid glass
The wondering beasts survey them as they pass,
And fearless bounding o'er their native green
Adorn the landscape and enrich the scene.
Ah fatal scene! the deadly vapours rise
And swift the vegetable poison flies,
Putrescence loads the rank infected ground
Deceitful calms deal subtle death around
While pale disease sheds thick unwholesome dews,
And wide their venom tainted gales diffuse
Even as they gaze their vital powers decay
Their wasted health & vigour melt away,
'Till quite extinct the animating fire
Pale ghastly victims, they at length expire.
Of poisoned prospects which at distance charm'd
Bright to the eye, with desolation arm'd—

50: canvass] Sails were made of canvas in MT's time, so this line suggests that they make their boat travel swiftly, under full sail.

53: liquid glass] Still water.

62: venom] A close examination of MT's illustration to this poem reveals at least three snakes and other serpentine shapes among bouquet-like vegetation.

66: expire] This ending recalls the concluding lines of Alexander Pope's *The Dunciad*.

To Tranquillity

Oh! once again, Tranquillity!
  My darksome path illume;
Or must I never, never see
  Thy smiles disperse this gloom?

Lo! from the tempest-black'ning sky,
  White beams the placid moon,
The clouds before her radiance fly
  Thro' night's obscurest noon.

A transient calm, a moment's peace,
  A struggling, lucid ray,
Bids the wild winds a while to cease
  And seems to promise day.

Short hope! again the gathering storms
  With rage redoubled rise,
And heavy darkness deep deforms
  The silvery, gleaming skies.

Alas! even thus there shone for me
  A gently flattering hour,
And sooth'd, I hail'd Tranquillity!
  Thy soft, restoring power.

Ah hail'd in vain! again involv'd
  Fast bound in misery,
By whirling anguish quick revolv'd
  On Care's black wheel I fly.

And is there then no place of rest,
  Is hope extinct and dead?

Has Mercy clos'd her pitying breast
And Peace for ever fled?

Oh! yet return, return once more,
Ador'd Tranquillity!
This fever'd heart to health restore,
Or lull to Apathy.

Object of all my vows! for thee
I left the rose-crown'd bands,
That sail on Pleasure's silver sea
Or tread her golden sands.

For thee I sought mid silent glades
Deep Quiet's lonely bowers
And hid in melancholy shades
Consum'd the languid hours.

But not for me thy placid smile
Illumines Quiet's cell,
And here no dreams the heart beguile
With transient, joyous spell

The languid hours bring no relief,
Tho' far from crowds & courts
The care I shunn'd, the bitter grief,
To me alone resorts.

In the dark silence of the grave
Where all things are forgot,
There shall I find the rest I crave,
At length releas'd from thought?

There I at least may cease to feel
The bitterness of life,

The wounds that hope no more can heal,
  Her agony of strife.

Oh! welcome then thou dreaded vault!
  Thou chilly, cypress gloom!
I hail the shrine which long I sought,
  Its only porch, the tomb.

Song

1806

Turn on me, Love, thine eye of blue,
  The sunbeam of my drooping heart,
My languid hope to life renew,
  One ray of joy impart.

The Spring walks forth in beauty drest,
  The brow of Heav'n looks clear the while,
I only languish all unblest,
  'Till my beloved smile.

The brow of Heav'n looks clear in vain.
  If my blue heav'ns are turn'd away,
On me no life, no sweets, ye rain
  Ye balmy showers of May!

1: eye of blue] Thomas Philipps (1774–1841) wrote the music for MT's lyric, "Turn on Me, Love, Thine Eye of Blue. A Canzonet," which he said he "composed and dedicated to Mrs. Henry Tighe." On Friday, 1 April 1808, the London firm of Wilkinson and Co. announced in the *London Star* that it had just published the score. It was composed for pianoforte and was published with F. Rhames in Dublin. The National Library of Ireland owns a copy of this three-page score (JM 1630). The song must have had some currency, for in 1821, James Gates Percival borrowed the first line verbatim for "An Ode on Melancholy" (line 31, *Poems,* 10).

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Smile my belov'd! Oh! smile, as when
Our youthful loves were in their spring,
And teach this thrilling heart again
The song of joy to sing!

Bryan Byrne
founded on truth

Bright shines the morn o'er Carickmure,
And silvers every mountain stream,

Bryan Byrne] The story of Bryan Byrne is founded upon facts which were related to the author in the autumn of 1798: though the circumstances may not have happened in the exact manner which is recorded in the poem, yet it gives but too faithful a picture of the sentiments and conduct of those days. It is certain that at that period several unarmed persons, report says above twenty, were put to death by the troops near Wicklow, to retaliate the murder of many loyalists, and particularly of the three brothers mentioned in this ballad [*note in* PWOP, *where the poem is entitled "Bryan Byrne, of Glenmalure"*]. MT said of the poem, "My Story is *true,* Alas! the more's the pity! the autumn after the Rebellion was a sad time for the County of Wicklow—I do not know on which side malice and cruelty most abounded, but under such circumstances it is easy to guess that where there was most power there were the most crimes . . . The morning after the three Young men whom I allude to were murdered, the Wicklow and Newtown Yeomen accompanied by some of the army, literally killed every man they met with who was not a yeoman or a soldier—Twenty-three were murder'd on M^{rs} Tighe's estate before night, and one of the victims was found killed by his Young Wife—in her brothers arms whither he had flown for protection, on his return from the Wake of her Cousins the Yeoman whose Death was so horribly arranged" (from a letter quoted in Hamilton Papers notebook C/10/1; a holograph copy of the poem in that

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The autumnal woods on Glenmalure
Look lovely in the slanting beam.

And hark! the cry, the cry of joy!
The hounds spring o'er yon heathy brow;
"'Tis but the hunter's horn my boy,
No death-tongued bugle scares us now."

In vain the widow'd mother smil'd,
And clasp'd her darling to her breast,

volume says that it is "Dedicated to the Lady Eleanor Butler By her most gratefully affectionate MT").

On 26 September 1798, a group of rebels attacked the Ballyknocken estate near Rossana and killed two yeomen brothers as well as one of their sons—Thomas, Joseph, and James Bryan. This attack so shocked the Tighes that it led them to contemplate flight to England to escape what William Tighe called the "war massacre" (O'Donnell 333). On the same day, three farmers named Byrne were said to have been killed by unknown men. This report may have been a corruption of the three Bryan murders, but, given the rampant violence and the prevalence of the name Byrne, they might have been separate incidents (334). MT may have conflated the victims into one name, Bryan Byrne. In uniting tragedy from both political sides, she foreshadows the themes of union and identity that follow. The title also evokes the story of Billy Byrne of Ballymanus (located near Rathdrum and Greenan in Glenmalure, County Wicklow), the heroic rebel, who was convicted and hanged on the evidence of informers after the rebellion. Moreover, few of MT's contemporaries could read the name "Bryan" without thinking of the great Irish king Brian Boru, who died fighting off a Viking invasion. To this, MT links Byrne, a reference to the name the English gave her home county of Wicklow, "O'Byrne's County," around the time of their earliest attempts at conquest beyond the Pale (O'Donnell 6). Thus, encapsulated within this name is an ambiguous combination of colonial resistance and power. See, also, Conor O'Brien's "The Byrnes of Ballymanus."

1: Carrickmure] A mountain in Wicklow. A major encampment of the Wexford rebels was located at Carrick-byrne.

3: Glenmalure] The longest glacial valley in the British Isles, located in County Wicklow. In 1580 the English and anglicized Irish forces were badly defeated there by "Old English" and Gaelic forces, led by MacHugh O'Byrne (O'Donnell 7). For greater access, in the eighteenth century the British finally built what continues to be called the "Military Road" through Glenmalure. In 1798, the rebel leader, Michael Dwyer, had his hideout at Glenmalure, which was the site of some of the most severe fighting between British forces and Irish insurgents.

Horror and rage o'er all the child
A manly beauty strange imprest.

Fierce roll'd his eye of heav'n's own hue,
And the quick blood strong passions told,
As fresh the breeze of morning blew,
From his clear brow the curls of gold.

'Tis not alone the horn so shrill,
Yon martial plume that waves on high,
Bids every infant nerve to thrill
With more than infant agony.

Yet gentle was the soldier's heart,
Whom 'mid the gallant troop he spied,
Who let the gallant troop depart,
And check'd his eager courser's pride.

For he had caught the glance of fire,
And seen the mother's sadden'd smile,
And mingled feelings strong inspire
The wish on each to dwell a while.

"What fears the child?" he wond'ring cried,
With courteous air as near he drew,
"Soldier away! my father died
Murder'd by soldiers, men like you!"

Even while the angry cherub speaks,
He struggles from the stranger's grasp,
Kissing the tears that bath'd her cheeks,
His little arms his mother clasp.

"And who are these?" the youth exclaim'd,
With pity touch'd, with wonder fill'd,

Ere yet his cooler reason blam'd
The early hatred deep instill'd.

But pointing to the startled pair,
While swift down Glenmalure they fled,
He mark'd the mother's maniac air,
As seiz'd with wild and sudden dread.

"'Tis Ellen Byrne." an old man cried,
"Poor Ellen! and her orphan boy!"
Then turn'd his silver'd brow aside,
To shun the youth's inquiring eye.

"But is there none to guard the child,
Save that lone phrenzied widow's hand,
These rocky heights, those steep woods wild,
Sure some more watchful eye demand."

"Ah! well he knows each rock each wood,
The mountain goat not more secure,
And he was born to hardships rude,
The orphan Byrne of Carickmure.

"That boy had seen his father's blood,
Had heard his murder'd father's groan,
And never more in playful mood
With smiles his infant beauty shone."

Sad was the pitying stranger's eye,
"Too well," said he, "I guess the truth,
His father sure was doom'd to die,
Some poor deluded rebel youth."

"No rebel he," with eye inflam'd
And cheek that glow'd with transient fire,
Rous'd to a sudden warmth exclaim'd
The hapless Ellen's aged sire.

"He did not fall in Tara's fight,
No blood of his the Currah stains,
Where many a ghost, that mourns by night,
Of foully broken faith complains.

"He triumph'd not that fatal day
When every loyal cheek look'd pale,
But heard like us with sad dismay
Of fallen chiefs in Clough's dark vale.

69: Tara's] On 26 May 1798, the rebels were defeated in an important battle at Tara Hill, County Meath, located thirty miles northwest of Dublin. Even before this event, the site was one of Ireland's most significant cultural icons. In ancient Irish religion and mythology, Tara was the sacred dwelling place of the gods and was the entrance to the otherworld. Saint Patrick is said to have come to Tara to confront the ancient religion of the pagans at its most powerful site. Although it did not become the Royal Seat of the High Kings until the third century CE, there is ample evidence that the site has seen almost continuous use since about 3,000 BCE. From the summit of Tara, as many as thirteen of Ireland's counties are visible.

70: Currah] In County Kildare, site of another major battle in the Rebellion (on 29 May 1798), just days after the battle at Tara. Many of the Irish believed that the English had acted duplicitously there when they slaughtered rebels who were under the impression that they had surrendered (Pakenham 161–63). The rebels were arriving at surrender terms with General Dundas while General Duff, who knew nothing of the negotiations, advanced on the rear. According to Pakenham, "Several thousand people, many unarmed, and huddled together on a great plain without a scrap of cover were set upon by an infuriated pack of militia and dragoons. Three hundred and fifty were cut down in the massacre, with virtually no loss to the army." Pakenham also speaks of women coming out from the village and turning over the dead bodies of the rebels to find their sons and husbands (163).

76: Clough's] Clough, the place at which Colonel Walpole was killed, and his detachment defeated by the rebels [*note in* PWOP]. On 4 June 1798, when Colonel Walpole led his troops into the rebels, HT courageously led fifteen volunteers, as well as others, through the rebel pike men to safety, earning the great affection of the men based in Rathdrum.

"For wedded to our Ellen's love,
One house was ours, one hope, one soul;
Tho' fierce malignant parties strove,
No party rage could love controul.

"Tho' we were sprung from British race,
And his was Erin's early pride,
Yet, match'd in every loveliest grace,
No priest could ere their hearts divide.

"What tho' no Yeoman's arms he bore,
'Twas party hate that hope forbad,
What tho' no martial dress he wore,
That dress no braver bosom clad.

"And had our gallant Bryan Byrne
Been welcom'd to their loyal band,
Home might I still in joy return
The proudest father in the land.

"For ah! when Bryan Byrne was slain,
With him my brave, my beauteous son
His precious life-blood shed in vain,
The savage work of death was done."

He ceas'd, for now, by memory stung,
His heart's deep wounds all freshly bled,

82: Erin's] An ancient name for Ireland, used by nineteenth-century Irish nationalists as an anglicized Gaelic name for the country. When speaking of Ireland's history with Britain, the nationalists would often use the expression "Let Erin Remember." MT's good friend Thomas Moore used that phrase for the title of one of his *Irish Melodies*.

While with a father's anguish wrung,
He bow'd to earth his aged head.

Yet soothing to his broken heart
He felt the stranger's sympathy,
And age is ready to impart
Its page of woe to pity's eye.

Yes it seem'd sweet once more to dwell
On social joys, and peaceful days,
And still his darling's virtues tell
And still his Ellen's beauty praise.

"And say" at length exclaim'd the youth,
"Did no one rash rebellious deed,
Ere cloud thy Bryan's loyal truth,
And justice doom thy boy to bleed?"

"No, never rash rebellious deed
Was his, nor rash rebellious word,
That day of slaughter saw him bleed
When blushing justice dropt the sword.

"In fury's hand it madly rag'd,
As urg'd by fierce revenge she flew,
With unarm'd innocence she wag'd
Such war as justice never knew.

120: war as justice never knew] According to Henry Grattan, "Mr. Pitt and his party asserted that the British Parliament had no right to interpose—then it was that the voice, as well as the arm, of Britain was stayed, and could not be raised in order to rescue the suffering Irish from the lash, the torture, and the triangle: she was powerless then, and could not protect the humble mansion of the Irish peasant from the violations committed by the legal robber, the furious Orangeman, the midnight assailant. British mercy was then deaf to Irish sufferings, Irish injury and Irish insult." Grattan added in a footnote: "Read 'Bryan Byrne of Glenmalure,' a heart-rending little poem by Mrs. Henry Tighe. The facts were related to John Blachford, her brother" (5:156).

"'Twas ours," the sorrowing father cried,
"'Twas ours to mourn the crimes of all
Each night some loyal brother died,
Each morn beheld some victim fall.

"Oh! 'twas a sad and fearful day,
That saw my gallant boys laid low,
The voice of anguish and dismay
Proclaim'd full many a widow's woe.

"But doubly o'er our fated house
Th' accursed hand of murder fell,
And, e're our Ellen wept her spouse,
She had a dreadful tale to tell.

"For early on that guilty morn,
The voice of horror reach'd our ears,
That from their thoughtless slumber torn,
Before a helpless sister's tears,
Beneath their very mother's sight,
Three youthful brothers butcher'd lie,
Three loyal yeomen brave in fight,
Butcher'd by savage treachery.

"They were my nephews; boys I lov'd,
My own brave boy alone more dear;
Their rashness oft my heart reprov'd
And mark'd their daring zeal with fear.

"They were my widow'd sister's joy,
Her hope in age, and dark distress,
And Ellen lov'd each gallant boy,
Even with a sister's tenderness.

"It was from Ellen's lips I heard
The tidings sadly, surely true,

To me e're yet the dawn appear'd,
All pale with fear & grief she flew.

"Rous'd by her call, with her I sought
The sad abode of misery,
But to the wretched mother brought
No comfort but our sympathy.

"On the cold earth, proud sorrow's throne,
In silent majesty of woe,
She sat, & felt herself alone,
Tho' loud th' encreasing tumult grew.

"In throngs th' assembled country came,
And every hand was arm'd with death,
Revenge, revenge they all exclaim,
Spare no suspected traitor's breath.

"No! let not one escape, who owns
The faith of Rome, of treachery,
This loyal blood for vengeance groans,
And signal vengeance let there be.

"What, shall we feel the coward blow,
And tamely wait a late defence,
No, let us strike the secret foe,
Even thro' the breast of innocence!

"Poor Ellen trembled as they rav'd,
Her pallid cheek forgot its tears,
While, from the hand of fury sav'd
Her infant darling scarce appears.

156: comfort] See John Keats's *Hyperion*: "While his bow'd head seem'd listening to the Earth/His ancient mother, for some comfort yet" (I. 20–21). Earle Vonard Weller first called attention to this borrowing from MT (*Keats and Mary Tighe* 290).

158: silent majesty of woe] Clara Reeve uses this poignant phrase in her 1791 novel *The School for Widows* (3:169).

"I saw her earnest searching eye,
In that dark moment of alarm,
Ask, in impatient agony,
A brother's dear protecting arm.

"Woe! bitter woe! to me, and mine,
Too well his brave, his feeling heart
Already could her fears divine,
And more than bear a brother's part.

"When the first savage blast he knew
Would bid each deadly bugle roar,
Back to our home of peace he flew,
Ah home of peace and love no more!

"Oh would to God that I had died
Beneath my wretched sister's roof!
Thus Heav'n in mercy had denied
To my worst fears their utmost proof.

"So had these eyes been spar'd a sight
Which wrings my soul with anguish still.
Nor known how much of life, e're night,
The blood-hounds of revenge could spill.

"Sinking at once with fear & age
Her father's steps my child upheld,
The mangled victims of their rage
Each moment shudd'ring we beheld.

"Down yon steep side of Carickmure,
Our rugged path we homeward wound;
And saw, at least, that home secure,
'Mid many a smoky ruin round.

"Low in the glen our cottage lies,
Behind yon dusky copse of oak,

On its white walls we fixed our eyes,
  But not one word poor Ellen spoke.

"We came: the clamour scarce was o'er,
  The fiends scarce left their work of death,
But never spoke our Bryan more,
  Nor Ellen caught his latest breath.

"Still to the corpse by horror join'd,
  The shrieking infant closely clung,
And fast his little arms entwin'd
  As round the bleeding neck he hung.

"Oh! sight of horror, sight of woe!
  The dead & dying both were there,
One dreadful moment serv'd to shew
  For us was nothing but despair.

"Oh God! even now methinks I see
  My dying boy as there he stood,
And sought with fond anxiety,
  To hide his gushing wounds of blood:

"'Dear Ellen!' faintly he exclaim'd,
'I could not save our Bryan's life
Thy brother's love will not be blam'd,
  Unequal, cruel was the strife.'

"Ere life yet left his noble breast,
  Gasping again he tried to speak,
And twice my hand he feebly prest,
  And feebly kiss'd poor Ellen's cheek.

"No word she spoke, no tear she shed,
  Ere at my feet convuls'd she fell;
Still lay my children, cold and dead,
  And I yet live the tale to tell.

"She too awoke to wild despair,
  With frenzied eye each corpse to see,
To rave, to smile with frantic air,
  But never more to smile for me.

"But hold! from yonder grassy slope,
  Our orphan darling calls me hence;
Sweet child! last relick of our hope
  Of love, & injur'd innocence.

"Behind that birch-tree see him stand,
  Waving its light boughs gracefully;
While, threat'ning with his baby hand,
  He chides me that I talk with thee.

"Soldier farewell! to thee should power
  Commit the fate of life's obscure,
Remember still in fury's hour
  The murder'd youths of Glenmalure

"And chief, if civil broils return,
  Tho' vengeance urge to waste, destroy,
Ah! pause: think then on Bryan Byrne!
  Poor Ellen and her orphan boy!"

Written for Angela

Wilt thou begone? Oh! stay awhile;
  My little hour of bliss
Hath still for love one parting smile,
  One sweetly lingering kiss.

Angela] This poem does not appear in *Selena* and may or may not have been written with the character Angela Harley in mind.

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Alas! 'tis true the lovely night
Her veil has half withdrawn,
And yon pale streaks of envious light
Proclaim unwelcome dawn.

Yet go not Love! no watchful eye,
Tho' morn indeed appears,
Thy parting steps shall here espy
Save mine all drown'd in tears.

Ah! go not yet! but think how sad
How long my lonely day;
Bid this fond, foolish heart be glad,
A little longer stay.

'Tis but some moments stol'n from those
Which once were all my own,
One wither'd leaf from that sweet rose,
Which bloom'd for me alone.

Yes, thou wert mine, wert only mine!
Thy hours, thy life, thy soul,
Tho' offer'd at an humble shrine,
Confess'd love's full control.

Yes I was blest! Ah me! this tear
Betrays my broken heart;
The latent anguish *will* appear,
It mocks my powerless art.

Oh! I would hide it all from thee,
My hopeless, vain regret;
While dear affection loves for me
Some sweets to cherish yet.

I would not crush the buds of joy,
Love still delights to rear,

And screen them from the lowering sky
That chills th' autumnal year.

Still thou art kind! still I am blest!
I do not, Love, complain,
But fondly clinging round thy breast,
My heart still loves its chain.

I would not give one tender sigh
Thy bosom heaves for me,
Nor one soft glance of that blue eye,
Ador'd by worlds to be.

I would not purchase all love's reign
With one dear smile of thine,
Why should I then of love complain
While those dear smiles are mine?

Song to my Harp

1798

Ah! why my soft-ton'd, plaintive harp,
Art thou to pleasure's voice so mute?
Are then her accents harsh or sharp?
Discordant sounds her silver lute?

In vain she calls the sportive muse,
And bids her rouse thy slumb'ring fire,
Thy strings the sprightly notes refuse,
They languish there & soon expire.

Harp] The harp is the national symbol of Ireland. This poem, written at a time of deep political unrest, expresses MT's anxieties about her country's present and future course. See also MT's "Address to my Harp" as well as Horace's ode "To His Harp."

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Yet, in each sad & gloomy hour,
To sorrow's softest, smother'd sigh,
Regardful still, with soothing power,
Thine ever ready chords reply.

If Linda bid thee now rejoice,
Wilt thou not aid th' unusual call?
Wilt thou not aid her timid voice?
Nor let her joys unnotic'd fall?

Ah! why reluctant to obey
The stranger voice of gay delight?
Why do thy soft tones melt away,
Nor in kind sympathy night?

Is it, that taught by grief too well,
Thou still must sigh tho' grief be past?
As the vex'd waves still heave & swell,
Tho' the wild winds are hush'd at last.

Or rather, does each trembling string,
Now sad, with true, prophetic power,
O'er future sorrows murmuring,
Foretel the darkly, coming hour.

Thus, e're the furious storm appears,
Mournful the mountain spirit sighs,
The groves lamenting tell their fears
Bleat the sad flock, the sea-bird cries.

Song

Still as on Liffey's banks I stray,
And tread my weary, lonely way,
  I muse on thee, my friend,
And wish the tedious moments past,
And wish, beloved! that at last
  This banishment might end.

Oh time! perverse, & cruel power,
Why will thou load the heavy hour,
  Whose course is mark'd by pain?
Yet urge your too impatient flight,
Dear white wing'd children of delight!
  Whose stay I court in vain.

Oft when most blest with thee, my Love,
Foreboding sighs would oft reprove
  A bliss which fled so fleet;
I mourn'd for every hour that past,
And still I valued most the last
  And thought it still most sweet.

Ah! spendthrift time! why would'st thou waste
In scenes of pleasure all thine haste,
  And leave for absence nought?
Eager my long-lost love to meet,
Now for thy weary, ling'ring feet
  The plumes are vainly sought.

But, dearest friend, for whom I long,
Say, are my hopes of pleasure wrong,
  Say, wilt thou joy to meet
Thy friend, whose every thought is thine?

1: Liffey's banks] The River Liffey runs through the center of Dublin.

And will thy soul rejoice like mine,
In love's reunion sweet?

Oh! to my trembling heart, declare,
If thou hast felt such anxious care,
As I have fondly known?
Did'st thou with tenderest sympathy,
O'er each regretted moment sigh,
Or have I wept alone?

Alas! regardless of our loves,
Perhaps thy faithless fancy roves,
While vainly sad I pine,
But no! I will not, cannot think
Thine heart could break the amorous link
That binds it close to mine.

Written in an Horace given on my birth-day by H. Vaughan

1804

Could e'er the genius, sense, or skill
Of those by Phœbus lov'd avail,

Vaughan] Henry Vaughan (known as Sir Henry Halford after 1809), was MT's personal physician. A manuscript copy of this poem in an unidentified hand owned by the Royal College of Physicians Library, London (ALS collection), includes a notation that it was written "in the blank leaves of a Horace" and was given to Henry Vaughan in London on 9 October 1804. HL notes that MT was scheduled to see Vaughan on this date as well as on Friday, 26 October 1804 (309). It was Vaughan who told MT that she must travel to a warmer climate for the sake of her health. She refused. However, ThB told Rev. Henry Moore, that, at the advice of MT's physicians, brother, and sister-in-law, "Harry and Mary were prevailed upon to relinquish their purpose of returning to Ireland: Dr. Vaughan assured us that she could not attempt such a journey without extreme danger. By her brother's invitation, they are to be his guests during the winter" (quoted in Smith 209; see Appendix 5). See also "Verses Written in Sickness."

1804] The Royal College of Physicians' manuscript adds the following epigraph from Caius Valerius Catullus (*Carmina* 12.12–13): "Quod me non movet aestimatione / Verum est mnemosynum Catul:"—

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To bid, in spite of fate's firm will,
The medicinal art prevail.

Then had health's precious gifts been mine
On this auspicious natal day,
Nor should I languid thus repine,
While life's sad hours consume away.

For, favorite of Apollo's care,
And richly gifted as thou art,
The God his science bad thee share
And nature gave the feeling heart.

Nor gave in vain—since, tho' too oft
Sweet health resists thy potent sway,
And her gay smiles, and slumbers soft
Refuse thy mandate to obey,

Yet well thou know'st with gentle swell,
To smooth the couch of pain & fear,
The darkest shades with hope dispel,
Th' oppressed console, the languid cheer.

"which does not concern me for what it is worth, but because it is a keepsake" (*Catullus*). In Catullus, the passage continues with "mei sodalis"—"of my comrade."

20: cheer] In eâ autèm facultate quâ consolamur afflictos et deducimus perterritos à timore, quâ languidos incitamus, et erigimus depressos, omnium Medicorum facile princeps fuit; et si qui medicamentis non cessissent dolores, permulcebat eos, et consopiebat hortationibus et alloquio.

——stetit urna paulùm
Sicca, dum grato Danaï puellas
Carmine mulect. [*note in the Royal College of Physicians' manuscript*]

This passage comes from a lecture that Vaughan delivered a few years earlier, on 18 October 1800, at the Royal College of Physicians. The lecture was intended, in his words, to be "in commemoration of the Benefactors and eminent Physicians of the College" (iv–v). In this section of the lecture, Vaughan was commemorating Richard Warren (1731–1797), physician to King George III. See Halford xlvii. The quotation concludes with lines from Horace's *Carminum* 3.11.22–24. In using this passage from Vaughan as the inspiration for lines 17–20 of the poem, MT cleverly turns his celebration of the virtues of a departed and highly esteemed colleague into her praise for Vaughan himself.

Nor did the partial God deny
The soothing charm of eloquence,
And bid its power assuasive try
To lull the pang-awaken'd sense.

And thee, with mildest manners blest,
Enlighten'd skill, & polish'd mind,
Our confidence secure to rest,
Propitious fortune bid us find.

Whate'er thine art could do, is done,
With each attentive, flattering care,
And pleas'd I proudly wish to own
A more than common interest there.

That grateful, on some future day,
If skill at length have power to save,
Delighted memory may say,
It was a *friend* these comforts gave:

Who on my natal day bestow'd
The bard thy faultless taste approv'd,
Whose lyre with sweetest numbers flow'd,
By thine own Phœbus most belov'd.

Dear, valued gift! full many an hour
Of weary suffering thou shalt cheat,
Thy mildly philosophic power
Shall charm dark care from reason's seat.

The fell usurper thence shall flee,
Contentment all my grief beguiling,

25–28: And thee . . . bid us find] This stanza is missing in Hannah Tighe's album (fols. 161–64).

And Hope, thro' heaviest nights shall see
To-morrow's sun still brightly smiling.

To W. Hayley

In return for a copy of Cowper's life sent with a sonnet

1806

Wake languid Muse! and tell the friendly Bard
How well the gift, dear signal of regard,
That proudest monument which friendship shews,
While Virtue charms us, & while Genius glows,
The polish'd verse, the sweetly flatt'ring strain,
Can sooth to soft forgetfulness of pain
The throbbing nerve, whose rest-destroying power
Told the quick pulse thro' many a tedious hour,
For to his ear, benevolently kind,
I know the voice of gratitude shall find
An ever ready welcome, tho' denied
Wit's brilliant ray, or fancy's graceful pride.
  Ah! to the generous mind, the feeling heart,
What power of song can such delight impart
As the pure conscious triumph that succeeds
The grateful echo of their own good deeds,

48: still brightly smiling] Vide Horace Ode X Lib. I et passim: ". . . Informes hyemes reducit/Jupiter. idem./Summovet,—non si male nunc, et olim/Sic erit. [*note in the Royal College of Physicians' manuscript*]. From Horace's *Carminum* 2.10. Benjamin Franklin cited this passage in his "Account of the Devices on the Continental Bills of Credit," when he noted that Horace had a more elegant way of putting "the adage, that *after a storm comes a calm*."

W. Hayley] William Hayley (1745–1820) published his *Life and Posthumous Writings of William Cowper,* embellished by six plates engraved by William Blake, in three quarto volumes, between 1803 and 1804. When he sent a copy to MT, he inscribed it with a sonnet beginning, "Records of Genius! traced by friendship's hand!" (See Appendix 2 for the full text of his sonnet.) See also MT's "To Cowper and his Mary."

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Wreathing rich tendrils round Apollo's lute,
Nor his soft pencil's most celestial dye,
Pour such enchantment on the glist'ning eye,
As the pale lips which hope reviving speak,
Or the faint smile that brightens sorrow's cheek,
When that faint hope, that renovated smile
Repay the kindness which could grief beguile,
And the full heart, with whisp'ring pride may say
"My soothing cares have chas'd one pang away."

Song

1801

Lelia! with smiles, at length, behold
  This net thy lover learnt to twine,
Those wand'ring, precious curls of gold
  Thy graceful hand may now confine.

Around thy polish'd brow of snow,
  Safe from the rude wind's wanton play,
The bands with lustre soon shall glow
  And thy soft neck's white charms display.

But ah! the violet hue we chose,
  Ere yet my pleasing task is done,

17: Parnassian fruit] Parnassus is a double peaked mountain in central Greece near the spring of Castalia, thought to be one of the chief seats of Apollo and the Muses. Note MT's response here to Hayley's mention of Parnassus in the last line of his sonnet. MT may also have in mind Dante's lines in the *Divine Comedy,* Purgatorio, toward the end of canto 28:

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Flies faster than the summer rose,
And half its brilliant glow is gone.

My fingers press the silken chords
Injurious to their fragile pride,
And scarce the faded work rewards
The skill so vainly misapplied.

Had'st thou preferr'd the constant shade
Of thine own eyes' celestial blue,
Its charm had been awhile delay'd,
Preserv'd awhile its lovely hue.

Or had the colour glow'd less bright,
And wore a graver, soberer charm,
The first, fresh gloss so sweet to sight
Had yet remain'd secure from harm.

And when, alas, far, far remov'd
The hand that wove this braid for thee,
Th' unfaded gift might yet be lov'd,
And bid remembrance dwell on me.

But ah! too dazzling bright to last,
Its pride, its lustre all forgot,
Soon from thine amorous tresses cast
Shall scorn too justly be its lot.

Ah! does thine heart the lesson feel,
And o'er our imag'd pleasures sigh?
Lament how swiftly time can steal
Th' enchanting flush of love & joy?

The calmer bliss affection gives,
And tender friendship's gentler sway,
Possess a charm, which long survives,
When transport to neglect gives away.

The Myrtle
Written at West Aston

1808

Yes, I remember the dear, suffering Saint
Whose hand, with fond commemorative care,
Planted that myrtle on my natal day.
It was a day of joy to him she lov'd
Best upon earth; and still her gentle heart,
That never felt one passion's eager throb,
Nor aught but quiet joys, and patient woes,
Was prompt to sympathise with all, and most
With that beloved brother: She had hop'd
Perchance, that, fondly on his arm reclin'd

West Aston] The myrtle was planted by the author's aunt Mary, at West-Aston, the seat of Thomas Acton, esq. in the county of Wicklow. The "beloved brother" was the author's father, the Reverend William Blachford, who died after a very short illness in the meridian of life, a few months after the birth of his daughter. The myrtle was destroyed by frost in the winter of 1807, notwithstanding the care of Mrs. Acton, who is addressed in this poem by her Christian name of Sydney [*Note in* PWOP]. The Actons were the same family referred to in "A Letter from Mrs. Acton to her Nephew Mr. Evans." ThB noted that MT "was born on the 9th of October 1772 & lost her dear father on the May following, to which circumstance her beautiful lines on the Myrtle and West Aston allude." Later in the same account, she observes that in the last days of May 1808, MT was at Rossana but returned to Dublin in July, having visited "Altadore for the last time, Avondale, & Westaston, where she wrote 'The Myrtle'" (NLI MS 4810).

1: suffering Saint] According to CH, MT often spoke of her aunt and namesake Mary (or Molly) Blachford "during her sufferings, wishing that she might exercise like patience." ThB described her death in a letter to Sarah Fownes Tighe:

> I have spent all my leisure moments at poor Molly Blachford's bed side, who expired this day, between one and two o'clock. For the last twelve months she has borne the most complicated pains & sufferings with the utmost patience & a perfect acquiescence in the divine will, as fully believing it was all the effort of his infinite wisdom & love and the only possible way for her salvation. Her patience, resignation & love have seemed daily to have encreased from the beginning. She has kept her bed for the last seventeen days & lived, during that time, without any visible sustenance . . . except a few drops of whey every day & even that could not be got down during the last six days, so that she was literally starved to death. . . . As her sufferings encreased, so did her faith & hope. She declared she never knew such transport, nor knew before how to call God her father. May we die the death of the righteous & may our last end be like her's full of faith, hope, and love. (NLI MS 4810)

In placid happiness, her feeble step
Might here have wander'd thro' these friendly shades,
This hospitable seat of kindred worth,
And that the plant thus rear'd, in future years,
Might win his smile benignant; when her hand
Should point where, in its bower of loveliness,
Bright spreading to the sun its fragrant leaf,
His Mary's myrtle bloom'd. Ah me! 'tis sad
When sweet affection thus designs in vain,
And sees the fragile web it smiling spun
For playful Love, crush'd by the sudden storm
And swept to dark oblivion, mid the wreck
Of greater hopes! Ev'n while she thought of bliss,
Already o'er that darling brother's head,
The death commission'd Angel nois[e]less wav'd
His black & heavy wings; and tho' she mourn'd
That stroke, in pious sorrow, many a year,
Yet even then, the life-consuming shaft
In her chaste breast she uncomplaining bore.

29: she uncomplaining bore] The Rev. Henry Moore told the following story concerning Mary Blachford's death, as given to him by ThB:

> [Mary], remaining single, resided with her sister and brother-in-law [Dr. Radcliffe, one of the judges of the Irish Prerogative Court]. She was much afflicted in body, but of an amiable spirit, and very sincere in her religious observances. Mrs. [Theodosia] Blachford was much attached to her, and often used to converse with her on the subject of experimental religion: she heard, but was slow of heart to believe the privileges of the gospel, especially concerning the witness of the Spirit. Her affliction was of a nature to confine her for a great length of time to her bed, and then Dr. Radcliffe used, every morning previous to his going to court, to read the service for the sick out of the *Book of Common Prayer.* But though the doctor was a man of very upright mind, he did not like what was then exclusively designated Methodism, which Mrs. Blachford insisted her sister-in-law, Miss Blachford, would enjoy before her death. One morning, after the doctor had, as usual, been reading prayers to Miss B., just as he was about to repeat the Lord's prayer, she said, "Stop, doctor; before you read that prayer I wish to say a few words." . . . Miss Blachford continued, all the family kneeling around the bed . . . "Last night, as I was for hours unable to sleep, I lay contemplating my religious state: I prayed to God over it, and while thus engaged, I felt the power of God present to my mind, enabling me, in a manner I had never felt before, to claim him as my 'Father who is in heaven;' and I rejoice still in the holy assurance! and now, doctor, read to me that prayer." With much feeling the doctor fin-

Now, both at rest, in blessed peacefulness,
With no impatient hope, regret, or doubt,
Await that full completion of the bliss
Which their more perfect spirits shall receive.
  Fair blossom'd her young plant! effusing sweet
Its aromatic breath: for other eyes
Blush'd the soft folded buds, & other hands
Prun'd its luxuriant branches; friendship still
Preserv'd the fond memorial, nay even yet
Would fain preserve with careful tenderness
The blighted relic of what once it lov'd.
Hard were the wintry hours! felt even here
Amid those green protecting walls, and late
The timid Spring, oft chill'd, and rudely check'd,
At last unveil'd her tenderest charms, and smil'd
With radiant blushes on her amorous train:
But no reviving gale, no fruitful dew
Visits the brown, parch'd leaf, or from the stem,
The withering stem, elicits the young shoot
With hope of life, & beauty; yet thy care,
Perhaps, dear Sydney, thine assiduous care
May save it still. What can resist the care
Of fond assiduous love? Oh! it can raise
The shudd'ring soul that sunk beneath the black,
Suspended pall of Death! believe this lip,
Believe this grateful heart, which best can feel
The life-restoring power of watchful Love.

ished the service, and then instantly quitted the room. Mrs. Blachford followed him, saying, "I told you, doctor, she would die a Methodist,—that is Methodism." . . . Miss Blachford did not long survive, dying in the full assurance of faith. (quoted in Smith 221–22)

40: lov'd] The myrtle is a traditional emblem of love.

Morven and Miruna

from Ossian

Dark is the night, tempestuous howls the blast,
And down the mountain roars the torrent fast;
Whence are those sounds of sweet, but saddest woe?
Whence doth that melody of sorrow flow?
On yon dark hill of storm, all lonely laid,
Behold Miruna the white-bosom'd maid!
Fair as the showery bow which mildly shone
In the soft splendor of the setting Sun,
Or as the Moon, when calm she rears her head,
A silver radiance o'er the lake to shed,
Lovely as morn, and gentle as the breeze
That fans the humid Spring from perfum'd trees;
See how her shadowy tresses unconfin'd
In wild luxuriance float upon the wind,
Now veil her neck, now sport upon her face,
And half conceal the beauties they should grace,
But terror heaves beneath that breast of snow,
And down her vermeil cheek soft sorrows flow,
For hither, by her Morven urg'd to come,
Alone & timid she had left her home,
For him she waits in terror & dismay,
Confus'd & wondering at his long delay,
For e're the Western hills the sun conceal'd

Ossian] Ossian is the purported author and narrator of the hugely popular *Fragments of Ancient Poetry Collected in the Highlands of Scotland, and Translated from the Gaelic or Erse Language* (1760). James Macpherson (1736–1796) claimed to have collected and translated this material, but it eventually became clear that he was, in actual fact, the author. His "translations," including *Fingal* (1762) and *Temora* (1763), were collectively published as *The Works of Ossian* (1765). MT bases her poem on "The Songs of Selma," particularly "Colma," in which bards sing for Fingal and his heroes. Minona sings about Colma and her dead love, Salgar. Fingal is king of Morven, a mythical Gaelic kingdom. Morven is also the name of several Scottish mountains. MT loosely adapts Macpherson's language. See Macpherson, *The Poems of Ossian*.

Or yon tall cliffs the rising moon reveal'd,
She vow'd to meet him, and escape the ire
Of her stern brother, & relentless sire;
But sad the evening frown'd involv'd in clouds,
And night descending all in horror shrouds.
She calls in trembling accents on her love
Who lur'd her thus a fugitive to rove,
The trembling accents all her fears confess,
And sadder sighs her agony express.
"Rise lovely Cynthia! mistress of the night!
Let not these envious clouds obscure thy light.
Oh! with thy friendly lustre guide my feet,
Where Morven roams his wandering love to meet.
Let thy soft beams his graceful form illume,
And chase the horrors of this night of gloom.
Forlorn, unheard, beneath the beating rain,
I call my lingering love alas! in vain.
Drear howls the wind, the mountain torrents roar,
But Morven's promis'd voice I hear no more,
Hush, hush ye winds! ye roaring torrents cease,
And lull awhile your stormy rage to peace.
Let but my feeble voice be heard around,
My Lover's heart shall hail from far the sound.
And lo! in pity at my woe from high,
The gracious moon looks forth & calms the sky,
The whiten'd rocks reflect her silver light,
The mountain streams, & flooded vales look bright:
From Ardvon's windy steep I gaze around,
And breathless listen to each mingled sound,
But Ah! no form of love dispels my fear,
No panting dogs proclaim my Morven near!
I see the destin'd spot, the mossy seat,
The stream that swell'd rolls foaming at my feet,
The pointed rock, the storm-bent oak is here,
Chief of the hill! my promis'd lord appear!
But who are those, who in the distant vale

Lie on the heath? my frighted spirits fail;
Bear me my trembling feet! yet, yet sustain
This sinking body to yon dreadful plain!
Is this my brother? this my Morven! say
Dear images of terror & dismay?
Ah speak my friend! revive my fleeting breath,
Call back my soul from horror & from death!
Oh no! they speak no more! both, both are dead!
Lo! there the blood-stain'd swords, deep gash'd & red;
Oh horror, horror! terrible your rage,
Against each other why did you engage?
Dear cruel youths! ah whither can I fly?
The wretched cause of all these horrors I.
Sweet were your lives; untimely must they end?
Silent & cold, my brother, & my friend!
Dear were you both to this now widow'd heart,
Ah why should ancient feuds such spirits part?
Long had our race been foes e're thou, brave youth,
Had plighted with my secret soul thy truth.
  Yet, yet upon yon misty brow appear,
Shades of the dead! Miruna feels no fear!
In mercy speak, Oh tell my soul distrest
Where do your reconciled spirits rest?
On what dark coast can I my brother find.
Where can I now be to my Morven join'd?
Alas! I see no lightly hovering form,
No voice like theirs low murmurs thro' the storm.
Rear, rear the tomb, ye virgins of the grove,
Lay me between my brother, & my love!
Here raise it high for these your country's pride,
And lay Miruna by her heroes' side.
Close it not yet! this heart still beats with life,
But cannot long support this painful strife.
I come my Morven! murder'd spouse I come!
Receive Miruna at thy new found home!"
  She spoke, & sunk upon the breathless clay,

Then in mute sorrow sigh'd her soul away,
Her tender soul resign'd the faithful breath,
There rest the youths, & hapless maid in death.
On the sad spot they rear the silent tomb,
And still each gentle heart deplores their doom;
High on yon rock beside the mossy stream
Her form oft rises 'mid the moon's pale beam,
There oft she sings in softly plaintive sounds,
There mourns her Morven's and her brother's wounds.
The shepherd hears her from the pasture plains,
And fearless listens to the heav'nly strains.
Soft as the sounds which swell the evening gale,
When Autumn whispers in the rustling vale;
The wearied huntsman views her from afar,
Deck'd with mild lustre like the evening star,
But when the blasts arise, or morn draws near,
Or trembling mortal owns a coward fear,
As into air dissolves the melting lay,
And the light vision vanishes away.

Winter

Imitated from the Daphnis of Gessner

In vain, stern Winter, would thy gloomy reign
Banish each beauty from our rural plain,
Spite of thy ravages still Nature charms,
And here sheds beauty which thy rage disarms;

Gessner] Solomon Gessner (1730–1788), Swiss poet, bookseller, and landscape painter. *Daphnis,* published in 1754, was translated from German into French several decades later and was available in English by the 1790s. Gessner's work was extremely popular in England and is said to have influenced many poets of the Romantic era. (See Reed.) MT's poem is not a faithful translation but is, instead, inspired by Gessner's characters and narrative as well as the pastoral beauty of his landscapes. She has changed the name of Daphnis' beloved from Phyllis to Serena.

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Delighted I behold the brilliant scene,
Where thro' the snow peeps forth the tender green,
And tho' the enfeebled sun hath lost his power,
And scarce sheds heat in his meridian hour,
Yet bright he shines in the blue vault serene,
While not a cloud thro' Heav'ns wide arch is seen;
How clear he gilds the summit of yon hills!
How bright he sparkles in yon crystal rills!
Whose rapid course defies the icy chains
With which the languid waters frost detains;
On the brown, leafless hedge a dazzling line
Of trembling icicles pellucid shine,
The brittle diamonds glitter on the thorn,
The painted dew-drops of the early morn,
And dancing sparkle in the northern gales,
Which blast our hills, & chill our shelter'd vales;
The meads indeed afford no pasture now,
The sheep no longer graze the mountain's brow,
Securely feeding in their huts they brave,
The fields of famine, & the stagnant wave.
No footsteps now are seen of passing flocks,
No lowing herds; save that the docile ox
Slowly & sad the woodman's burden bears
The fuel which his cold, long evening cheers.
What tho' the frosts have robb'd our fields of flowers,
And stripp'd of verdure all our rosy bowers,
Tho' now no longer from the smiling bough
I cull fresh garlands for Serena's brow,
Where forc'd to view the violets charms disclose,
And fairest lillies shame the blushing rose,
Yet wreaths of laurel I may still combine,
And round her head the faithful myrtle twine;
Tho' the rude breath of bitter winds assail,
And hush to peace the songsters of our vale;
Tho' now no more the sprightly lark we hear
And Philomel no longer charms our ear,

Yet the tame sparrow pecks from door to door,
And the sweet Redbreast shares our frugal store;
Lo! to my love the little thief I'll bring
For her his sweetest, tenderest notes he'll sing
Fed on her hand his songs shall thank her care
Too blest her fondness and her smiles to share!
Tho' hills & cottages are crown'd with snow,
Which spreads & covers all the plains below,
Yet still some shrubs of purest, vivid green,
Vary the dazzling whiteness of the scene:
And there my fair one's home I can descry,
And still on it repose my wand'ring eye;
'Mid the brown woods its smoky columns rise,
'Till the blue vapour join the clearer skies;
As borne aloft it mounts upon the breeze
And bathes the leafless bosom of the trees;
There seated by the blazing turf, even now,
Perhaps, with fixed eyes, & pensive brow,
She from her casement views the wintry plain,
And thinks on absence, & her lover's pain,
With soften'd heart his constant flame approves,
And sweetly ponders on our early loves;
Perhaps, like me, for Spring's return she longs,
Which calls forth verdure, flowers, & cheerful songs:
Oh! when by love, & mirth, & music led,
In the gay dance shall we together tread,
Where mingled with the lightly, careless band,
In secret transport I can press her hand,
When shall our voice united charm each hill,
And with sweet echoes every valley fill?
Belov'd Serena! fairest of that train,
Who welcome May with dances on the plain,
Thy beauty might my ravish'd senses bind,
But 'twas the purer graces of thy mind,
That bound in firmest chains my willing soul
For ever subject to thy soft control;

Can I forget, when with a tender tear,
She heard the tale of the young Shepherd's fear?
Then with soft smiles, & sympathising voice,
She made the young Alexis heart rejoice.
Two lambs from all her flock she bid him choose,
Nor the free gift with bashful shame refuse,
To dry his tears, his father's loss repair,
And chase the trembling boy's distress & care.
The lamb he lost she bid him cease to mourn,
And fearless to his sterner home return.
Oh Winter! what avails thine harsh control?
Thy frosts can never chain my ardent soul,
My songs shall still resound Serena's praise,
For her in warmest notes my voice I'll raise,
My flute shall breathe, & my obedient lyre,
Shall kindling glow with all its master's fire,
And Oh Serena! may my voice appear
As sweetly grateful to thy partial ear
As the remembrance of the poor & griev'd
Whose woes by thee were soften'd & reliev'd!

Sonnet
From the Italian

imitated 1799

When cruel chance, or destiny severe,
Brings to my view that form, Ah! still ador'd!
No more the same as absent I deplor'd,
But chang'd, Oh, chang'd beyond my saddest fear;
When, gaily careless, or with cold neglect,
She meets the glances of my aching eyes,
How heaves my heart with struggling, smother'd sighs,

From the Italian] Source unidentified.

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My tongue refuses what my thoughts direct,
My burning cheek in vain averted glows,
While every object swims before my sight,
Then how I long for solitude, and night,
There fondly hoping to regain repose,
Ah! anguish then more keenly wakes my woes,
While weary of the hours I loath the coming light.

Sonnet to W. Parnell

written at Avondale 1808.

We wish'd for thee, dear friend! for Summer eve
Upon thy loveliest landscape, never cast
Looks of more lingering sweetness than the last.
The slanting sun, reluctant to bereave
Thy woods of beauty, fondly seem'd to leave
Smiles of the softest light, which slowly past
In bright succession o'er each charm, thou hast
Thyself so oft admired; and we might grieve
Thine eye of taste should ever wander hence

Parnell] William Parnell (c. 1780–1821), Irish politician, writer, neighbor, and close friend of MT. He opposed the union and in 1804 published a pamphlet, *An Enquiry into the Causes of the Popular Discontents in Ireland,* calling for Catholic emancipation. When MT read it on 13 May 1806, she referred to it in her reading journal as "A very spirited, lively gentlemanlike pamphlet containing truths, alas, too just" (NLI MS 4804). In 1807, Parnell expanded his argument in *An Historical Apology for the Irish Catholics,* which maintained that persecution was the cause of Catholic disaffection. MT thought it "Full of very curious ancient anecdotes & written with spirit & temper in favor of a cause which has truth & justice on its side vainly oppos'd to prejudice illiberality & power" (entry for 1 June 1807, NLI MS 4804). Parnell served as MP for Wicklow from 1817 to 1821. Today, he is best remembered as the grandfather of Charles Stewart Parnell (1846–1891), leader of the movement for Irish home rule. See Foster and MT's "Sonnet Written in a Copy of Psyche."

Avondale] The Parnell estate, located in Rathdrum, County Wicklow. Avondale House, built in 1777, was a Georgian structure surrounded by five hundred acres of forest parkland on the Avonmore River. According to ThB, during MT's last trip to see friends in the spring of 1808, she visited Avondale (NLI 4810). Thomas Moore wrote "The Meeting of the Waters" while visiting the Parnells at Avondale.

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O'er scenes less lovely than thine own; but here
Thou wilt return, & feel thy home more dear
More dear the Muse's gentler influence,
When on the busy world, with wisdom's smile,
And heart uninjured thou hast gaz'd awhile.

To Mrs. Wilmot

Lady forgive, if late the languid lyre,
At length responsive to thy sweetest lay,
Breathe the low, trembling strain, with weak essay
To utter all which grateful thoughts inspire:
Forgive, if, vacant of poetic fire,
I seem with frigid heart, and dull delay,
The flatt'ring summons careless to obey:

Mrs. Wilmot] MT presented one of the few privately printed first edition copies of *Psyche* (1805) to the poet and playwright Barbarina Wilmot, later Lady Dacre (1768–1854). MT's sonnet was written in response to a sonnet by Wilmot.

To Psyche on reading her poem

Who hears the Lark's wild rapturous carol shrill
Nor feels with kindred joy his bosom glow?
Who the lone Owl's loud dismal shriek of woe,
Nor starts as with a sense of coming ill?
The mingled bleetings that at Evening fill
The dewy air, with tender sounds that flow
From Mother's love, all answering hearts avow,
Such sympathy does Nature's voice instill?
What wonder then, if the enchanting lay,
In which the soul of love and virtue blend
Their magic force, thy secret heart pourtray,
(While all the Nine their fascination lend)
That the rapt fancy the sweet spell obey,
Greeting thee, unknown Psyche, as a friend?

Wilmot was one of the most accomplished women of her time—an author, sculptor, and scholar of French and Italian. She and MT had a common interest in translating Petrarch. Ugo Foscolo's *Essays on Petrarch* (1823) are dedicated to Wilmot (*DNB*). She corresponded

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Woo'd, kindly woo'd so highly to aspire,
And echo the soft name of *friend*; for me,
Alas! for me, in anguish, and in fear,
The darkling days have since roll'd heavily.
But let my Psyche in thy partial ear
Whisper the sad excuse, & smiling see
In hers the lovely sister form most fair, most dear.

with other literary women, such as Mary Russell Mitford, Catherine Maria Fanshawe, and Joanna Baillie. When Lady Dacre first published "To Psyche" in *Dramas, Translations and Occasional Poems* (2:237), she dated it "April 1806" and revised it slightly from our copy text, which is the holograph manuscript, in Lady Dacre's hand, tipped into the volume of *Psyche* that MT presented to her (Bodleian Library, Vet. A6 fol. 214). The most interesting alteration is the change from "thy secret heart pourtray" in line 11 to the less revealing "and thy heart pourtray." She later reprinted MT's sonnet in slightly altered form, retitled it "Psyche's Answer" (2:238), and assigned it a different and more specific date: "May 7th 1807."

Textual Notes

The copy text for all of the following poems, except "To Mrs Wilmot," is "Verses Transcribed for H. T.," Vol. II (NLI Hamilton Papers Acc. 5495 C/8/2). Page numbers from this holograph manuscript appear in parentheses after each poem title.

Cleuen An Elegy (VTHT II:1–12).

Written in an Almanach (VTHT II:13).

The World (VTHT II:14). First published in *Mary,* 23, where it is dated 1803. There are no substantive variants.

Imitation from Jeremiah (VTHT II:15–16). First published in *PWOP,* 297–98, which did not include the date of composition and misprinted the biblical reference as "Chap xxxv" in the quarto edition. This typographical error was corrected in the third edition. MT's elaborate calligraphic title omits the third *i* in "Imitation" to read "Imitaton." We have corrected this copying error. Substantive variants:
title: Imitaton] Imitated
9: all] she
17: thy] the
23: smiling] gladdened

Psalm cxxx Imitated (VTHT II:18–19). First published in *Mary,* 26–27, without stanza 4. When the poem was published in the October 1847 issue of the *Churchman's Monthly Review,* 780–81, in an anonymous review of William Howitt's *Homes and Haunts of the Most Eminent British Poets* (London, 1847), it included the fourth stanza that had been omitted in *Mary.* Another copy in Hannah Tighe's album (fols. 173–75) lacks the last stanza. When CH made a copy in a commonplace book (NLI MS 4810, pp. 42–43), she omitted the last stanza, as well as stanzas 2, 4 and 5, which suggest that the speaker has much to be forgiven. Other substantive variants:
VTHT] Hannah Tighe's album] *Mary*] *Churchman's Monthly Review*
title: Psalm cxxx Imitated. Jan^{y} 1805] Psalm 130 Imitated. 1805] Psalm cxxx Imitated January 1805] Psalm 130 Imitated. 1805
1: sorrow's] sorrows] sorrows] sorrows
7: has] hast] hast] hast
8: would] could] would] would
12: creating] creating] creative] creating
22: for peace] on thee] for peace] for peace
30: Hath] Has] Hath] Has

Verses Written when a detachment of Yeomen were sent against the rebel army (VTHT II:19–20).

Sensibility (VTHT II:21–22).

"See while the Juggler Pleasure smiles" (VTHT II:23). First published under the title "Pleasure, 1803" in *Mary,* 23. Except that MT leaves the poem untitled, there are no substantive variants.

"If Slander sting thy swelling heart" (VTHT II:23). The transcription of this poem by E. I. Fox in the Belfast Public Library is titled "La Guêpe," French for "wasp."

Written On the acquittal of Hardy &c (VTHT II:24).

The Dove (VTHT II:25–26).

Madagascar eclogue (VTHT II:27–29).

The Kiss ("When the Sun with amorous beams") (VTHT II:30–31). Another copy of this poem, lacking the epigraph, is in a commonplace book that once belonged to Henry Moore, now owned by the Chawton House Library (shelf number 5137, Poems HM 1811, fols. 57–59). That manuscript has the following note appended: "copied from Mrs Tighe's M.S. Innistiogue—May—1811." We are grateful to Daniel Robinson and Lucy Morrison for consulting this text for us. Substantive variants:

10: Celia's] Chloe's

16: Mad] And

Imitated from a Sonnet Written by Mad. de la Valliere (VTHT II:32–33).

Verses Imitated from Du Moustier (VTHT II:34–35).

Verses Imitated from the Chev. du Parney (VTHT II:36–38).

Imitation from Horace ("Alas! my friend") (VTHT II:39–41). Another copy, in CH's hand, is in Hannah Tighe's album (fols. 65–69). Substantive variants:

4: efforts vain] powerless aim

15: his regal] imperial

24: wave] grave

28: fatal] fated

32: Tho' sanguine Mars invoke his powers] Tho' Mars invoke his hastening powers

33: form] face

38: loud] fond

44: shall we] we shall

47: these] those

51: night] light

52: roseate] rosy

Imitation from Horace ("At last the wintry gloom is o'er") (VTHT II:42–44). Another copy, in CH's hand, appears in Hannah Tighe's album (fols. 61–64), where it bears the title "Spring." Substantive variants:

5: Once more] Again

9: gambol] gamble

12: springing] bounding

18: by] of

29: shadowy sacred] sacred shady
32: nymphs around it] youths around us
37: steps] step
38: lowly] humble
lofty] regal
40: even finds] must find
42: gloomy] dreaded

Imitated from an Elegy attributed to Sulpicia (VTHT II:45–46).

Imitations from Catullus (VTHT II:47–54).

36: grieve] The manuscript actually reads "grief," but grammar as well as the rhyme call for "grieve." We have made the emendation to correct this obvious copying mistake.

Translations from the Carm: Quad. (VTHT II:55–58).

Stanzas from Petrarca (VTHT II:59).

The Flowers (VTHT II:60–61).

Love (VTHT II:62–63).

First Love (VTHT II:64–67).

Imitated from Aulus Gellius (VTHT II:68).

The Violet (VTHT II:68).

Song ("How hard with anguish unreveal'd") (VTHT II:69). First published in *Mary,* 19, where it is entitled "To ———." The only substantive variant is:
9: reproach] reproof

Song Adapted to an Air by Mozart (VTHT II:70–71).

To Caroline (VTHT II:72–74). CH copied this text into Hannah Tighe's album (fols. 41–45) and entitled it "To C——— Imitated from Horace Epistle 4. lib 1." Substantive variants:
8: the] an
13: There, while] And there
18: brings] gives
20: passion] passions
21–22: A lovely form . . . refin'd] [*two lines absent*]
27: Thus blest with] Which gave thee
28: Which] That
35: Amid] Amidst
43–44: Or we . . . angry blast] [*two lines absent*]
46: Thro' fear of some expected] By fearing some expecting
47: o'er some absent] for some future
53: canst thou too] then canst thou
57: thy] my

The commonplace book entitled "Extracts from Various Authors" (NLI MS 4800) also contains a copy. Substantive variants:

34: to enjoy] t' enjoy
so wise] & wise
35: cares surround] cares abound
36: fears abound] fears surround

Written for Emily (VTHT II:75–77). This poem appears in the fair copy manuscript of *Selena, vol.* 4, fols. 386–91 (NLI MS 4745), where it is untitled. Substantive variants:
5: wouldst] dost
8: thy] thine
15: hopes] heart
21: impelled] when borne
25: bid] bad
41: Ah why] Why then
45: thy] thine
48: the] her
49: art] arts

from an ancient inscription, Neapoli (VTHT II:78).

Sonnet from Fidentio (VTHT II:79).

Dirge Written at Brompton (VTHT II:80–82).

Address to the West Wind (VTHT II:83–84). Henry Moore, MT's neighbor in County Wicklow, copied the poem into his commonplace book (Chawton House Library, shelf number 5137, Poems HM 1811, fols. 60–62) with a note appended: "copied from Mrs Tighe's M.S. Innistiogue—May—1811." We are grateful to Daniel Robinson and Lucy Morrison for consulting this manuscript for us.

The poem was published by an anonymous reviewer in the *Churchman's Monthly Review* (Oct. 1847): 781–82. The following are substantive variants between our copy text, Henry Moore's commonplace book, and the *Churchman's Monthly Review*:
5: wintry] wintry] sunny
7: lowers] lours] lowers
8: chill'd] chill'd] chill
19: thou] thee] thou
23: feel] seems] yet
32: love] loved] love
35: beloved's] beloved's] beloved one's

Adorea (VTHT II:85–86).

Pleasure (VTHT II:87–90). First published in *PWOP,* 262–65. That text is missing four couplets, including the poem's concluding lines. In Caroline Turpin's copy of *Mary* (Houghton Library, EC8. T4484 811m), the first twenty-eight lines of the poem are copied out by hand under the title "Extract from lines on Pleasure 1802" (p. 13). When CH copied a twenty-two-line extract from the beginning

of the poem into her commonplace book (NLI MS 4810, pp. 27–28), she deleted lines 7–12. She included these lines, however, when she copied the opening to the poem (28 lines long) into Hannah Tighe's album (fols. 18–19). Both copies by CH include the couplet following line 18 not found in *PWOP*. None of the other texts include MT's footnote to line 30. Other substantive variants:

VTHT] *PWOP*] Hannah Tighe's album

7: faithless] faithless] treacherous

14: her] thy] her

19–20: Let . . . tongue] [*missing*]] Let . . . tongue

22: shrine] shrine] shrines

45: blossoms] beauties] [*missing here and in all instances below.*]

51–52: But gaze . . . seen before] [*missing*]

53: Where] See

61–62: While pale . . . gales diffuse] [*missing*]

66: length] last

67–68] Of poisoned . . . arm'd] [*missing*]

MT's ornate calligraphic title in the VTHT manuscript actually reads "Plesure," an accepted contemporary spelling of the word. However, we have made the editorial decision to print the title as "Pleasure," because MT spells the word with an "a" in every other instance we can find, including in the first line of this poem. Thus, we believe that omitting the "a" was a copying error.

45: unclasped] Although the manuscript appears to read "unclassed" and the third edition of *PWOP* prints "unclassed," the second edition reads "unclasped." MT's use of the long *s* makes the two words easy to confuse in a handwritten document. Because "unclasped" better fits the sense of the passage, we have emended the text, even though "unclassed" also appears in the fourth edition.

To Tranquillity (VTHT II:91–93). First published, without the last three stanzas, in *Mary,* 17–18, where it is entitled "Tranquillity, 1802." The poem was published for the first time in its entirety in October 1847 by an anonymous reviewer for the *Churchman's Monthly Review,* 778–79, in a critique of William Howitt's *Homes and Haunts of the Most Eminent British Poets*. Another copy is in Hannah Tighe's album (fols. 56–61). Substantive variants:

VTHT] Hannah Tighe's album] *Churchman's Monthly Review*] *Mary*

5: tempest-black'ning] tempest-blackning] tempest's darkening] tempest-black'ning

6: White] While] White] While

17: even] e'en] even] even

18: gently] gently] gently] gentle

29: Oh] Oh] Ah] Oh

37: mid] mid] midst] mid

42: Illumines] Illumined] Illumined] Illumined

43: here] here]there] here
46: &] or] and] and
53: I at least may cease] I may cease at least] I at last may cease] [*stanza absent*]
56: Her] Her] The] [*stanza absent*]
59: which long I] which long I] I long have] [*stanza absent*]

Song ("Turn on me, Love, thine eye of blue") (VTHT II:94).

Bryan Byrne (VTHT II:95–104). First published in *PWOP,* 281–96. Another manuscript copy in MT's hand is in the archive of the Public Record Office of Northern Ireland (PRONI), shelf number MS D2685/11/1-19. Substantive variants:
VTHT] *PWOP*] PRONI
13: his] the] the
16: curls] locks] curls
25–28: [*This stanza is missing in* PWOP *but is present in the PRONI manuscript.*]
32: soldiers, men] men of blood] soldiers, men
33: cherubs] cherub] cherub
[*We have corrected the copying error in VTHT and changed* cherubs *to* cherub.]
37–44: [*These two stanzas are present in the PRONI manuscript but are abbreviated into one stanza in* PWOP *as follows*]:
"And who are these,—this startled pair,
Who swift down Glenmalure are fled?
Behold the mother's maniac air,
As seized with wild and sudden dread!"
49: But] And] And
51: those] these] these
71: mourns] moans] moans
109: And] But] But
116: When] Where] Where
157: earth] earth] ground
160: tumult] tumults] tumults
204: smoky] smoking] smoking
208: spoke!] [*The three stanzas immediately following this one are present in* PWOP *but do not appear in the PRONI manuscript.*]
214: shrieking] shrinking] shrinking
225–28: Dear Ellen . . . strife] [*This stanza is absent in* PWOP *but present in the PRONI manuscript, where the only substantive variant is the last word:* knife.]
245–49: Behind . . . to thee.] [*This stanza is absent in* PWOP *but present in the PRONI manuscript, where the only substantive variant is in the first line*]: that] the
250: life's] lives] lives

Written for Angela ("Wilt thou begone") (VTHT II:105–6).

Song to my Harp (VTHT II:107–8).

Song ("Still as on Liffey's banks I stray") (VTHT II:109–10).

Written in an Horace given on my birth-day by H. Vaughan (VTHT II:111–13). Another copy, entitled "Written in a Horace given to me on my birth day by Dr. Vaughan," appears in Hannah Tighe's album (fols. 161–64). The Royal College of Physicians Library, London, also possesses a copy of this poem (ALS collection). It is penned in an unidentified hand and is entitled "Verses written by Mrs. Tighe in the blank leaves of a Horace" but catalogued as "Verses, addressed to Henry Vaughan, written in the blank leaves of a Horace. 1804." The poem was first published in the October 1847 issue of the *Churchman's Monthly Review,* 779–80, under the title "Written in a Horace, Presented to her by Dr. —— on her Birth-day, 1804" in an anonymous review of William Howitt's *Homes and Haunts of the Most Eminent British Poets.* Substantive variants, in addition to those already mentioned in the historical annotations, include:

VTHT] Hannah Tighe's album] Royal College of Physicians Library] *Churchman's Monthly Review*

5: gifts been] gifts be] gifts been] gift been

11: bad thee] bade the] bad thee] bade thee

13: since] since] since] for

16: mandate] summons] summons] summons

17: gentle swell] gentle spell] gentler spell] gentle spell

19: The darkest shades with hope] With hope the darkest shades] The darkest shades with hope] The darkest shades with hope

23: And bid] But bade] But bad] But bid
power] power] powers] power

28: bid] [*missing*] bad] bid

33: That] That] That] And

36: these] those] these] these

42: shalt] shalt] shall] shalt

46: grief] griefs] griefs] griefs

47: heaviest] heaviest] heaviest] wearied

2: those] The MS actually reads "thus." We have emended the text to correct this obvious error, corrected in other copies of the poem.

To W. Hayley (VTHT II:114–15). First published under the title "To W. Hayley, Esq. In Return for a Copy of Cowper's Life, with a Sonnet—1806" in *Mary,* 28. CH included this poem in Hannah Tighe's album (fols. 165–66). The only substantive variants are in the title (CH gives Hayley's first name, William, rather than his initial, omits the year of composition, and uses the phrase "and a Sonnet" rather than "with a Sonnet") and in line 16, where CH and *Mary* have "kind" rather than "good."

Song ("Lelia! with smiles, at length behold") (VTHT II:116–17).

The Myrtle, Written at West Aston (VTHT II:118–20). First published in *PWOP,* 278–80, under the title "Written at West-Aston. June, 1808." The copy of *Mary*

in the Houghton Library (EC8. T4484 811m) includes this poem, not in print but as a handwritten copy; it is entitled "The Myrtle Written at West Aston June 1808." The footnote to this text reads, "The Brother was the author's Father who died of a fever a few months after the birth of his daughter" (after p. 28). There are no substantive variants between the *Mary* text and the *PWOP* text. Substantive variants between our copy text and *PWOP* are:

21: For] In
34: plant] tree
42: those] these
48: shoot] shoots
49: hope] hopes
53: that] though

Morven and Miruna (VTHT II:121–25).

68: there] The manuscript actually reads "their" but we have corrected the error.

Winter (VTHT II:126–29).

Sonnet From the Italian (VTHT II:130).

Sonnet to W. Parnell (VTHT II:131). First published in *PWOP,* 236, under the title "To W. P. Esq. Avondale." The holograph manuscript (now unlocated) reproduced in E. V. Weller's *Keats and Mary Tighe* (opposite p. 236) gives the date of composition as "June 16 1808." Substantive variants:

VTHT] *PWOP] Weller*
1: wish'd] wish] wished
6: which] that] that
12: Muse's] Muses'] muses

PWOP, quarto ("2nd ed."), has "wished" in line 1, as does the holograph manuscript reproduced in *Keats and Mary Tighe.* That this word was changed in the third edition to "wish" is yet more evidence that MT's work was emended posthumously. The fourth edition retains "wish." *PWOP,* quarto ("2nd ed."), prints "landskip" in line 2; the third edition corrected this typographical error, and the correction was retained in succeeding editions.

To Mrs. Wilmot Our copy text is the holograph manuscript, signed "M Tighe," bound into a copy of *Psyche; or, the Legend of Love* (1805) which MT presented and inscribed on the title page "To Barbara Wilmot from M Tighe May 1807." MT also initialed the conclusion of her "Preface." The manuscript is bound in just before "Sonnet Addressed to My Mother" and immediately following a manuscript copy of "To Psyche on reading her poem" by Barbarina Wilmot. The volume is now in the Bodleian Library, Oxford (Vet. A6, fol. 214). An unsigned watercolor illustration of Cupid and Psyche, probably by MT, is tipped into the book, facing page 61. It depicts a light-brown-haired woman dressed in a white, Empire-style gown looking sadly back over her right shoulder at a blond child or Cupid figure flying away from her with its arms upraised. We

are grateful to Roxanne Eberle for preliminary help with this manuscript. Another holograph copy of this poem is in VTHT II:132, where it is entitled "Sonnet in reply to Mrs. Wilmot. 1807." Although accidentals differ, there are no substantive variants, and we defer to the earlier of the two holograph manuscripts for our copy text.

Late Poems and Fugitive Verse

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As the Hart panteth after the water brooks, so doth my soul after thee O God—

Rossana

July 1788

As to the water brooks the panting hare
With hasty steps would eagerly repair
So to the living God my trembling heart
Would quickly speed and from this world depart
But still some fearful danger stops her way
And unseen perils all her steps delay.
Thirsting and fainting o'er this desert land
My weary soul gasps for some friendly hand
To lead her unsecure and lonely steps
And guide her thro' the dark and dreary depths
At length escaping from these toils and woe
When shall my soul her long sought haven know
Arise thou glorious Sun with cheering light
And be thy presence my defence and might
Thy love shall guide me to that holy hill
From whence I look for thy protection still
Thy tender care shall cheer the lonely way
And arm with strength in each distressing day
My weary soul with guilt and griefs opprest
Pants for repose in her creator's breast
'Tis there her only refuge can be found
Her peace is there, tho' tempests rage around
  Look up my soul the happy day draws near
When eased of every pang and every fear.
Thou shalt be freed from all this toil and strife
And rest at length in everlasting life

As the Hart . . . God] Psalms 42:1 (KJV).

1788] MT would have been fifteen years old when she composed this poem, making it her earliest known poetic work.

No more contending passions then shall vex
Nor strife of tongues my weary days perplex
Best peace immortal, pure unbroken peace
Shall bid my trembling fears for ever cease.
Then shall my powers unfettered by this clay
For ever praise my Lord in endless day
Then shall my soul enrolled among the blest
Find in his arms her everlasting rest.

August 1789

True happiness is only found
Within fair virtue's sacred bound.

Happy he whose thoughtful mind
  Seeks contentment not on earth,
Nor desires nor seeks to find,
  Riches, honours, joys or mirth.

Far retired from care he lives,
  See him calmly, humbly wait,
Peace, beyond what earth e'er gives,
  Is the portion of his state

Waiting till the appointed hour,
  That shall speak the solemn word;
Lo, he daily feels the power,
  Of an omnipresent Lord!

August 1789] MT's expression of yearning toward a land of peace was written amid the turmoil of the French Revolution. The storming of the Bastille had taken place just weeks before, on 14 July 1789; on 4 August 1789, members of the National Assembly drew up "The Declaration of the Rights of Man and the Citizen," which the National Assembly ratified on 26 August. An important aim of this document was to allow the underclass to achieve contentment on earth, not just in heaven.

True happiness . . . sacred bound] A revision of "True happiness is only found,/Where grace and truth and love abound" from Irene's air in Act I, sc. 2, of Georg Friedrich Handel's oratorio *Theodora,* with words by Thomas Morell (1750).

No more contending passions then shall vex
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Weak repinings at his fate,
  Ne'er disturb his humble breast;
Hoping for a better state,
  Satisfied in this to rest.

Lo, his portion is prepared,
  And in this he rests content,
Never hath his spirit dared,
  Disbelieve the promise sent.

As the glory of his Lord,
  So shall his in heaven be;
He relies upon his word,
  Thus from anxious care set free.

Oh that thus my thoughts were stayed
  On that glorious land of rest;
All my cares and sorrows laid
  On my dear Redeemer's breast.

Toiling in this sea of care,
  Long my weary soul hath been;
Every passion, every fear,
  O'er my heart alternate reign.

Yet I see the happy shore,
  Where my toils for ever cease,
Gracious Pilot steer me o'er,
  Bring me to that land of peace.

28: Redeemer's breast] See John Wesley's Psalm LII, verse 11: "I on my dear Redeemer's breast / For ever and for ever rest" (Wesley and Wesley 8:120).

29: sea of care] Even though this poem was composed early in her poetic career, MT was already using the metaphor of the stormy sea, which was to become one of her favorite tropes.

Good Friday, 1790

Here, Oh my soul, fresh comfort take
  From this amazing day!
May gratitude within me wake!
  All worldly thoughts away!

For on this day the Godhead died,
  (Amazing thought!) for me!
Pierced were his hands, his feet, his side:
  His soul felt agony.

Oh what return can I then make,
  For favours so divine?
My gracious Saviour deign to take
  My heart, 'tis all that's mine.

Oh let me suffer, Lord, with thee,
  That I with thee may reign;
Oh comfort, bless, and strengthen me,
  While tasting of thy pain.

Oh bring into thy wondrous bliss
  The soul for whom thou'st died,
My only hope and comfort this
  My Jesus crucified.

12: heart] MT's 21 August 1790 journal entry confides, "but Lord! shall I live ever thus return unto thyself my heart" (NLI MS 4810).

To her Mother

Rossana, 1791

Retired to solitude and soft repose,
  To thee would I devote this silent hour;
Ere yet in downy sleep these eyes I close,
  Ten thousand blessings on thine head I'd shower.

Be thine, dear guardian of my helpless youth,
  Friend of my heart, director of my feet,
Be thine each treasure from the fount of truth;
  On thee kind heaven distil its comforts sweet.

Not these soft scenes where pleasure reigns with ease,
  And grace and beauty mingle all their charms,
Can fully now thine absent daughter please
  Who longs to rest within a parent's arms.

Bless then, my soul, the Source of every good,
  For this his dearest and most valued gift,
Thy grateful accents tho' in numbers rude
  And weakly utter'd, thou to heaven mayst lift.

And as when vapours, rising from the earth,
  Ascend and hover in the clouded skies,
Then in soft rains descending banish dearth,
  And bid the flowers in mingled fragrance rise:

So may the gratitude, which swells my heart,
  And bids my tongue heaven's richest bounties praise,

4: Ten thousand blessings] "Give your hearts to Him who, together with ten thousand blessings, has given you his Son, his only Son!" from John Wesley's famous Sermon 60: "The General Deliverance," preached on 30 November 1781 (*Works of the Rev. John Wesley, A.M.* 6:252).

May it on every act its power impart,
Rule every word, and govern all my ways.

From Metastasio, 1791

Vain dreams, and fictions of distress and love,
I idly feigned, but, while I fondly strove
To paint with every grace the tale of woe,
Ah fool! my tears unbid began to flow.
O'er the invented griefs I vainly mourn,
With real sorrow is my bosom torn.
But has the muse alone the fatal power
To vex with fancied woes the troubled hour?
When she resigns her empire o'er my soul,
Does reason then this tranquil breast controul?
Deceived no longer by ingenious art,
Does wisdom rule each motion of my heart?
Do no vain loves, no idle passions rage,

Metastasio] Pietro Metastasio (1698–1782) had been dead less than a decade when MT penned this poem, which was deeply inspired by his "Sonet 1" (1733):

Sogni e favole io fingo; e pure in carte
Mentre favole e sogni orno e disegno,
In lor, folle ch'io son, prendo tal parte,
Che del mal che inventai piango e mi sdegno.
Ma forse, allor che non m'inganna l'arte,
Più saggio io sonno? È l'agitato ingegno
Forse allor più tranquillo? O forse parte
Da più salda cagion l'amor lo sdegno?
Ah che non sol quelle ch'io canto o scrivo
Favole son: ma quanto temo o spero,
Tutto è menzogna, e delirando io vivo!
Sogno della mia vita è il corso intero.
Deh tu, Signor, quando a destarmi arrivo,
Fa ch'io trovi riposo in sen del Vero!

The first six lines and last four lines of MT's poem are almost literal translations from Metastasio's original, but in the intervening fourteen lines, MT departs considerably from her source and even contradicts some of Metastasio's ideas about art. See also MT's "To Fortune" and "First Love."

May it on every act its power impart,
Rule every word, and govern all my ways.

From Metastasio, 1791

Vain dreams, and fictions of distress and love,
I idly feigned, but, while I fondly strove
To paint with every grace the tale of woe,
Ah fool! my tears unbid began to flow.
O'er the invented griefs I vainly mourn,
With real sorrow is my bosom torn.
But has the muse alone the fatal power
To vex with fancied woes the troubled hour?
When she resigns her empire o'er my soul,
Does reason then this tranquil breast controul?
Deceived no longer by ingenious art,
Does wisdom rule each motion of my heart?
Do no vain loves, no idle passions rage,

Metastasio] Pietro Metastasio (1698–1782) had been dead less than a decade when MT penned this poem, which was deeply inspired by his "Sonet 1" (1733):

Sogni e favole io fingo; e pure in carte
Mentre favole e sogni orno e disegno,
In lor, folle ch'io son, prendo tal parte,
Che del mal che inventai piango e mi sdegno.
Ma forse, allor che non m'inganna l'arte,
Più saggio io sonno? È l'agitato ingegno
Forse allor più tranquillo? O forse parte
Da più salda cagion l'amor lo sdegno?
Ah che non sol quelle ch'io canto o scrivo
Favole son: ma quanto temo o spero,
Tutto è menzogna, e delirando io vivo!
Sogno della mia vita è il corso intero.
Deh tu, Signor, quando a destarmi arrivo,
Fa ch'io trovi riposo in sen del Vero!

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No fond desires my restless thoughts engage?
Alas! not only when I write, and sing,
I soar on fancy's ever varying wing.
But all my hopes, and all my fears are vain,
And all my acts but like the tales I feign,
Vexed by vain cares, by vain delights deceived,
In empty dreams I joy, and I am grieved:
My raving life is one continual cheat,
And all my wishes but a fond deceit,
Ah Lord! arouse me from this dream of woes,
And let me in the arms of truth repose.

Sonnet, March 1791

As the frail bark, long tossed by stormy winds,
Wearied and scattered a calm haven finds,
So from a heavy load of cares set free,
At length, O Lord! my soul returns to thee!
Oh sun of light illume my doubtful way,
And let me from thy paths no longer stray,
Now hearken kindly to my mournful cries,
From the dark world now turn to thee mine eyes:
Oh food of sweetness that can never cloy,
Banish my sorrows with thine holy joy!
Thou gentle stream of soft consoling peace
O'erflow this heart, and all my tears shall cease,
Cleanse my repenting soul at mercy's shrine,
And then, adorn her with thy grace divine.

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Verses Written in Solitude, April 1792

Returned at length to solitude, and peace,
  Once more my heart resumes its loved pursuits;
Once more I seek my lost, poetic ease,
  And wander searching for Castalia's fruits.

But ah! in vain to me the nine refuse
  Inspiring succour, and enkindling thought,
Too long alas! I have renounced the muse,
  Her voice neglected, and her lyre forgot.

Lost in a crowd of folly and of noise,
  With vain delights my bosom learned to beat,
Resigned the pleasures I had made my choice,
  Of calm philosophy and wisdom sweet.

For, in the circles of the vain, and gay,
  No more her tranquil state my soul enjoyed,
In busy idleness I passed the day,
  And mirth and dress, and song my hours employed.

To fix the attention of admiring eyes,
  To move with elegance, and talk with ease;
To be the object of the practised sigh,
  To attract the notice, and the ear to please.

The empty flattery which my heart despised,
  The present frenzy which the dance inspired,

4: Castalia's fruits] Poetic inspiration. Apollo loved the nymph Castalia. She fled from him, diving into the spring at Delphi, at the base of Mt. Parnassus, which was then named after her. Water from this spring was sacred and was used to clean the Delphian temples and to inspire poets. See *Psyche,* canto V, l. 262ff.

5: the nine] The Muses.

Joys, which my reason never could have prized,
And which till tasted I had ne'er desired.

Yet these had charms, which now I blush to own,
Powers which I then believed not they possess'd;
The muse to banish from her humble throne,
Where she so oft had fired my glowing breast.

But the remembrance of these empty hours
Affords no single pleasure to my mind;
My soul regrets her lost collective powers,
And sighs once more her wonted calm to find;

For folly's influence do I still deplore,
A vacant gloom she o'er my heart hath spread;
The secret charm of solitude is o'er,
My thoughts are scattered, and the muses fled.

Such was the low ambition of my mind,
Such were the vain desires I formed,
For such delights my calmer joys resigned,
And quenched the fires which had my bosom warmed.

A Letter from Mrs Acton to her nephew Mr Evans
from the Album at Rossana

I am happy, dear George, to hear you intend
Some time at Rossana this Christmas to spend,

Mrs Acton] Sydney Acton, wife of Thomas Acton of West Aston, MT's second cousin. (His father was William Acton, brother of MT's paternal grandmother.) MT mentions Sydney Acton by name in "The Myrtle Written at West Aston" (l. 50). Sydney Acton's nephew was George Evans of Portrane, County Dublin. According to ThB, MT spent from mid-September to mid-October 1807 visiting Evans's estate (NLI MS 4810), which commanded extensive views of the sea and of the Wicklow mountains.

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I am pleased in my nephew to see such a spirit
To enterprise boldly I know you inherit,
Yet before in so arduous a task you engage
Tho' I know you superior to most of your age
I think it but friendly to caution you thus
Lest your memory failing you come to nonplus.
Whatever you learned at school or at College,
Rub up for your use at this seat of all knowledge
For my nephew's appearance I own I must quake
When I think what a moderate figure you'll make;
When with Latin and Greek not a morsel too much
With Italian and French and a little high Dutch
In the midst of such scholars you find yourself placed
And with questions in Hebrew and Syriac disgraced.
Lest staring around you, you fancy it Babel
When you hear fifteen languages spoken at table
Or venture in English to ask for some beer
At the poor ignoramus the butler will sneer;
Not a groom but his "as in presenti" can say
And the son of the cook in pure Latin can pray
To the housekeeper too should you happen to speak
'Tis fifty to one she will answer in Greek;
The Ladies think these are but vulgar attainments
Thrown by to their maids with their old fashion'd raiments
On their toilets no books but arabic you'll see,
And with native chinese they present you your tea;
On the carpets are charts of biography spread,
And quilts geographical cover the bed;
In Alembics by blow pipes with chemic perfection
The meal is oxided by Harry's direction

16: Syriac] Aramaic, the ancient Semitic language of Syria.

17: Babel] Genesis 11:1–9 tells of the tower ambitiously designed to reach heaven. God makes it impossible for workers to finish the tower of Babel by giving all of them different languages so that they cannot communicate with each other.

21: "as in presenti"] As in the present tense. Students of Latin were asked to recite "as in presenti."

31: Alembics] Distillation apparatus.

While in sallads they search for the stamens & pistols
The rice pudding cools in rhomboidal chrystals
And the carver takes care tho the ven'son he mangles
To part every portion in proper triangles:
Bread & butter is cut in forms mathematic,
And the tea urn distils with art hydrostatic;
Nay their dances are measured by just trigonometry,
And they move in true radii as ordered by geometry.
Nor language and science enough can adorn
For each a poetical genius is born;
(While infants they couplets could form in a trice
And lisp in soft numbers of ducks & of mice,)
Not to speak of that wonderful genius from England
Who Priestly & Blair has surpassed by his single hand;
Whose talent for rhyming so copiously flows,
That his labour is only to speak in plain prose.
When the family, call'd by the bell's silver tone,
Assembles to supper each offers his own,
Whether epic, or comic, or tragic they chuse,
Each worships his favorite appropriate muse;

45: wonderful genius] Probably MT's uncle, Edward Tighe (1740–1801), ThB's brother. CH said that he was "early attached to the Theatre" and that he "lived much with the actors & wits of his day. He was allowed to excel in the art of reading, which made his society much courted, tho' he could not always restrain the irascibility of his temper & was often ridiculous from his various excentricities. Some laughable anecdotes are told of him in the life of the poet Dermody. He wrote pamphlets & verses in abuse of whiskey, which, together with potatoes, he considered the cause of the misery & degradation of the Irish. He married an heiress, was often in Parliament & had a place under government" (NLI MS 4810). In addition to James Grant Raymond's *The Life of Dermody,* which MT read in 1806, Edward Tighe is mentioned in the works of Samuel Johnson, Hannah More, Sydney Owenson, Lady Morgan, and Anna Seward. CH noted that "When my mother began first to consider how she ought to educate her two daughters, she wrote, she told me to my Uncle Edward, who was a man very well conversant in the ways of the world and who lived occasionally in the best literary society in London to ask him whether a learned education was considered the best for women, and she told me that he gave her many instances, of learned ladies, in the highest rank who were better wives, and mothers, than those who had received a frivolous education" (NLI MS 4814).

46: Priestly] Joseph Priestley (1733–1804), Unitarian minister, author, and scientist, best known for discovering oxygen.

46: Blair] Hugh Blair (1718–1800), Church of Scotland minister, university professor, and author of *Lectures on Rhetoric and Belles Lettres* (1783).

Not a person appears in the family circle
But has verses deserving bays, laurel or myrtle.
Not with pencil alone is it Caroline's care
The vices to task, but the persons to spare;
For tho' on her labours the muses all smile,
Yet the high polished satire's her favorite style,
Miss Butticaz modest & timid declares
That nothing beyond a poor sonnet she dares;
But it has been whispered & I think that the fact is
She prepares for the press a new system of tactics:
Of the georgics an elegant version I hear,
From the chemical farmer will quickly appear,
There in mantuan strains his discoveries are sung,
Concentrated essence of gypsum and dung,
Mr. Jones too I hear in a poem didactical,
Give hints of politeness both courteous & practical;
Tho' as yet he has only in pastorals dealt
And in smooth strains of sentiment sung what he felt
Yet his fault, I have heard, has by critics been found
That in S's too frequent his verses abound.

54: bays, laurel or myrtle] In ancient Greece, leaves of the bay tree were woven into a wreath or garland to reward a conqueror or a poet. The laurel is a traditional emblem of victory or of distinction in poetry. The myrtle was sacred to Venus and was an emblem of love.

55: Caroline's] Caroline Hamilton's.

59: Butticaz] HT's adopted sister, Susan Catherine Butticuz. Sarah Tighe informally adopted her when she was ten, at the urging of Susan's family, who believed that her prospects in life would be improved by growing up in the Tighe household. Her father was a Swiss clergyman, who taught Latin at Harrow. See the last stanza of "Acrostics" for MT's verbal portrait of her.

65: mantuan strains] Virgil, author of the *Georgics,* was born in Mantua.

67: Mr. Jones] Probably the same Mr. Jones to whom CH refers in her poem, "To Capt[n] Huet" penned in 1797 (NLI MS 4801):

Or poor Mr Jones, Sir, whose principle trade is
To talk to and flatter the pretty young ladies;
The moment you see him you'll easily know
That Nature designed him to shine as a Beau,

He was most likely one of the Joneses of Westmeath and a maternal cousin of George Tighe's.

Camilla indeed, as a foreigner, says
From her lips are expected no vulgar tongued lays
But in the Mandingo, or verses Arabic,
She now and then ventures lines epigramatic;
Then Mary sings plaintive in notes Elegiac
While her brother I'm told prefers the Alcaic.
To ensure your reception, dear George, I must hope
From your pen that some little production may drop;
Some small epic poem or Encyclopedia,
(For fifty large folios at once they will read ye,)
Some treatises critical or philological
Or at least you may shew a new chart Chronological.

73: Camilla] Maria Camilla Blachford grew up in Germany and married MT's brother John in Dresden in 1796. ThB observed shortly after the marriage: "John's wife is about twenty years of age, certainly not handsome; but what shall I say? 'Marriages,' I have been told, 'are made in heaven;' do you believe it? She seems to idolize her husband: we must idolize something, and until we worship God 'in spirit and in truth,' I think she cannot do better; for surely she could find no more suitable object besides her Maker to idolize, than her husband" (quoted in Smith 169). Camilla was not among MT's and HT's favorite house-guests. ThB commented on Camilla's 1806 visit to their Dominick Street home: "This visit was not very pleasant to either party. Indeed, no one could, I think, ever find Camilla a pleasant guest & as both Mary & Henry found her a jealous & not goodnatured spy & in many respects oppressive, I was very glad when she left them" (NLI MS 4810). John Blachford had the marriage dissolved in 1812 (UK National Archives, 1812 [52 Geo. 3] c. 74P). He later married Mary-Anne Grattan, youngest daughter of the Irish statesman, Henry Grattan (Burke 1:497).

78: Alcaic] Sometimes referred to as Anacreontic verse, the Alcaic verse form is a Greek lyrical meter, supposedly invented by the lyric poet Alcaeus. It is one of the most important forms of classical poetry.

"There was a young Lordling whose wits were all toss'd up"

Written Jan^{y} 1799

to the tune of "There was an old Woman toss'd up in a blanket"

There was a young Lordling whose wits were all toss'd up
  Seventeen times as high as the Moon,
What was his object I could not imagine
  But in his hand he carried a broom—

"Young Lordling, young Lordling, young Lordling" says I
"Why have you toss'd up your wits so high?"
"I am going" (he cries) "with my purse & my broom
To sweep all the members out of this room"—

"Young Lordling, young Lordling, young Lordling" I cried
"Do you think on its ruin the house will decide?"

to the tune] The choice of this tune is doubly allusive and highly political. "There was an old Woman toss'd up in a blanket" was a popular Irish nursery rhyme:

> There was an old woman tossed up in a blanket
> Seventeen times as high as the moon.
> But where she was going, no mortal could tell it,
> For under her arm, she carried a broom.
>
> "Old woman, old woman, old woman," quoth I,
> "Whither, ah whither, ah whither so high?"
> "To sweep the cobwebs from the sky."
> "May I come with you?"
> "Aye, by and by."

It was sung to the tune of "Lilliburlero," a political song dating from 1688, in which two Irish Catholics congratulate each other on victory over the Protestants and make unkind remarks about what they plan to do to them. In 1688, the reign of James II (James VII of Scotland), the last Catholic king of Britain, came to an end when the Glorious Revolution overthrew him in favor of his Protestant daughter, Mary, and her husband and first cousin, William of Orange. James's last supporters were Irish Catholic, and they fought on until the signing of the Treaty of Limerick in 1691.

1: Lordling] Contemptuous term for an insignificant lord (*OED*). MT uses it throughout the poem almost as a synonym for "lacky."

But his wits were a wool-gath'ring up in the sky
And "Union! a union!" was all he could cry—

I watch'd in the lobby to look at the fun
For the sweeping already I saw was begun
But the speaker was stubborn & stuck in his chair
Nor the broom nor the purse could do any thing there

"Come sweep out, come brush out this troublesome mace"
The Lordling exclaim'd to his servants in place
"'Tother house is half scour'd & the Bishops, good men
Have given us their cassocks to wipe it up clean—"

But the treasury bench was in strange hub a boo
And Parnell look'd bluff & Fitzgerald look'd blue

7–12: purse. . . . union!] William Pitt, prime minister of England, proposed in 1798 an act of union, whereby the Parliament in Dublin would be merged into the Parliament in London. Throughout 1799, this proposal was much debated in the Irish Parliament, and it failed on the first vote. Although it now seems odd to think that the Irish Parliament would vote to dissolve itself, Lord Castlereagh, acting chief secretary of the Irish Parliament, used political pressure and monetary inducements ("my purse" l. 7) to persuade Irish politicians either to vote in favor of the Union or resign ("my broom" l. 7). The proposal must have been much discussed in MT's family; William and Henry Tighe resisted pressure and voted against the Union in 1799 and 1800. However, the Act of Union officially passed on 1 August 1800.

15: speaker] John Foster (1740–1828), Speaker of the Irish House of Commons, would not budge in his opposition to the Act of Union. Neither monetary inducements nor the threat of losing his office would change his mind. He was eventually stripped of his position (Johnston-Liik 4:223–28).

17: mace] "A scepter or staff of office." In the House of Commons, an order by warrant of the mace demands "obedience to a command of the House" (*OED*).

19–20: 'Tother house . . . clean] There was higher support in the Irish House of Lords for the Act of Union than in the House of Commons. The Roman Catholic hierarchy was largely in favor of the Union, for it was led to believe that if it were passed, Pitt's government would quickly enact legislation granting Catholic emancipation.

21: hub a boo] Irish term for turmoil.

22: Parnell] Sir John Parnell (1745–1801), the Irish nationalist, was Chancellor of the Exchequer. Lord Cornwallis told the Duke of Portland on 16 January 1799: "On my finding, from a conversation which I had with Sir John Parnell soon after he landed, that he was determined not to support the Union, I have notified to him his dismission from the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer, and I shall pursue the same line of conduct without favour or partiality, whenever I may think that it will tend to promote the success of the measure" (*Correspondence* 3:38). This action made Parnell a hero to the opposition. James Fitzgerald (1742–1835) could not be induced to alter his opposition to the Union, which he voted against in

"Who cares" says the Lordling (& push'd them away)
"There is Daly & Corry will serve Castlereagh—"

(So Betty with mop & fools head of her own
From its delicate stand the rich china has thrown
Nor dreams of its value but runs to her shelf
And claps in its place some clumsy coarse delf)

See Bury & Monk Mason obeying their Lord
With tears in their eyes hobble off at his word

1799 and 1800. As a result, Lord Cornwallis dismissed him from his office of prime serjeant, which he had held for fifteen years (Johnston-Liik 3:151). The mention of "bluff" and "blue" in this line is a pun, recalling the buff and blue colors of Charles James Fox (1749–1806), leader of the Whigs, whom MT much admired. See her "Sonnet Written in a Copy of Psyche."

24: Daly] St. George Daly (1758–1829), MP for Galway. Even though Daly's brother Denis was a friend of Grattan and Daly himself was a member of the Irish Bar, which, as a whole, opposed the Union, Daly supported it. He was renowned for making the best speech in favor of the Union, and, perhaps because of his attempts to persuade the Bar, he was made Baron of the Exchequer. Later, in 1799, his opinions on the Union positioned him to replace James Fitzgerald as prime serjeant (Johnston-Liik, 4.13–14).

24: Corry] Isaac Corry's (1753–1813) willingness to promote British interests had landed him the position of Surveyor General of the Ordnance (a sinecure) in 1788, Commissioner of the Revenue in 1789, privy counselor in 1795, chairman of the committee on Ways and Means in 1789, and Chancellor of the Exchequer, replacing the deposed John Parnell, in 1799. Fairly or not, Corry, not Cornwallis, was blamed for Parnell's dismissal. Corry further alienated his fellow Parliament members in 1800 when, during one of the debates over the Union, he accused the heroic Volunteer Grattan of "living in familiarity with rebels and being a conniver at this plan to overthrow the country." Grattan challenged him to a duel. Those who were in opposition to Corry accused him of trying to assassinate Grattan, but the duel ended with a slight wound to Corry (Johnston-Liik 3:511–13).

24: Castlereagh] Robert Stewart (1769–1822), better known after 1796 by the courtesy title of Lord Castlereagh, was one of the leading British politicians of the nineteenth century. Early in his political career, as an Irish MP, he voted against Catholic emancipation. After he replaced Thomas Pelham as acting chief secretary in 1798, he quickly wielded his power to bring about the Act of Union (Johnston-Liik 6:347–49).

25: Betty] Stereotypical name for a housemaid.

28: delf] A type of glazed earthenware from Holland, which was much cheaper and of poorer quality than porcelain.

29: Bury] Charles William Bury (1764–1835) supported the Union in 1800. He had political control of the borough of Carlow, and through this influence was created a Peer of Ireland in 1797 as Baron Tullamore. In 1798, he married Catherine Maria, née Dawson; he became Viscount Charleville in 1800 and was created Earl of Charleville in 1806 (Johnston-Liik 3:331–32).

29: Monk Mason] John Monck Mason (1725–1809), MP for Blessington and St. Canice, as well as a noted Shakespearean commentator. He had always been conservative and voted in 1799 and 1800 in favor of the Union (Johnston-Liik 5:201–3).

"I want no advice, give your vote, take your pay
Hold your tongues you old fools & get out of my way"—

Consistency Trench he could hardly get out
For light as a feather he floated about
And when he had got him up close to the door
A puff from behind blew him back on the floor—

The Syllabub youth had prov'd near as light
But gold well applied had just steadied the Knight
And the place of commissioner well could dispense
With the ballast he wanted of truth & of sense

"To clean out these stables my dear" says S^{r} Boyle
"For a slip like yourself is a mighty great toil
It's a shame & a sin too to see such a sight!
In so dirty a work you should take such delight!"
"But by Jasns my L^{d} if you wish to succeed
Bid the nate little Liffey run thro us with speed—
'Twill save the whole nation a great many pound Sir
And your English will laugh when they hear how we're drown'd Sir

33: Consistency Trench] Frederick Trench (1755–1840) was described by Sir Jonah Barrington as the man whose change of position created a majority of one for the Union. According to Barrington, Trench spoke in the Parliament early in the evening of 22 January 1800, declaring himself against the Union. Edward Cooke, with whom he had been talking earlier, conferred with Castlereagh, after which Cooke crossed the House to sit beside Trench. After a short conversation, Cooke returned to Castlereagh, who with "a congratulatory nod announced his satisfaction." Minutes later, Trench declared that he had changed his mind. He believed that he had erred previously and now supported the minister (Johnston-Liik 6:436–37).

37: Syllabub] Drink made of milk or cream sweetened and mixed with cider or wine. But MT is using the word here in its figurative sense to mean "something unsubstantial and frothy, especially floridly vapid discourse or writing" (*OED*). She would have been familiar with John Wesley's opinion that English books "are whipped Syllabub" compared to those in Latin and Greek (*Works of the Rev. John Wesley,* 12:410).

41: Boyle] Henry, Viscount Boyle (1771–1842), MP for County Cork, who supported the Union in 1799 and 1800. His mother was a Ponsonby. Upon the death of his father in 1807, he became the 3rd Earl of Shannon (Johnston-Liik 3:247).

45: by Jasns] Irish laboring class dialect used to avoid using "Jesus" as an expletive.

46: nate] Irish laboring class dialect for "neat."

46: Liffey] The river that runs through the center of Dublin.

And as we shall be English then we shall laugh too"
(The best argument that for the union I knew)
"Besides that another advantage is plain
It will wash out the passage at last thro' Fleet lane"

But Hibernia at last was arous'd by the noise
What a rout there is here with these troublesome boys
"Drive out that young fool who destroys my estate
Ere my house is in ruins break his broom o'er his pate"

"That business" said Darnshire "shall quickly be done"
And the spirit of Charlemont spoke thro his Son
"Your favorite youths shall but lend us a hand
And his broom & himself shall be put to a stand"—

Acrostics

How many an idly trifling song
Abashed had died upon my tongue

52: Fleet lane] The House of Lords was located on Fleet Lane (now Fleet Street) just south of Aston Quay on the Liffey, which is depicted here as flooding and washing away those who could not be swept out.

53: Hibernia] Roman name for Ireland.

57: Darnshire] Unidentified; most likely a satiric name.

58: Charlemont . . . Son] The first Earl of Charlemont, James Caulfeild (1728–1799), was a commander of the Volunteers and one of the few aristocratic, large landowners who worked for Irish independence. Francis William Caulfeild (1775–1863) succeeded his father as the second Earl of Charlemont and in 1799, as MP for County Armagh, voted against the Union. He was a graduate of Trinity College, Dublin, and in 1802 married Anne Bermingham, MT's friend and the subject of her poem "To Lady Charlemont" (Johnston-Liik 3:388).

59: favorite youths] Perhaps a coy reference to William and Henry Tighe and their efforts to oppose the Union.

Acrostics] In each stanza, the first letter of each line when read vertically spells out the name of a person in the Tighe family circle: Harry Tighe (familiar name for Henry Tighe, the poet's husband), Henry's sister Maryann Caroline Tighe, and Susanna Butticuz, Henry's adopted sister. MT has complicated the usual acrostic form. The first stanza is a double acrostic. The last letter of each line also suggests a word to describe Harry: "gent." In the second and third stanzas, the last three or four syllables of each line, read consecutively, also

And as we shall be English then we shall laugh too"
(The best argument that for the union I knew)
"Besides that another advantage is plain
It will wash out the passage at last thro' Fleet lane"

But Hibernia at last was arous'd by the noise
What a rout there is here with these troublesome boys
"Drive out that young fool who destroys my estate
Ere my house is in ruins break his broom o'er his pate"

"That business" said Darnshire "shall quickly be done"
And the spirit of Charlemont spoke thro his Son
"Your favorite youths shall but lend us a hand
And his broom & himself shall be put to a stand"—

Acrostics

How many an idly trifling song
Abashed had died upon my tongue

52: Fleet lane] The House of Lords was located on Fleet Lane (now Fleet Street) just south of Aston Quay on the Liffey, which is depicted here as flooding and washing away those who could not be swept out.

53: Hibernia] Roman name for Ireland.

57: Darnshire] Unidentified; most likely a satiric name.

58: Charlemont . . . Son] The first Earl of Charlemont, James Caulfeild (1728–1799), was a commander of the Volunteers and one of the few aristocratic, large landowners who worked for Irish independence. Francis William Caulfeild (1775–1863) succeeded his father as the second Earl of Charlemont and in 1799, as MP for County Armagh, voted against the Union. He was a graduate of Trinity College, Dublin, and in 1802 married Anne Bermingham, MT's friend and the subject of her poem "To Lady Charlemont" (Johnston-Liik 3:388).

59: favorite youths] Perhaps a coy reference to William and Henry Tighe and their efforts to oppose the Union.

Acrostics] In each stanza, the first letter of each line when read vertically spells out the name of a person in the Tighe family circle: Harry Tighe (familiar name for Henry Tighe, the poet's husband), Henry's sister Maryann Caroline Tighe, and Susanna Butticuz, Henry's adopted sister. MT has complicated the usual acrostic form. The first stanza is a double acrostic. The last letter of each line also suggests a word to describe Harry: "gent." In the second and third stanzas, the last three or four syllables of each line, read consecutively, also

Rudely hadst thou disdained my Muse.
Rudely didst thou to praise refuse.
Your judgement oft hath blushed with shame.
Tho' partial love could never blame.
Indulgent thus where critics frown.
Good nature smiling yields renown—
Hates the stern task of finding fault.
Employed t'excuse as kindness taught.
Made to engage all hearts, & charm all eyes,
Artless tho' keen, & tho so witty, wise;
Reason in her assumes the gayest face
Yet still asserts her own distinguished place.
Ah lovely maid! the Muse these lines inspires
Not with such genius as thy pencil fires,
No—powers like thine shall every breast inflame
Content thus humbly to admire thy fame
Act like the censer, perfume taught to raise
Receive & waft the insence of thy praise.
Or still attendant on thy merit sail
"Live in thine honours & partake the gale"
If heaven propitious shall attend my prayer
Nor half my vows reject, dispersed in air
Eternal smiles thy days shall still attend
Thy charmes still blooming, & still loved thy friend
In partial fondness still behold my love
Gently condemn, & where thou canst, approve.
Hide my defects, & be no fault of mine

---

make a statement. MT shows her playfulness by repeating the last letter of words in consecutive lines; in one case, the letter *e* ends five lines (2–6), and in two other cases, it ends four lines (17–20; 27–30). That the poem refers to Caroline by her maiden name and refers to her in line 15 as a "lovely maid" suggests that it was composed before 29 April 1801, the date of her marriage to Charles Hamilton.

22: gale] See Alexander Pope's *Essay on Man,* Epistle IV:

> O! while along the stream of time thy name
> Expanded flies, and gathers all its fame,
> Say, shall my little bark attendant sail,
> Pursue the triumph, and partake the gale? (373–76)

Exposed to the keen lash of Wit like thine.
Sweet is the breath of Rosy Morn.
Unnumbered charms display'd.
Sweeter the blush which can adorn.
A bashful modest Maid.
No! beauty's own celestial hue
Not half so charmed we see.
As when attracted thee we view
Bewitching Modesty.
Of rosy lips & sparkling eyes.
Unfeeling hearts may tell
These too she has; but still these lies
To please a stronger spell—
Ingenuous worth, discretions seal.
Celestial pitys tear.
A heart prepared for all to feel
Zealous th'opprest to chear.

To Lady Asgill
at whose desire Psyche is presented to the Duke of Bedford

Sophia! let thy own sweet smile
Our humble offering grace;

Lady Asgill] Jemima Sophia Ogle (1770–1819), daughter of Admiral Sir Chaloner Ogle, 1st Baronet, and Hester Thomas. Lady Asgill had married General Sir Charles Asgill (1762–1823), 2nd Baronet, on 28 August 1790. He fought alongside Cornwallis at the battle of Yorktown in October 1781, where he was taken prisoner and condemned to death in retaliation for an American officer who was hanged. A month later, he was given a reprieve by George Washington and an act of Congress. In 1798, he was actively engaged in suppressing the Irish uprising, and in 1800, he was placed in charge of the garrison of Dublin, occasionally overseeing the training camp at the Curragh. According to CH, Lady Asgill was one of the friends who visited MT and attempted to amuse her when she was too ill to leave the house in Dominick Street, Dublin (NLI MS 4810). See also "The Shawl's Petition."

Duke of Bedford] Francis Russell, fifth duke of Bedford (1765–1802). He developed more than a hundred acres in the West End of the city of London, including much of Bloomsbury and

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So Russel's self may charmed awhile
My Psyche's wandering's trace.

The timid muse, who loves the shade,
Her brow, with pride may raise
No more of critic scorn afraid,
If Russel deign to praise.

That name to freedom ever dear,
No brighter star can boast,
Than that whose influence calm and clear,
Illumined Erin's coast.

Poor Erin's fate, with envious powers,
Obscured its brilliant beams,
But still that star of happier hours
And Omen loved she deems.

And oft, as Erin's harp of woe
Her wrongs shall vainly mourn,
Her Russel's heart shall sighs bestow
His eye indignant burn.

Enough for me if Erin's name
May win his partial ear,

Bedford Square. As a member of Whig society, he frequented Devonshire House, where he was a favorite of Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, and of Lady Melbourne. His political mentor was Charles James Fox, and he supported all of Fox's initiatives in the House of Lords while opposing Pitt's repressive policies. In 1798 he objected to the methods used to suppress the Irish rising as "a system of coercion . . . enforced . . . with a rigour shocking to humanity"; he considered torture and the burning of houses to be "practices so disgraceful to the British name." In the same year, he joined with two others to persuade Fox to secede from Parliament to protest Pitt's policies. Bedford died on 2 March 1802, at the age of thirty-six; Fox and Sheridan eulogized him in the House of Commons, Amelia Opie published an exquisite *Elegy to the Memory of the Duke of Bedford* (1802), and in 1809, his statue was erected in Russell Square, where it stands today (E. A. Smith, "Russell, Francis, fifth duke of Bedford," *DNB,* 2004). *Psyche* would have been presented to the Duke of Bedford in manuscript, for he died several years before it was first published but two months after MT dated her preface to the poem (Jan. 1802).

If friendship's soft persuasive claim
  Forbid the muse's fear.

Sophia! thou this claim wilt try
  Nor other aid we need,
Or gentlest Emily's blue eye
  Our cause would love to plead.

"Say what is joy on earth"

Say what is joy on earth from Earth's foul spring?
Is it to triumph chained to foul disgrace?
Mock with a call to bliss the life worn heart,
And bid fond nature smile at her own woes?
To wear on misery's cheek the blush of art?
To silence into death the voice of truth,
And blow the flame that burns us to despair?

The Eclipse

Jan. 24, 1804

See the moon in all its glory
  Clear, and full and silvery white;
Dearest Tom would sure be sorry
  Not to see so sweet a sight.

See how clear the heavens surround her,
  All of deepest, purest blue;
All serene, no clouds around her,
  Calm, dear boy, and mild as you.

1804] This partial lunar eclipse actually took place two days later, on 26 January.

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Scarce a little hour is over,
Come once more and view the sky,
What a change! what gloomy cover
Half obscures her from our eye.

Alas! 'tis we alone that sever,
From her orb that lustre bright,
She would shine as clear as ever,
Only we eclipse her light.

Sweetest boy, believe the lesson;
Would it were my happy fate,
That my verse might deep impress on
Thy pure mind a truth so great.

All our light from heaven we borrow,
All our peace, and all our joy,
Gloomy care, distress and sorrow,
We may thus for ever fly.

All would shine with cloudless pleasure,
Every object that we viewed,
Could we place our heart's best treasure
In the purest source of good.

'Tis our passions, 'tis our vices,
Interpose 'twixt heaven and man,
And our folly, that despises
Virtue's joy-bestowing plan.

Written for her Niece S. K.

Sweetest! if thy fairy hand
  Culls for me the latest flowers,
Smiling hear me thus demand
  Blessings for thy early hours:

Be thy promised spring as bright
  As its opening charms foretel;
Graced with Beauty's lovely light,
  Modest Virtue's dearer spell.

Be thy summer's matron bloom
  Blest with blossoms sweet like thee;
May no tempest's sudden doom
  Blast thy hope's fair nursery!

May thine autumn calm, serene,
  Never want some lingering flower,
Which affection's hand may glean,
  Though the darkling mists may lower!

Sunshine cheer thy wintry day,
  Tranquil conscience, peace, and love;
And thy wintry nights display
  Streams of glorious light above.

S. K.] Infant daughter of HT's sister Elizabeth Tighe (1774–1857) and her husband, hymn writer and evangelical minister Rev. Thomas Kelly (1769–1855), who married in July 1795. In his edition of *The Poetical Works of John Keats* (London: Macmillan, 1885), Francis T. Palgrave speculates that the phrase "The blessings of Tighe had melodiously given" from Keats's poem "To Some Ladies" refers to the first stanza of this poem (263).

16: darkling] See John Keats's "Ode to a Nightingale": "Darkling I listen" (st. 6, l. 1) and *The Eve of St. Agnes:* "Down the wide stairs a darkling way they found" (st. 40, l. 4). Earle Vonard Weller first called attention to these borrowings from MT ("Keats and Mary Tighe," 976).

To Fortune

From Metastasio

Unstable Goddess! why, with care severe,
  Still dost thou strew with thorns my rugged path?
Thinkst thou I tremble at thy frowns? or e'er
  Will crouch submissive to avert thy wrath?
Preserve thy threats for thine unhappy slaves,
  The shuddering victims of thy treacherous power;
My soul, thou knowest, amid o'erwhelming waves,

Metastasio] Pietro Metastasio, né Pietro Armando Dominico Trapassi (1698–1782), the Italian librettist and lyric poet, who wrote more than seventy melodramas. In 1729, he became the court poet at the Viennese court of Emperor Charles VI and remained so until his death. MT was fluent in Italian, and her poem is an elegant and fairly faithful translation of Metastasio's "sonet 22," although she takes some liberties with the original:

Che speri, instabil dea, di sassi e spine
Ingombrando a' miei passi ogni sentiero?
Ch'io tremi forse a un guardo tuo severo?
Ch'io sudi forse a imprigionarti il crine?
  Serba queste minacce alle meschine
Alme soggette al tuo fallace impero;
Ch'io saprei, se cadesse il mondo intero,
Intrepido aspettar le sue ruine.
  Non son nuove per me queste contese:
Pugnammo, il sai, gran tempo; e più valente
Con agitarmi il tuo furor mi rese;
  Che dalla ruota e dal martel cadente,
Mentre soffre l'acciar colpi ed offese,
E più fino diventa e più lucente.

Additionally, there are echoes between MT's sonnet and Metastasio's "The Dream of Scipio" (1735), in which Scipio dreams that he is forced to choose between Constancy and Fortune; in choosing one, he knows that he will lose the other, and the two goddesses try to persuade him by moving speeches and, in Fortune's case, threats. Scipio chooses Constancy only to awaken and realize that it was, in fact, all a dream. "To Fortune" also seems influenced by Edmund Spenser. In fact, it could almost have taken as its epigraph these lines from the first book of the *Faerie Queene*: "Captived to fortune and frail worldly fears,/Fly to your faith for succour and sure aid" (bk. 1, st. 52, ll. 5–6). See also two other translations by MT from Metastasio: "First Love" and "From Metastasio, 1791."

2: rugged path] MT's imagery evokes the first two lines of the sonnet with which Charlotte Smith opened her landmark volume *Elegiac Sonnets* (1784): "The partial muse has from my earliest hour/Smiled on the rugged path I'm doomed to tread."

Shall smile superior in the roughest hour.
With me as oft as thou wouldest proudly wage
The combat urged by thy malicious ire,
Full well thou knowest, that from thy baffled rage
My soul has seemed fresh vigour to acquire;
So the bright steel beneath the hammer's blows
More polished, more refined, and keener grows.

The Shawl's Petition,

To Lady Asgill

Oh, fairer than the fairest forms
Which the bright sun of Persia warms,
Though nymphs of Cashmire lead the dance
With pliant grace, and beamy glance;
And forms of beauty ever play
Around the bowers of Moselay;
Fairest! thine ear indulgent lend,
And to thy suppliant Shawl attend!
If, well content, I left for thee
Those bowers beyond the Indian sea,
And native, fragrant fields of rose

8: roughest hour] An allusion to John Wesley's famous account of the Moravians' fearless calm in a storm at sea as he crossed the Atlantic for Savannah with them in 1736. While he felt unwilling to die, they sang a psalm as the sea split the main sail of the vessel and water poured in. The English passengers were screaming with fear, while the Moravians, even the women and children, were not afraid of death. "How is it," he asked himself, "thou hast no faith?" (Hattersley 104).

Lady Asgill] Jemima Sophia Ogle (1770–1819). See "To Lady Asgill" and note.

3: Cashmire] Kashmir, located between India, Pakistan, and Tibet, is famed for the cashmere wool of its goats.

6: Moselay] Mosellay, the gardens of Shiraz in southern Persia, a favorite spot of the poet Hafiz (1325–1389), who is buried nearby. In 1799, Sir William Jones translated Hafiz's "Gazel" under the title "A Persian Song of Hafiz," which maintains that "Eden cannot show . . . / A bower so sweet as Mosellay."

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Exchanged for Hyperborean snows;
If, from those vales of soft perfume,
Pride of Tibet's far boasted loom,
I came, well pleased, thy form to deck,
And, from thy bending polished neck
Around thy graceful shoulders flung,
With many an untaught beauty clung,
Or added to thy brilliant zone
A charm that Venus well might own,
Or, fondly twined, in many a fold
To shield those lovely limbs from cold,
Fairest! thine ear indulgent lend,
And to thy suppliant Shawl attend.
  Oh! by those all attractive charms
Thy slender foot, thine ivory arms;
By the quick glances of thine eyes,
By all that I have seen thee prize;
Oh! doom me not in dark disgrace,
An exile from Sophia's face,
To waste my elegance of bloom
In sick and melancholy gloom;
Condemned no more in Beauty's train
To hear the viol's sprightly strain,
Or woo the amorous zephyr's play
Beneath the sunbeam's vernal ray;
Banished alike from pleasure's scene,
And lovely nature's charms serene,
Oh, fairest! doom me not to know

12: Hyperborean] In Greek mythology, the Hyperboreans lived beyond the origin of the north wind. The extreme north, or, in a comic sense, Ireland.

14: loom] The wool of the Tibetan goat is woven on a loom to make cashmere fabric.

20: Venus] Zeus made the Greek goddess Aphrodite, who corresponds in Roman mythology to Venus, goddess of love and beauty, a girdle of finely wrought gold and wove magic into the filigree work. When she wore it, no one could resist her, though she was all too irresistible already.

30: Sophia's] Sophia, meaning "wisdom," was one of Lady Asgill's given names.

How hard it is from thee to go!
  But if my humble suit be vain,
If destined to attend on pain,
My joyless days in one dull round,
To one eternal sopha bound,
Shut from the breath of heaven most pure,
Must pass in solitude obscure;
At least to cheat these weary hours
Appear with all thy gladdening powers,
Restore thy sweet society,
And bless at once thy friend and me.

To the Memory of Margaret Tighe

Taken from us June 7th, 1804—Aetat 85.

Sweet, placid Spirit! blest, supremely blest,
Whose life was tranquil, and whose end was rest;

44: sopha bound] According to CH, toward the end of MT's life, when she lived in Dominick Street, "She was . . . not only confined to the house but to her couch" (NLI MS 4810).

Margaret Tighe] Margaret Tighe (1719–1804) had been widowed by Captain Thomas Theaker before she became the second wife of MT's maternal grandfather, William Tighe (1710–1766). They married in 1751, after the death in 1748 of Theodosia's mother, his first wife, Lady Mary Bligh. CH describes Margaret Tighe as a woman whom William Tighe married "to nurse him in his old age" and "a most pleasing person, but silent" (NLI MS 4814). Although the young Theodosia at first disliked having a stepmother, she eventually came to love her "as much as if she had been her own mother" (NLI MS 4810). Margaret Tighe influenced her step-daughter toward the extreme piety for which she later became known. According to family lore, it was she who established the close friendship between the Tighe family and John Wesley and first acted as hostess on his visits to Rossana ("The Tighe Story," PRONI MSS D/2685). As the poem makes clear, MT loved her as a grandmother. Her children with William were Barbara Tighe Sandys (c. 1752–1820) and the Rev. Thomas Tighe (1751–1821).

Aetat 85] An early printed copy of this poem includes an epigraph from Petrarch: "*Di te piangendo no, ma de miei danni*. Petrarca" ("weeping for you, ah no! but for my fate" [*Canzoniere,* 2:106–7]). The Beinecke Rare Book and Manuscript Library, Yale University, owns an undated copy of this poem printed on one sheet of paper at Bristol by Sheppard & Co. A block of text has been blacked out where the name of the author would appear (Osborn Shelves Poetry Boxes, box 15, object ID 2025154).

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'Tis not for thee our general tears shall flow,
Our loss is selfish, selfish is our woe:
We mourn a common parent, common friend,
Centre, round whom thy children loved to bend:
Where hands divided, met again to move
In one sweet circle of united love:
We mourn the tender, sympathising heart
So prompt to aid, and share the sufferer's part;
The liberal hand, the kindly patient ear,
Pity's soft sigh, and ever ready tear;
The graceful form, yet lovely in decay,
The peace inspiring eye's benignant ray;
The lip of tenderness that soothed the sad,
And loved to bid the innocent be glad;
The gently, softening, reconciling word,
The ever cheerful, hospitable board:
The unassuming wisdom, pious prayers,
The still renewed, prolonged, maternal cares:
All—all are lost!—of thee, blest Saint, bereft,
We mourn, to whom impoverished life is left:
Mourn for ourselves! Secure thy lot must be,
With those who pure in heart their God shall see.

Sonnet Written in a Copy of Psyche

which had been in the Library of Charles Fox

Dear consecrated page! methinks on thee
The Patriot's eye hath left eternal light,

Copy of Psyche] MT presented one of the few privately printed copies of *Psyche; or, the Legend of Love* (1805) to her neighbor, the political author William Parnell (1780–1821). She inscribed the title page "To William Parnell from his obliged friend M Tighe July: 1805." (For more on MT's friendship with Parnell, see "Sonnet to W. Parnell," first published in *PWOP* under the title "To W. P. Esq. Avondale.") According to a handwritten notation at the foot of the volume's title page, "This copy was presented by W: Parnell to Charles James

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Mourn for ourselves! Secure thy lot must be,
With those who pure in heart their God shall see.

Sonnet Written in a Copy of Psyche

which had been in the Library of Charles Fox

Dear consecrated page! methinks on thee
The Patriot's eye hath left eternal light,

Copy of Psyche] MT presented one of the few privately printed copies of *Psyche; or, the Legend of Love* (1805) to her neighbor, the political author William Parnell (1780–1821). She inscribed the title page "To William Parnell from his obliged friend M Tighe July: 1805." (For more on MT's friendship with Parnell, see "Sonnet to W. Parnell," first published in *PWOP* under the title "To W. P. Esq. Avondale.") According to a handwritten notation at the foot of the volume's title page, "This copy was presented by W: Parnell to Charles James

Beaming o'er every line its influence bright,
A grace unknown before, nor due to me.
And still delighted Fancy loves to see
The flattering smile, which prompt indulgence might
(Even while it read what lowliest Muse could write)
Have hung upon that lip, whose melody
Truth, Sense, and Liberty had call'd their own.
For strength of mind, & energy of thought,
With all the loveliest weakness of the heart,
A union beautiful in him had shewn.
And still where'er the eye of taste found aught
To praise, He lov'd the critic's gentlest part.

Fox and return'd, after his death, to M Tighe, at her earnest request" (Huntington Library, shelf no. 328444). The notation is in the hand of an amanuensis, except for "M Tighe," which is MT's own signature. Fox died in September 1806. Remembered today as the leader of the Whig party who opposed King George III's policies, he also had a strong interest in literature and especially liked the work of Boccaccio, Dante, and Ariosto. MT would have admired Fox for his sympathy for the Irish cause and religious dissenters in general. In her reading journal, she refers to him as "this great & in some respects amiable man" (NLI MS 4804). Another testament to the esteem MT felt for Fox is the letter, dated 17 April 1809 and written from Dominick Street, Dublin, with which she sent to Fox's family another copy of *Psyche* (1805). Now tipped into the volume, it reads:

> Mrs. Henry Tighe hopes Miss Fox will excuse the liberty she takes in requesting her to present, with the book which accompanies this, her most gratified acknowledgements to Mrs Fox for her goodness in yielding to a request which Mrs. T: almost fears she was wrong to make, tho' she can hardly regret any circumstance which has put her into possession of what she so much values as having been once the property of one whose name must ever be dear & sacred to any feeling heart—Mrs Tighe felt herself at a loss to know whether Mrs. Fox would have wish'd her to copy in the title page what she had written on giving it to Mr. Parnell originally, little imagining how highly her friend intended to honor her gift—Had she followed her inclination she would have express'd in the copy she now sends her gratitude to Mrs. Fox but on consideration she avoided what might appear less grateful than vain—" (British Library, shelf no. c 150. c 2)

Hagar in the Desert

Injured, hopeless, faint, and weary,
  Sad, indignant, and forlorn,
Through the desert wild and dreary,
  Hagar leads the child of scorn.

Who can speak a mother's anguish,
  Painted in that tearless eye,
Which beholds her darling languish,
  Languish unrelieved, and die.

Lo! the empty pitcher fails her,
  Perishing with thirst he lies,
Death with deep despair assails her,
  Piteous as for aid he cries.

From the dreadful image flying,
  Wild she rushes from the sight;
In the agonies of dying
  Can she see her soul's delight?

Now bereft of every hope,
  Cast upon the burning ground,
Poor, abandoned soul! look up,
  Mercy have thy sorrows found.

Hagar] In the Old Testament account, Hagar was the handmaiden of Sarah. Although God promised Abraham a son and descendents, Sarah was unable to conceive a child. According to common practice at that time, wives unable to conceive would encourage their husbands to impregnate their handmaidens, and the resulting children would then be adopted as their own, rightful heirs. Sarah recommended this practice to her husband, and Ishmael was the result of Hagar and Abraham's union. Then Sarah conceived and bore Isaac. Concerned about the status of Ishmael as the first-born son, Sarah encouraged Abraham to expel the boy and his mother from their camp. Traditionally, Ishmael's descendants are believed to be the Arabs, while Isaac's are believed to be the Jews. See Genesis 21:14–20.

Lo! the Angel of the Lord
  Comes thy great distress to cheer;
Listen to the gracious word,
  See divine relief is near.

"Care of Heaven! though man forsake thee,
  Wherefore vainly dost thou mourn?
From thy dream of woe awake thee,
  To thy rescued child return.

"Lift thine eyes, behold yon fountain,
  Sparkling mid those fruitful trees;
Lo! beneath yon sheltering mountain
  Smile for thee green bowers of ease.

"In the hour of sore affliction
  God hath seen and pitied thee;
Cheer thee in the sweet conviction,
  Thou henceforth his care shalt be.

"Be no more by doubts distressed,
  Mother of a mighty race!
By contempt no more oppressed,
  Thou hast found a resting place."—

Thus from peace and comfort driven,
  Thou, poor soul, all desolate,
Hopeless lay, till pitying Heaven
  Found thee, in thy abject state.

22: cheer] MT would have known John Wesley's commentary on *Genesis* 21:17: "*God heard the voice of the lad*—We read not of a word be said; but his sighs and groans, cried loud in the ears of the God of mercy. An angel was sent to comfort Hagar, who assures her, God has heard the voice of the lad where he is—Though he be in the wilderness; for wherever we are, there is a way open heavenwards; therefore lift up the lad, and hold him in thy hand—God's readiness to help us when we are in trouble must not slacken, but quicken our endeavours to help ourselves. He repeats the promise concerning her son, that he should be a great nation, as a reason why she should bestir herself to help him" (*Explanatory Notes Upon the Old Testament*, 1:82).

O'er thy empty pitcher mourning
Mid the desert of the world;
Thus, with shame and anguish burning,
From thy cherished pleasures hurled:

See thy great deliverer nigh,
Calls thee from thy sorrow vain,
Bids thee on his love rely,
Bless the salutary pain.

From thine eyes the mists dispelling,
Lo! the well of life he shews,
In his presence ever dwelling,
Bids thee find thy true repose.

Future prospects rich in blessing
Open to thy hopes secure;
Sure of endless joys possessing,
Of an heavenly kingdom sure.

60: sure] William Tighe treats the subject of Hagar in the desert in "The Palm" (1812), canto IV of his long poem, *The Plants*:

> Thus, when expiring on the scorched plain
> The mother of the race of Ismaël
> Was laid, deluded oft by bitter herbs
> She tasted for her child, deluded oft
> By promised waters of the quivering mist,
> Thus, when content to die she sighs no more,
> Bent from the clouds of heaven, an angel waves
> The shadow of his cooling wings; recalled,
> As from her grave, by that ambrosial air,
> She hears the words of life; "Hagar, arise,
> Behold a fountain gushes from the sand
> To meet thee; rise, behold refreshing shades
> Around, and fruit from bounteous heaven unasked."
> She saw the fountain gushing from the sand,
> Refreshing shades, and fruit from bounteous heaven
> Unasked and dropping from the palm mature. (297–312)

Throughout the poem, the palm serves as an emblem for religion.

To Lady Charlemont, in Return for her Presents of Flowers

March, 1808

Yes, though the sullen east-wind storm,
And sunless skies the Spring deform,
The lovely Nina's graceful hand
Can, like a fairy's lily wand,
Bid every vernal sweet appear,
And bloom with early fragrance here!
Yes here, even here, they breathe perfume,
Though walls of melancholy gloom,
With northern aspect frowning rude,
Each brighter beam of Heaven exclude.
Behold! at Nina's soft command,
The flowers their velvet leaves expand,
And sweet, and blue like her own eye,
(That loves in languid peace to lie,
And bending beautiful in shade,
Seems of the amorous light afraid)
Fresh violets here their charms diffuse,
And here, with richly mingling hues,
The gold and purple crocus vie

Lady Charlemont] Anne Bermingham, youngest daughter and co-heiress of William Bermingham of Ross Hill, County Galway, married Francis William Caulfeild, 2nd Earl of Charlemont and son of the Irish patriot, on 9 Feb. 1802. As a member of Parliament, he voted against the union in 1799 and received £15,000 to compensate him for his seat in the Irish parliament. (See MTs "There was a young Lordling whose wits were all toss'd up," l. 58.) In Dublin, Lady Charlemont lived at Charlemont House, on the north side of Rutland (now Parnell) Square (Johnston-Liik, 3.388–89). Designed by Sir William Chambers and completed in 1763, it was considered one of the most impressive of Dublin's mansions and contained what was regarded as the finest private library in Ireland, along with a large and important collection of statuary, intaglios, and paintings. Today it houses the Dublin City Gallery The Hugh Lane, a museum of modern and contemporary art. Between 1803 and 1808, Lady Charlemont gave birth to four children, but a year before this poem was written, she lost her second son, two-year-old William Francis. According to CH, when MT was too ill to leave the house in Dominick Street, Dublin, Lady Charlemont was among those who visited and attempted to amuse her (NLI MS 4810).

3: Nina's] Lady Charlemont's; "Nina" is the French diminutive form of "Anne."

To mock the pomp of majesty.
See how her soul-bewitching smile
Can even selfish love beguile!
While fair Narcissus bends no more
His snowy beauties to adore,
But lifts for once his cups of gold
A fairer image to behold.
Dear Nina! teach a grateful heart
Thine own persuasive, winning art;
So might I best my thanks commend,
So please each kind, each cherished friend!
For, as thy hand with smiling flowers
Hath crowned the lingering, wintry hours,
Even thus for me affection's care
Hath sheltered from the nipping air
The tender buds of half-chilled hope
That seemed in withering gloom to droop,
And bid them bloom, revived again,
In spite of years, and grief, and pain.
O'er me Affection loves to shed
Her comforts full, unmeasured;
To bless my smiling hearth she sends
The dearer smile of dearest friends,
And bids my prison couch assume
No form of pain, no air of gloom;
But sweet content and cheerful ease,
All that in solitude can please,
And all that soothing, social love
Can bid its quiet favourites prove,
Wooed by the voice of tenderness,
Unite my happy home to bless.
As round that lovely pictured wreath

43: prison couch] According to CH, toward the end of MT's life, when she lived in Dominick Street, "She was . . . not only confined to the house but to her couch" (NLI MS 4810).

Where Rubens bid his pencil breathe,
Where touched with all its magic power
Glow the rich colours of each flower,
Attendant cherubs sweetly join,
And all their odorous wings entwine;
One cherub guards each blushing flower,
And pure ambrosia seems to shower:
So, Nina, o'er each peaceful day
Protecting love and kindness play,
And shed o'er each some balmy pleasure
That grateful memory loves to treasure!

The Lily

May, 1809

How withered, perished seems the form
  Of yon obscure unsightly root!
Yet from the blight of wintry storm,
  It hides secure the precious fruit.

52: Rubens] Peter Paul Rubens (1577–1640), the Flemish Baroque painter, whose works include "The Massacre of the Innocents" and "The Rape of the Sabine Women." His studio was, at that time, the most famous in Europe. Though he painted landscapes and portraits, he is best known for his mythological and religious works. In 1758, the first Lord Charlemont purchased "Head of an Old Man," purported to be by Rubens, though William Hogarth questioned the attribution. (See Postle 735.)

May, 1809] ThB dates this poem "the beginning of May 1809," just before MT left Woodstock for Rossana on 13 May (NLI MS 4810). "The Lily" was a family favorite. CH copied it into her commonplace book, dating it 1 May 1809 (NLI 4799), and it is mentioned as a significant work in *Mary* (p. 28); Caroline Turpin's copy of *Mary* contains the text of "The Lily" written out by hand. CH cited this poem, along with "Hagar in the Desert" and "The Myrtle" as works that "discover a mind dissatisfied with itself & endeavoring, though feebly, to look for happiness beyond this world" (NLI MS 4810). The *British Review and London Critical Journal,* in a June 1811 review of *PWOP,* extolls the "delicacy and exquisite pathos" of "The Lily" and "Verses Written at the Commencement of Spring," and deems them "perfectly irresistible" as "the last effusions of a mind conscious that it would shortly quit this world of sorrows" (1:277–98).

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The careless eye can find no grace,
No beauty in the scaly folds,
Nor see within the dark embrace
What latent loveliness it holds.

Yet in that bulb, those sapless scales,
The lily wraps her silver vest,
'Till vernal suns and vernal gales
Shall kiss once more her fragrant breast.

Yes, hide beneath the mouldering heap
The undelighting slighted thing;
There in the cold earth buried deep,
In silence let it wait the spring.

Oh! many a stormy night shall close
In gloom upon the barren earth,
While still, in undisturbed repose,
Uninjured lies the future birth;

And Ignorance, with sceptic eye,
Hope's patient smile shall wondering view;
Or mock her fond credulity,
As her soft tears the spot bedew.

Sweet smile of hope, delicious tear!
The sun, the shower indeed shall come;
The promised verdant shoot appear,
And nature bid her blossoms bloom.

10: lily] "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow: they toil not, neither do they spin: even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these" (Matthew 6:28–29, KJV).

15: buried deep] Lilies were considered a symbol of death, often placed on the graves of young innocents.

20: future birth] In Christian iconography, the Angel Gabriel was often depicted giving the Virgin Mary a white lily when informing her that she would give birth to the son of God.

And thou, O virgin Queen of Spring!
  Shalt, from thy dark and lowly bed,
Bursting thy green sheath's silken string,
  Unveil thy charms, and perfume shed;

Unfold thy robes of purest white,
  Unsullied from their darksome grave,
And thy soft petals' silvery light
  In the mild breeze unfettered wave.

So Faith shall seek the lowly dust
  Where humble Sorrow loves to lie,
And bid her thus her hopes entrust,
  And watch with patient, cheerful eye;

And bear the long, cold, wintry night,
  And bear her own degraded doom,
And wait till Heaven's reviving light,
  Eternal Spring! shall burst the gloom.

29: virgin Queen] In early Christianity, the lily was not only closely associated with the Virgin Mary but also became a symbol of chastity and virtue; thus, it became connected with virgin martyrs and saints. In Greek mythology, the lily was said to have sprung from the milk of Hera, the queen of heaven.

33–34: Unfold . . . darksome grave] While these lines clearly continue the allusion to Christ's resurrection, the "robes of purest white" also would seem to evoke the Transfiguration.

37: Faith] When Thomas Moore used the metaphor of the lily in one of the songs from his *Irish Melodies,* "Erin, O Erin!," he appended the following note: "Mrs. H. Tighe, in her exquisite lines on the lily, has applied this image to a still more important subject." Moore wrote in his song:

Unchill'd by the rain, and unwaked by the wind,
The lily lies sleeping through winter's cold hour,
Till Spring's light touch her fetters unbind,
And daylight and liberty bless the young flow'r.

44: Eternal Spring] Often termed "white-robed apostles of hope," lilies were said to have been found growing in the Garden of Gethsemane after the Crucifixion. Tradition has it that they sprung from the earth where Christ's perspiration fell as he suffered on the cross. Thus, at Easter, many churches bank altars and surround crosses with masses of lilies, to commemorate the resurrection and hope of eternal life.

Sonnet Written at Woodstock, *in the County of Kilkenny, The Seat of William Tighe*

June 30, 1809

Sweet, pious Muse! whose chastely graceful form
Delighted oft amid these shades to stray,
To their loved master breathing many a lay

Woodstock] The family home of MT's brother-in-law, William Tighe, located just south of the village of Inistioge, County Kilkenny. It was built in the eighteenth century for Sir William Fownes. The estate passed into the hands of the Tighe family through the marriage of Sarah Fownes to William Tighe (HT's parents). ThB reported a year earlier, "I have accompanied my dear Mary and Henry to Woodstock, the princely seat of his eldest brother; . . . the exquisite beauty of the grounds of this domain fill my mind with delightful admiration . . . Mary is enjoying the quiet and the beauty of the place; and for her sake I shall leave with a sigh, a little sigh, its tranquil beauty, but not the luxurious style of this establishment" (letter, Sept. 1808; quoted in Smith 218–19). According to Anna Maria and Samuel Carter Hall, writing three decades later,

> There are few seats in Great Britain so richly and gracefully endowed by Nature, or so improved by science and taste, as that of Woodstock. The rarest shrubs of various foreign lands are skilfully mingled with "old Patrician trees" that have been rooted there for centuries; while the "plebeian underwood," that fills every sequestered nook, seems "in place" in the midst of cultivation, for it prevents the eye from discovering a single spot of nakedness. Into the broad river that skirts the banks a score of tributary streams are rushing; now and then as miniature cataracts down lesser precipices; occasionally forming a placid basin, where the trout may be seen basking or at play; or rippling onwards, through, or beneath, overhanging boughs, making the sweet and gentle music that, more than any other earthly sound, cheers and calms at once. Little valleys and small hills, undulating slopes and rough precipices, steps formed by the roots of aged oaks, rocks shaped by the hand of Time into forms grotesque—such are a few of the varied gifts with which Nature has bountifully enriched Woodstock. Art has been busy among them, but with so rare a skill that it seems to have laboured, always, under the direction and control of Nature. On two or three of the heights, and also immediately skirting the river, graceful and picturesque cottages have been erected; the former command magnificent views of the distant mountains and the adjacent valleys, while from the windows of the latter may be seen the salmon leaping—literally—"in shoals." The gardens that adjoin the house are happily contrasted with the natural luxuriance of the ground; the beds are formal, and of artificial character, but filled to abundance with flowers from all parts of the world. It is impossible for either the pen or pencil to render justice to this fascinating place. (2:2)

Divinely soothing; oh! be near to charm
For me the languid hours of pain, and warm
  This heart depressed with one inspiring ray
  From such bright visions as were wont to play
Around his favoured brow, when, to disarm
The soul subduing powers of mortal ill,
  Thy soft voice lured him "to his ivyed seat,"
  "His classic roses" or "his heathy hill;"
  Or by yon "trickling fount" delayed his feet
Beneath his own dear oaks, when, present still,
  The melodies of Heaven thou didst unseen repeat.

The house was almost completely destroyed by a fire in 1922 and today remains a ruin. But the gardens, made more elaborate after MT's time, are being restored and have been made into a park.

1809] MT had only just arrived at Woodstock, where she was to stay as an invalid until her death in March 1810.

11: heathy hill] This hill near the house is still an important feature of the gardens at Woodstock, as are the oaks, mentioned in line 13.

On receiving a branch of Mezeriom which flowered at Woodstock

Dec^{r}: 1809

Odours of Spring, my sense ye charm
With fragrance premature;

Mezeriom] *Daphne mezereum,* a low-growing deciduous shrub widely cultivated in British gardens. Although typically producing highly scented, showy clusters of pink, purple, or rose-colored flowers on bare stems as early as February, this particular branch may have been forced, that is, made to bloom out of season.

Woodstock] A note in an unidentified hand accompanying the holograph copy of this poem recounts: "She was an intimate friend of that very charming & accomplished person Miss Catharine Fanshawe, to whom both of these writings were addressed & who valued the Poem much, as when she gave it to me it had not yet been published. JWZ." The accompanying undated holograph letter from MT reads,

> I must beg of you my dear M^{rs} [?Christen] to tell your charming friend that I feel with more than an author's sensibility (& you know that it is very lively ever to praise) the pretty things she has said of Psyche, for it would be really a serious joy for me to make one I so much esteem & admire my friend could I do so by the humble offering she desires which after all, was only intended for *my friends* &, as I am a true woman, I do not understand that except for *those friends* Psyche can have any charm more than what every volume of smooth running verses in this age, when all verses are of that description, may afford—But I have really not one at my disposal not one, I mean except the two or three which I keep to hand when any one is so good as to wish to read it. What your friend has said of a barter, is so very pleasant by & to me obligingly said that I cannot wish it unsaid, but indeed in this way I never could offer anything of mine for *real wit & genius*—I should be very *proud* to send Miss Fanshawe any of my little poems thro' you if you think she would have the least pleasure in reading them & I shall be still more *proud* if she allows you to indulge me at any time with a peep into her shew-box. Shall I not see you soon? (NLI MS4578 acc. 1408)

Catherine Maria Fanshawe (1765–1834) was an accomplished poet and visual artist living in London.

Dec^{r}: 1809] According to the editor of *Mary,* this "was the last poem ever composed by the Author, who expired there [at Woodstock] after six years of protracted malady, on the 24th of March, 1810, in the thirty-seventh year of her age" (29). CH observed in her commonplace book that MT sent these lines to her brother [John Blachford] who returned the following answer:

> 2d February 1810. My dearest Mary, If I had the power of giving you half as much pleasure by my letters, as the six words in your hand writing at the head of your sweet melancholy verses have given me, what gratification I should have in writing to you, but tho' I cannot hope this, I must not be ungrateful in delaying to thank you both for your verses & their address. I have accepted them as an omen of brighter hours & tho' you fear to permit yourself to do so yet surely I am not too confident when I

And mid these days of dark alarm
  Almost to hope allure:
Methinks with purpose soft ye come,
  To tell of brighter hours,
Of May's blue skies, abundant bloom,
  Her sunny gales and showers.

Alas! for me shall May in vain
  The powers of life restore;
Those eyes that weep and watch in pain
  Shall see her charms no more,
No, no, this anguish cannot last!
  Beloved friends adieu!
The bitterness of death were past
  Could I resign but you.

But oh! in every mortal pang
  That rends my soul from life
That soul, which seems on you to hang
  Thro' each convulsive strife,
Even now with agonizing grasp
  Of terror and regret,
To all in life its love would clasp
  Clings close, and closer yet—

Yet why, immortal, vital spark
  Thus mortally opprest
Look up my soul, through prospects dark
  And bid thy terrors rest;
Forget, forego, thy earthly part
  Thine heavenly being trust—

promise myself that the restoration of even a small degree of bodily power & the unimpaired state of your mind, so satisfactorily shewn in your very beautiful verses, is a symptom of the return, however slow it may be of health & if this much be the product of winter may you not, as well as I, trust that our Spring may be a spring to you. Heaven grant that when you read this you may feel that my confidence is not ill founded & that your symptoms of strengthening life & lessening pain may be encreased. (NLI MS 4810, fols. 54–55)

Ah! vain attempt, my coward heart
Still shuddering clings to dust.

Oh ye! who sooth the pangs of death
With love's own patient care,
Still, still retain this fleeting breath
Still raise the fervent prayer
And ye, whose smile must greet my eye
No more, nor voice my ear;
Who breathe for me the tender sigh
And shed the pitying tear.

Whose kindness tho' far, far removed
My grateful thoughts perceive
Pride of my life, esteemed, beloved,
My last sad claim receive!
Oh! do not quite your friend forget,
Forget alone her faults,
And speak of her with fond regret
Who asks your lingering thoughts.

32: dust] See Genesis 3:19: "for dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return."

43: beloved] MT was attended during her last days by her mother, her husband, her brother, a nurse (Caroline Turpin), and her doctor, Mr. Innis. William Tighe and his family were away.

Textual Notes

As the Hart panteth after the water brooks, so doth my soul after thee O God— Copy text: from the soft covered notebook in the NLI (Hamilton Papers, C/7/1, fols. 1–2), which contains handwritten copies of twenty poems, nineteen of which are known from other sources to be by MT. This context, along with the subject matter, all strongly suggest that MT composed this poem. The handwriting in the notebook is unidentified. The paper is watermarked "1806."

August 1789 Copy text: *Mary,* 5–6, where it was first published. CH omitted the sixth stanza and the epigraph when she copied this poem into her commonplace book (NLI MS 4810, fol. 17). Otherwise, there are no substantive variants.

Good Friday, 1790 Copy text: *Mary,* 7, where it was first published.

To her Mother Copy text: *Mary,* 8, where it was first published. CH quotes the first three stanzas of this poem in her sketch of MT's life, prefaced with the observation that "The tender affection which Mary felt for her mother is expressed in the following lines written at Rossana in 1791, during her first absence from her" (NLI MS 4810). The only substantive variant is:

4: thine] thy

From Metastasio, 1791 Copy text: *Mary,* 9, where it was first published. CH included it in Hannah Tighe's album (fols. 176–77). Substantive variants:

Mary] Hannah Tighe's album

17: hopes, and all my fears are vain,] acts, but like the tales I feign

21: continual] continued

The poem was republished under the title "Poem or Prefatory Sonnet, by Signor Abate Metastasio. Translated by Miss Blachford" in Smith 234. That text, taken from a copy "in the hand-writing of Mrs. Henry Tighe," was "carefully preserved by Mr. Moore." Substantive variants:

Mary] Smith

2: idly] fondly

fondly] idly

6: With] By

8: vex] breathe

woes] cares

9: she resigns] genius quits

11: ingenious] the muse's

12: each motion] the motions

14: restless thoughts] foolish hopes

16: varying] ranging

19: Vexed by vain cares, by vain delights] Urged by vain hopes, by vain desires

20: and I] and then

23: Ah] Oh

Sonnet, March 1791 Copy text: *Mary,* 10, where it was first published.

Verses Written in Solitude Copy text: *Mary,* 11–12, where it was first published. MT had been working on this poem for some time before the date printed with the title. In her journal entry for 9 October 1791, her nineteenth birthday, MT copied the last stanza of the poem, which she introduced with the following observation: "Read over some old letters & papers which gave birth to many reflections. At the end of 1791 [1790?] these lines—" (NLI MS 4810). There are no substantive variants.

A Letter. from M^rs^ Acton to her nephew Mr. Evans Copy text: CH's commonplace book (NLI MS 4801). Another manuscript copy, also seemingly in the hand of CH, is at the University of Birmingham Library (L. Add/1907), and a third is in Hannah Tighe's album (fols. 69–74). Substantive variants include:
NLI MS 4801] University of Birmingham Library] Hannah Tighe's album
27: you'll] you'll] you
32: meal] meat] meat
33: search] search] seek
41: and] nor] &
44: ducks] geese] Ducks
51: comic, or tragic] tragic or comic] comic or tragic
59–62: Miss Butticaz . . . tactics] Miss Butticaz . . . tactics] [*4 lines absent*]
64: quickly] shortly] quickly
67–72: Mr. Jones . . . abound.] Mr. Jones . . . abound.] [*6 lines absent*]
72: his] his] [*absent*]
82: folios] folios] volumes
84: may] may] must

"There was a young Lordling whose wits were all toss'd up" Copy text: holograph manuscript NLI (MS 10,206 acc. 2006). The date, however, is not in MT's hand. The poem is unsigned and written on the recto and verso of one leaf, which appears to have once been tipped into an album. Folds suggest that it may at one time have been enclosed in a letter. Its controversial political content, including a satiric stand against the Act of Union, may have kept it from being included in either *PWOP* or *Mary*. MT did not include it in "Verses Transcribed for H. T."

Open and closed quotation marks appear idiosyncratically throughout the manuscript. To clarify the meaning of the text, we have silently added and deleted quotation marks throughout this poem in accordance with what a modern reader might expect.

43–44: It's . . . delight!] This couplet was added in a footnote to the manuscript.
59: youths] In the manuscript, "sons" was written, then cancelled, and "youths" substituted.

Acrostics Copy text: CH's commonplace book (NLI MS 4803, fols. 30–32), where the poem is attributed to "Mrs. Henry Tighe." CH also copied the first ten lines of the poem, whose initial letters spell out "Harry Tighe," into another

commonplace book (NLI MS 4810, fol. 23), with the comment, "a little Acrostic addressed to him will show how much she [MT] considered herself indebted to him." Substantive variant: 7: where] when

22: the gale] CH includes one quotation mark at the beginning of this line but neglects to close the quote at the end, so we have made the editorial emendation.

To Lady Asgill Copy text: Hannah Tighe's album, fols. 167–69. Line 11 actually reads "That that whose influence calm and clear," but we have corrected this obvious transcription error.

"Say what is joy on earth" Copy text: Hannah Tighe's album, fol. 170. This poem is undated, but it follows "To Lady Asgill" in Hannah Tighe's album.

The Eclipse Copy text: *Mary,* 24–25, where it was first published.

Written for her Niece S. K. Copy text: *PWOP,* 266–67, where it was first published.

16: lower] The quarto "second edition" prints "lour," but the change to "lower" in the octavo "third edition" is retained in the fourth edition.

To Fortune Copy text: *PWOP,* 268, where it was first published.

The Shawl's Petition Copy text: *PWOP,* 271–73, where it was first published. Line 8 in the quarto "second edition" opened with "And now" but this was corrected to "And to" in the octavo "third edition" and subsequent editions.

To the Memory of Margaret Tighe Copy text: *PWOP,* 256–57. An early, undated, printed text owned by the Beinecke Rare Book and Manuscript Library, Yale University (Osborn Shelves Poetry Boxes, box 15, object ID 2025154) has an epigraph but, besides that, no other substantive variants.

21: of thee, blest Saint] the quarto "second edition" of *PWOP* prints the typographical error "of the blest Saint," which was corrected in the octavo "third edition." The fourth edition retains the correction.

Sonnet Written in a Copy of Psyche Copy text: untitled holograph manuscript now owned by the Huntington Library, San Marino, California (shelf no. 328444). MT inscribed the poem opposite the title page of *Psyche; or, the Legend of Love* (1805) and presented the volume to William Parnell, who passed it on to Charles James Fox. Another somewhat later manuscript, also in MT's hand, is tipped into a copy of *Psyche; or, the Legend of Love* (1805) owned by the British Library (shelf no. c 150. c. 2), from which we draw the title. The poem was first published in *PWOP,* 219, under the title "Written in a Copy of Psyche which had been in the library of C. J. Fox. April, 1809." The family gave it pride of place by positioning it immediately following the text of "Psyche; or, the Legend of Love" to segue into MT's shorter poems. Substantive variants:

Huntington] *PWOP*] British Library

1: on] in] on

3: its] with] with

7: it] he] it

11: loveliest] loveliest] liveliest

12: A] An] A

13: still] yet] still

Hagar in the Desert Copy text: *PWOP,* 299–302, where it was first published. The quarto "second edition" prints "dies" in line 10, an error corrected to "lies" in the octavo "third edition" and subsequent editions. In the Houghton Library copy of *Mary,* this poem is included not in print but as a handwritten copy. There are no substantive variants, except that it dates the poem "1807" (*Mary,* after p. 28).

To Lady Charlemont Copy text: *PWOP,* 274–77, where it was first published.

The Lily Copy text: *PWOP,* 303–5, where it was first published. Elizabeth Scott reprinted it in 1823 in *Specimens of British Poetry* without the first six stanzas under the title "On Hope." CH copied it into her commonplace book (NLI MS 4799) and another handwritten copy appears in Caroline Turpin's copy of *Mary,* now at the Houghton Library. Substantive variants:

6: the] its [*NLI MS 4799 and* Mary].

10: wraps] weeps [PWOP *quarto ed.*].

11: suns] dews [*NLI MS 4799*].

12: fragrant] pregnant [PWOP *quarto ed.*].

25: smile] tear [*NLI MS 4799,* PWOP *quarto ed., and* Mary].

29: Queen] sweet [*NLI MS 4799*].

30: Shalt] Ev'n [*NLI MS 4799*]; Even [Mary].

34: their] thy [*NLI MS 4799*].

47: So] While [*NLI MS 4799 and* Mary].

Sonnet Written at Woodstock Copy text: *PWOP,* 306, where it was first published. A handwritten copy in a family album with paper watermarked "1820" at the National Library of Ireland (MS 42,118, fol. 21) indicates that the poem was written "to William Tighe." Substantive variant:

5: languid] tranquil

On receiving a branch of Mezeriom which flowered at Woodstock Copy text: holograph manuscript NLI MS 4578, acc. 1408. The poem was first published in *PWOP,* 307–10, where the plant is called "Mezereon." CH copied the poem into her commonplace book (NLI MS 4810, fols. 51–54). This copy and the text in *PWOP* have no substantive variants. Another handwritten transcription appears in Caroline Turpin's copy of *Mary* at the Houghton Library (EC8 .T4484 .811m), which does not vary except in accidentals from our copy text. Substantive variants:

NLI MS 4578] *PWOP*

title: Mezeriom] Mezereon

11: Those] These

36: raise] pour

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APPENDIX I

False and Doubtful Attributions

"Avails it Ought to Number O'er"

CAROLINE HAMILTON

"Avails it Ought to Number O'er" appears, signed "CH," in Caroline Hamilton's commonplace book (NLI MS 4809). Immediately preceding the poem (fol. 1, second paragraph), Hamilton writes, "I once thought that the journal written in the early part of my life would ever after afford me amusement by reviving the recollection of my past enjoyments but I cannot now read it without such emotions as make me determine never to open it again—If it calls to mind my early friendships it is only to make me feel that of those who once regarded me with affections, some think of me unkindly & others are no more!— . . . our past years should sink into oblivion, why should we then by artificial means keep them in remembrance?" The signature in the manuscript as well as Hamilton's autobiographical introduction make clear that she is the author of this poem. That Mary Tighe did not include it in "Verses Transcribed for H. T." serves as additional evidence. "Avails it Ought to Number O'er" was attributed to Tighe in HL (26).

Avails it ought to number o'er
Thy vanished treasures?
These pages then peruse no more
They can't reach thy pleasures.

The friend who late so fondly lov'd
Has quitted thee for ever—
And her whom once thine heart approv'd
Thine eyes shall disturb never.

"Time Fades the Lustre of the Moon"

CAROLINE HAMILTON

"Time Fades the Lustre of the Moon" also appears, signed "CH," in Caroline Hamilton's commonplace book (NLI MS 4809). Hamilton revised her text as she entered it in her book. The ink and handwriting is the same for all of the stanzas,

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suggesting that the transcription and revision were contemporaneous.[1] Both "Time Fades the Lustre of the Moon" and "Avails it Ought to Number O'er" appear within a narrative that is in Caroline Hamilton's hand and is autobiographical. There is no reason to suppose that Mary Tighe wrote these verses and many reasons to argue against it, not the least of which is the signature. Tighe did not include it in "Verses Transcribed for H. T." "Time Fades the Lustre of the Moon" was attributed to Tighe in HL (26).

Time fades the lustre of the moon
The blossoms of the Spring decay,
And melancholy age shall soon,
Chase our joyous youth away.

Already we begin to fail
Beneath the weight of fruitless cares
Nor can our tears nor sighs avail
To renovate our dying years

Quit then my soul this tainted earth
Yet raise thy prospects higher
Still mindful of thine Heavenly birth
To immortality aspire.

To the Moon

JANE TAYLOR

First published in 1812 in *The Minor's Pocket Book* (7–8), where it was signed only "J," "To the Moon" then was reprinted in *The Memoirs and Poetical Remains of the Late Jane Taylor* (2:26–28), our copy text. For a full publication history, see Christina Duff Stewart, *The Taylors of Ongar: An Analytical Bio-Bibliography* (2:825). Taylor's brother, editor, and artistic collaborator dates the composition of the poem to 1811. He evidently included "To the Moon" in Jane Taylor's *Memoirs and Poetical Remains* to correct the misattribution to Mary Tighe by Elizabeth Scott

1. The third stanza has been reworked. A cancelled third stanza reads:

Since life is then so little worth
Let [ ]t in import higher,
& disentangled from the earth
To heavenly rest aspire.

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in her anthology, *Specimens of British Poetry* (133–34). Scott said that the poem was taken "From Mrs Tighe's 'Psyche.'" When Scott's volume was published, Jane Taylor was still alive, but she died of breast cancer a year later. The style and form of "To the Moon" is characteristic of Taylor but not of Tighe. The author was given as "J. Taylor" when the poem was reprinted without a title in Rev. T. Willcocks and Rev. T. Horton, *Moral and Sacred Poetry* (111). It was reattributed to Tighe in HL (27).

What is it that gives thee, mild Queen of the Night,
That secret intelligent grace?
Or why should I gaze with such tender delight
On thy fair, but insensible face?

What gentle enchantment possesses thy beam,
Beyond the warm sunshine of day?
Thy bosom is cold as the glittering stream,
Where dances thy tremulous ray.

Canst thou the sad heart of its sorrow beguile,
Or grief's fond indulgence suspend?
Yet where is the mourner but welcomes thy smile,
And loves thee almost as a friend?

The tear that looks bright on thy beam as it flows,
Unmoved thou dost ever behold:
The sorrow that loves in thy light to repose,
To thee it has never been told.

And yet thou dost soothe me;—and ever I find,
While watching thy gentle retreat,
A moonlight composure steal over the mind
Poetical, pensive, and sweet.

I think of the years that for ever are fled,
Of follies by others forgot;
Of joys that are vanish'd, of hopes that are dead,
Of friendships that were, and are not.

I think of the future—still gazing the while,
As thou couldst those secrets reveal:
But ne'er dost thou grant an encouraging smile,
To answer the mournful appeal.

Those beams which so bright through my casement appear,
To far distant scenes they extend;
Illumine the dwellings of those that are dear,
And sleep on the grave of my friend.

Then still I must love thee, mild Queen of the Night,
Since feeling and fancy agree
To make thee a source of unfailing delight,
A friend and a solace to me.

Calm Delight

HERCULES ELLIS

Hercules Ellis (1810–1879) was an Irish lawyer and editor of anthologies, including *The Songs of Ireland, Second Series,* where he included his poem "Calm Delight," unattributed (157). Two years later, he produced for the Great Exhibition a volume of 230 of his own poems entitled *The Rhyme Book.* "Calm Delight" appears in that volume (543). The poem was reprinted by Lady Barrett Lennard (d. 1916) as an epigraph to a chapter in her novel *Constance Rivers* (2:148), where it is correctly attributed to "Hercules Ellis." However, in 1880, Charles Anderson Read misattributed the poem to "Mrs. Mary Tighe" in *The Cabinet of Irish Literature: Selections from the Works of the Chief Poets, Orators, and Prose Writers of Ireland* (2:119). The misattribution to Tighe was perpetuated in HL (28).

Birds, flowers, soft winds, and waters, gently, flowing,
Surround me, day, and night,
Still, sweetly, on my heart, bestowing,
Content, and calm delight.

When day's toil wearies, sleep, my peace restoring,
Descends, with balmy night;
In bright dreams, on my bosom, pouring,
Content, and calm delight.

I think of the future—still gazing the while,
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March 1793

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

These four lines appear in *Mary, a Series of Reflections* (12) under the title "March 1793." They are attributed to Tighe in HL 10. But the lines are a slightly misremembered quotation from William Shakespeare's *Two Gentlemen of Verona,* Act II, sc. 3, ll. 86–89).[2]

———— Oh how this spring of youn
Resembles the glory of an April day,
Which now shews all the beauty of the sun,
And by and by a cloud takes all away.

The Old Maid's Prayer to Diana

ELEANOR BUTLER

"The Old Maid's Prayer to Diana" was "Attributed to Lady Eleanor Butler, One of the Ladies of Llangollyn" when it was published in the February 1821 issue of the *Ladies' Monthly Museum* (115–16). The editor observes in a footnote, "We have been favoured with the above through the kindness of Miss A.[nna] M.[aria] Porter, and shall feel extremely happy in inserting similar pieces of merit thus *attributed* to different persons, from any of our correspondents" (115). The poem was reprinted in the *Port Folio and New York Monthly Magazine* for November 1822 (444) and was similarly attributed to Lady Eleanor Butler. It was reprinted without any attribution in the *Port Folio* for May 1824 (425–26). It also bore no attribution when it appeared the same year in *Saturday Night: Comprising a Review of New Publications* (1:191). But in late 1826, when it was reprinted in *The Amulet or Christian and Literary Remembrancer* for 1827 (107–8), it was for the first time attributed to "Mrs. Henry Tighe." In the preface, the editor asserts that "the poems by the late Mrs. Henry Tighe, the amiable and highly-gifted author of 'Psyche,' were presented to the Editor by one of her nearest relatives" (v). In December 1826, *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine* reprinted the poem with the attribution "By the Late Mrs. Henry Tighe" in a review of *The Amulet* (898–99). The *Montreal Gazette* republished it on 5 February 1827 as the work of "The Late Mrs. Henry Tighe." However, in 1829, when Alaric A. Watts reprinted the poem in *The Poetical Album; and Register of Modern Fugitive Poetry* (191–92), he did so without making an attribution, even

2. Oh, how this spring of love resembleth
The uncertain glory of an April day;
Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,
And by and by a cloud takes all away!

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though many other poems in the volume are attributed. The poem appears in Caroline Hamilton's album in the National Library of Wales (MS 22984C), but it is not in Mary Tighe's hand and is not attributed to her.

A copy of the poem in somewhat altered form and entitled "Hymn to Diana" in the Parker manuscripts (MS 229) led Elizabeth Mavor to attribute it to Lady Eleanor Butler in *The Ladies of Llangollen: A Study in Romantic Friendship* (179). The poem's subject matter points, as well, to Lady Eleanor Butler, a lesbian in a committed relationship with Sarah Ponsonby. She seems more likely than Mary Tighe to claim "That Old Maid as I am, an Old Maid I must be" (2) in a poem ridiculing the heterosexual marriage market and, as an heiress, to ask for deliverance from "the legacy-hunters that near us abound" (7). Lady Eleanor was a member of the Hamilton/Tighe family circle through Sarah Ponsonby, Mary Tighe's cousin, so that might explain how the poem found its way into Caroline Hamilton's album. The editor of *The Amulet* for 1827 may have been given the poem by one of Mary Tighe's relatives but seems to have been misled about which member of the family was the author. Mary Tighe does not include the poem in "Verses Transcribed for H. T." The poem was reattributed to Tighe in HL (174). Our text is from the *Ladies' Monthly Museum*.

Since thou and the stars, my dear Goddess, decree
That old maid as I am, an old maid I must be,
Oh! hear the petition I offer to thee;
  For to bear it must be my endeavour:
From the grief of my friendships all dropping around,
Till not one that I lov'd in my youth can be found;
From the legacy-hunters that near us abound,
  Diana, thy servant deliver!

From the scorn of the young and the flouts of the gay,
From all the trite ridicule rattled away
By the pert ones who know nothing wiser to say—
  Or a spirit to laugh at them, give her.
From repining at fancied neglected desert,
Or vain of a civil speech, bridling alert,
From finical niceness, or slatternly dirt,
  Diana, thy servant deliver!

From over solicitous guarding of pelf,
From humour uncheck'd, that most obstinate elf,
From every unsocial attention to self,

Or ridiculous whim whatsoever—
From the vapourish freaks, or methodistical airs,
Apt to sprout in a brain that's exempted from cares,
From impertinent meddling in others' affairs,
Diana, thy servant deliver!

From the erring attachment of desolate souls,
From the love of Spadille, or of Metadore voles,
Or of lap-dogs, or parrots, and monkeys, and owls,
Be they ne'er so uncommon or clever;
But chief from the love with all loveliness flown,
Which makes the dim eye condescend to look down
On some ape of a fop, or some owl of a clown,
Oh! Dian, thy servant deliver!

From spleen at beholding the young more caress'd,
From pettish asperity tartly express'd,
From scandal, detraction, and every such pest,
From all, thy true servant deliver!
Nor let satisfaction depart from her lot,
Let her sing if at ease, and be patient if not,
Be pleas'd if remember'd, content if forgot,
Till the Fates her slight thread shall dissever!

Sympathy

SOPHIA JERVICE

"Sympathy" was published in 1816 in Sophia Jervice's[3] book *Ines, and Other Poems* (207). More than three decades later, Hercules Ellis reprinted "Sympathy" in his anthology *The Songs of Ireland, Second Series* and misattributed it to "Mrs. Tighe."[4] In 1858, Samuel Lover included it in *The Lyrics of Ireland,* also misattributing it to "Mrs. Tighe" and appending the following note: "The accomplished authoress of

3. The author is obscure but may be the Sophia Jervis (?–Nov. 1828) of 55 Upper Seymour Street, Portman Square, London, and Teddington House, Middlesex, youngest daughter of Charles Lyne Stephens. This Sophia Jervis was married to William Jervis.

4. In the same collection, Ellis reprinted Jervice's lyric entitled "Music" from *Ines, and Other Poems* (140–41), retitled it "The Heaven of Song" (19–20), and misattributed it to MT.

Or ridiculous whim whatsoever—
From the vapourish freaks, or methodistical airs,
Apt to sprout in a brain that's exempted from cares,
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Diana, thy servant deliver!

From the erring attachment of desolate souls,
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3. The author is obscure but may be the Sophia Jervis (?–Nov. 1828) of 55 Upper Seymour Street, Portman Square, London, and Teddington House, Middlesex, youngest daughter of Charles Lyne Stephens. This Sophia Jervis was married to William Jervis.

4. In the same collection, Ellis reprinted Jervice's lyric entitled "Music" from *Ines, and Other Poems* (140–41), retitled it "The Heaven of Song" (19–20), and misattributed it to MT.

'Psyche' exhibits woman's nature in its most beautiful form in these verses—only a woman could have written them—a man never could have *thought* of them" (57). Charles A. Read repeated the attribution of "Sympathy" to Tighe when he reprinted it in 1880, along with "The Lily" and "Calm Delight" in *The Cabinet of Irish Literature* (2:118). HL attributes "Sympathy" to Tighe (28), as well. However, "Sympathy" does not appear in Mary Tighe's own compendium of her shorter poems, "Verses Transcribed for H. T.," and its content and style do not seem characteristic of Tighe, making the later attribution suspect. Although the inclusion of "Sympathy" in a book by Sophia Jervis is not conclusive proof of authorship, Jervice seems far more likely to have penned the poem than Tighe.

Wert thou sad, I would beguile
  Thy sadness, by my tender lay;
Wert thou in a mood to smile,
  With thee, laugh the hours away.

Didst thou feel inclined to sleep,
  I would watch, and hover near;
Did misfortune bid thee weep,
  I would give thee tear for tear.

Not a sigh, that heaved thy breast,
  But I'd echo from my own;—
Did one care disturb thy rest,
  Mine, alas! were also flown.

When the hour of death should come,
  I'd receive thy latest sigh;
Only ask to share thy tomb,
    Then, contented, with thee die.

On a Night-Blowing Cereus

MRS. PURCELL

"On a Night-Blowing Cereus" was attributed to "Mrs. Henry Tighe" when it was published in *The Amulet or Christian and Literary Remembrancer* for 1827 (374–76). In the preface, the editor asserts that "the poems by the late Mrs. Henry Tighe, the amiable and highly-gifted author of 'Psyche,' were presented to the Editor by

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one of her nearest relatives" (v). The poem is also attributed to Tighe in HL (175–77). The attribution is suspect, however, for several reasons. Nowhere else in Mary Tighe's extant oeuvre does she use this French stanzaic form—the tail-rhyme or *rime couée* (consisting of an iambic tetrameter couplet, a line of iambic trimeter, and another iambic tetrameter couplet, followed by a line of iambic trimeter rhyming with the first trimeter line, with a rhyme scheme of aabccb). Tighe does not include the poem in "Verses Transcribed for H. T.," and the only evidence linking this poem to her is that it was submitted to the editor of the *Amulet* by the same person who claimed, in error, that "The Old Maid's Prayer to Diana" was also by Mary Tighe.

In 1820, in a two-volume novel entitled *The Orientalist, or Electioneering in Ireland; a Tale, by Myself,* stanza 5 of "On a Night-Blowing Cereus" appears word for word (2:63–64), followed by a version of lines 27 and 28 from the following stanza: "Thus do our short-lived pleasures fly—and yet to life we cling." OCLC WorldCat identifies the author of *The Orientalist* as "Mrs. Purcell." Further research is needed to learn more about this obscure author, but she seems to have had strong connections to Ireland, given the subject matter of the novel and the fact that, even though it was printed in London, it was also published in Dublin and Belfast, as well as in Edinburgh. In the absence of other evidence, we provisionally attribute the poem to Mrs. Purcell, author of *The Orientalist.*

These moments stolen from sleeping hours,
Thou fairest, frailest of all flowers,
  To thee I dedicate;
For, ah! before to-morrow's dawn,
Thy present beauty will be gone,
  So transient is thy state.

Thoughts, while I gaze, crowd on so fast,
I seize my pen in eager haste,
  Lest they should perish too;
Instruction to attentive hearts,
Our God by various means imparts—
  Him in this plant I view.

Why so much beauty lavish'd here,
Fragrance, that fills the ambient air,
  But gratitude t'excite?
Well pleased, parental goodness gives
To all that on his bounty lives,
  The means of pure delight.

Whilst hanging o'er th' exotic bloom,
Approaching fast, I see its doom,
  Its life is but a span;
I gaze, I weep, but not for thee,
Thou dost but show *my* destiny,
  And that of mortal man.

In strength and beauty, man appears
Fitted to stand the shock of years—
  We look, and lo, he's gone;
He sinks untimely to the grave,
Nor friends, nor riches then can save,
  Nor birth, nor high renown.

And is it thus with life, I cry,
Thus do my short-lived pleasures die,
  And yet to life I cling?
And dream I still of bliss below,
Where disappointment oft, and woe,
  The soul with anguish sting?

Thus have I seen the faithful friend,
O'er some loved object fondly bend,
  And watch the slow decay,
Exert in vain the healing art,
Then with a hopeless, broken heart,
  Resign to death its prey.

Come, ye fair flowers of human race,
Adorned with each external grace,
  Come, learn th'unheeded truth;
For you these glories are displayed,
'Tis thus ye blossom, thus ye fade,
  E'en in the bud of youth.

Give me those joys that perish not,
Give resignation to my lot—

The gifts of earth enthrall:
Thy gracious presence, Lord, impart,
Speak peace and pardon to my heart,
And let the world take all.

'Tis wisdom's voice—I hear her say,
To young and old, Seek God, this day:
To-morrow is not yours.
The sacred pages all declare,
Redeeming mercy, sought by prayer,
Eternal bliss insures.

But see, these streaks of orient light,
Remind me of departing night,
And coming day foretell.
The faded flower no longer blows,
Its stamens droop, its petals close—
Sweet monitress farewell.

APPENDIX 2

Nineteenth-Century Poetic Responses to Mary Tighe

PART A: BEINECKE LIBRARY MANUSCRIPT

Manuscript poems bound into a copy of *Psyche, or the Legend of Love* (1805), which Mary Tighe inscribed "To Caroline Turpin from her affectionate friend M Tighe. London, July 27 1805," owned by the Beinecke Library, Yale University (IN T448 805). All of the poems are in an unidentified hand and address Mary Tighe on the subject of *Psyche*. The 17 January 1806 date on the poem by John Edwards suggests that the poems might all have been composed around that time, possibly for a celebratory fête. Tighe's inscription, predating Edwards's poem by almost six months, indicates that these verses were tipped into the volume after Tighe presented it but before it was bound.

To Mrs H Tighe

W: HALEY

O thou, who sing'st of Psyche's fond pursuit;
  Where roves my favourite songstress? tell ere
  The verse of gratitude may greet the fair,
Who clearer than Minerva's Dorian flute,
And sweeter than Apollo's amorous lute,
Has from my bosom chased intrusive care
  By lays, that lap me in a Lydian air,
Yet feast my spirit on celestial fruit.
While youth, all ardor, and deliberate age
  Drink joy, and virtue from thy moral page,
  Kind wanderer in quest of health too coy,
Ne'er be it thine with fruitless hopes to roam,
  Soon may she meet, and grant thee every joy,
That most endears the heart's Elysian Home!

To Mrs. H. Tighe with a copy of Cowper's life

W[ILLIAM] HAYLEY

Records of Genius! traced by friendship's hand
Go and to Psyche's sympathetic eyes
  Fondly display, in Nature's simple guise,
  A poet's life! whose merit may command
Perpetual plaudits from his native land,
And fame from every polished clime, that lies
Beneath the favour of indulgent skies,
Where ever minds aspire, and hearts expand!
  To Psyche say, in truth's endearing tone,
Behold thy favourite Bard! whose life and lays
(If ever man might arrogate such praise)
  May match in purity and grace, thy own!
  How, as thy friend, would he have joyed to raise,
  And seat thee high on his Parnassian Throne!

To Mrs H Tighe

W. PETER

When feeling, taste, and genius all conspire
  To claim the undisputed meed of praise
In vain, where all must envy or admire,
  The feeble tribute of applause we raise.

For who shall paint her worth, whose matchless mind
  Warmed with the elegance of classic lore,

Cowper's life] William Hayley (1745–1820) inscribed this sonnet in the copy he sent to MT of his *Life and Posthumous Writings of William Cowper.* See MT's "To W. Hayley," which MT sent in response to the gift, and our accompanying notes.

To Mrs H Tighe] Later published, with several substantive alterations, under the title "To Mrs. T. . . . on reading her beautiful Poem of Psyche or the Legend of Love" in the *Poetical Register and Repository of Fugitive Poetry for 1806–07* (116–17), where it is signed "W. P." A manuscript copy of this poem appears in the NLI Hamilton Papers, C/10/1, under the title "To M^rs^ H. Tighe on her beautiful Poem of Psyche," signed "WP." The author might be the poet and politician William Peter (1788–1853), although he would have been only eighteen years old in 1806.

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By reason strengthened, and by love refined,
  Divides the palm which Spenser claimed before!

Blest page! where, whilst the varied graces shine,
  Fair Virtue wears her most attractive hues,
Where moral wisdom stamps the glowing line
  And truth entwines the flowers which Fancy strews

'Tis thine to bid incautious virtue fly
  The scenes, where fell Deceits in ambush move
Ambition's lure, suspicion's jaundiced eye,
  And prize the calmer sweets of social love.

For thee sweet muse, whose artless strains display
  Each chaste affection of the female heart,
Thine are the joys that never can decay,
  The joys which Virtue, Science, Truth impart.

These (whilst with love, in some sequestered bower,
  Thy Psyche bids each cherished transport last)
Shall yield their soft, consolatory power
  To bless the future, and endear the past.

To Mrs Henry Tighe

W[ILLIAM] S[TANLEY] ROSCOE

I saw in Heaven before the throne of Jove
A vision bright, and midst her odorous bowers
Fair Psyche sat culling eternal flowers
While o'er her stood intranced immortal Love
And ever as the blooming wreath she wove
Shed from his beaming eyes ecstatic showers;

To Mrs Henry Tighe] Later published in Roscoe's *Poems* (1834) under the title "Sonnet to Mrs. Henry Tighe, on her Poem of 'Psyche, or the Legend of Love'" (82). William Stanley Roscoe (1782–1843) was a banker, poet, and student of Italian literature.

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And on the amaranthine buds he pours
His breath, that all the leaves with rapture move,
Fair Psyche smiled and raised her blissful eyes,
"This crown for her whose chaste and hallowed song
Hath so rejoiced us midst our native skies,
And echoes still these Sapphire vau[l]ts along;
For her who sung our wandering on the Earth
And hailed with Hyms of joy our Heavenly birth."

To Mrs. H Tighe

B[ARBARINA] WILMOT [LADY DACRE]

Who hears the Lark's wild rapturous carol shrill
Nor feels with kindred joy his bosom glow?
Who the lone screech-owl's dismal shriek of woe
Nor starts as with a sense of coming ill?
The mingled bleetings that at evening fill
The dewy air, with tender sounds that flow
From Mother's love all answering hearts avow,
Such sympathy does nature's voice instill!
What wonder then if the enchanting lay
In which the soul of love and virtue blend
Their magic force, thy secret heart portray
While all the nine their fascination lend,
And the rapt fancy the sweet spell obey,
Greeting thee, unknown Psyche, as a friend.

To Mrs. H Tighe] Later published by Lady Dacre in her *Dramas, Translations and Occasional Poems* under the title "To Psyche, on Reading her Poem," with the following note: "Mrs. Tighe, authoress of the poem so called, was herself called *Psyche*, by her friends" (2:237). See MT's "To Mrs. Wilmot."

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"Yes to the golden dreams of fond delight"

E WILMOT

Yes to the golden dreams of fond delight
  Weaved by thy fairy hand thou bidst farewell
But e're thy Psyche winged to Heaven her flight
  Her precious mantle o'er thy shoulders fell.

Wrap't in the lucid maze, thy magic form
  In all her grace, her sweet attraction shines,
By thee reflected, Psyche's smile shall warm
  With thee her witching influence still combines

While morning's orient beam and roseate bowers
  And purple wings diffusing odours round,
And fragrant gales (the breath of vernal showers)
    Identified with thee shall still be found

And dost thou yet lament thy Psyche flown
  And weep thy joyless solitude in vain
Stored as thy mind is, canst thou feel alone
  Or of exhausted fancy prove the pain.

No joyless solitude thy soul can know
  Seclusion wakes for thee an endless spring
Of taste, & genius which abundant flow
  And o'er thy polished verse new treasures fling

Then grieve no more thy lovely vision past,
  Nor mourn thy Psyche raised by thee to Heaven
Who from her bright abode on thee has cast
  That immortality thy self had given.

Wilmot] Untraced, but very likely a relative of Barbarina Wilmot (Lady Dacre).

To Mrs Henry Tighe

W. BALL

Sweet bird! whose music charms Rossana's bowers,
And makes her groves harmonious, while of Love,
And Psyche guided by her faithful Love
Thro' snares deep-laid for all her blissful hours,
Thou singest high, with more than mortal powers,
Strains that at once delight us and improve;
Where holiest Truths descending from above,
Appear like sportive Graces wreathed in flowers,
Or May by Flora bid in rosy showers:
Accept, divine magician of the soul!
From reverent gratitude her warmest thanks;
For with such mastery thy numbers roll,
That, rapt away beneath their strong controll,
We seem entranced on Mulla's classic banks.—

To Mrs H Tighe

E. H. HALL

Psyche! could I this treasured orb bestow,
The golden radiance and the diamond's glow,
Spread at thy feet what e'er Golconda boasts,
Or heap the tribute of Peruvian coasts:
Psyche! for thee this treasured orb should shine
And claim a higher worth for being thine
Great is the prize; but greater far the fame
That marries to immortal verse thy name.
With Laurels of unfading verdure crowned,
Still shall thy lyre to distant ages sound,

Ball] Possibly William Ball, author of *The Crowning of the British Living Poetesses,* in which he observes, "And Tighe, who in fancy could soar from the grove,/With immortalized 'Psyche' through æther to rove!" (30).

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And—while thy mounting strains to Heaven aspire
Beam on the world with more than Stygian fire.

To Mrs H Tighe

PARRY OKEDON

When Mulla's rocks to Spencer's lays
  Resounded in Eliza's days
Ierne heard the raptured strain
  And gloried in her vocal swain.

Till Raleigh's hand his Spencer led
  A brighter beam on courts to shed
Then as the severing streight he crost
  Ierne mourned her poet lost

Yet e're he fled within a cave
  Whose mouth was laved by Mulla's wave
And guarded by his favourite shade
  His hallowed Lyre the minstrel laid

Here at the days all softning close
  Sounds which earth owns not frequent rose
While shapes by fancy's eye were seen
  Of gentle Knight and fairy queen

Till by soft inspiration led
  The cave confessed a female's head
Who filled with all a poets fire
  Pierced the gloom and siezed the lyre.

To Mrs H Tighe . . . Okedon] Another copy of this poem appears in the NLI Hamilton Papers, C/10/1, entitled "On Reading Psyche" and dated "Bath Jan^{y} 1807." The poet remains unidentified.

1: Mulla's] Edmund Spenser referred to the Awbeg River in southern Ireland as "the gentle Mullagh."

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The fair one chose the gorgeous hues
That grace the Allegoric muse
And as of love and truth she sung
O'er Psyche's form the veil she flung.

So sweet her voice her power was such
The strings confessed the master touch
And waked by melody again
Swelled to the female Spencer's strain.

While at the stanza's solemn close
Ierne's sacred figure rose
And with the bay that ne'er can die
In exultation crowned her Tighe—

To Mrs Henry Tighe
E STEEL

When Love's soft sway the strings obey
What witching sounds the chords respire
A double spell makes thee excel
For Love's own love awakes thy lyre.

To Mrs H Tighe
[MSt.]

Sweet Muse, whose strain, with Sappho's glowing fire,
Blends the chaste flame of Castabella's shrine!
The balmy gales which sweep thy magic lyre
Swell the full chords of minstrelsy divine,
That bid the soul each low-born thought resign.

Steel] Unidentified.

MSt.] This manuscript gives no indication of the author's identity, but another copy of this poem appears in NLI Hamilton Papers, C/10/1. It is entitled "To M^{rs} H. Tighe on reading her poem entitled Psyche," dated July 1806, and signed "MSt."

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That bid the soul each low-born thought resign.

Steel] Unidentified.

MSt.] This manuscript gives no indication of the author's identity, but another copy of this poem appears in NLI Hamilton Papers, C/10/1. It is entitled "To M^{rs} H. Tighe on reading her poem entitled Psyche," dated July 1806, and signed "MSt."

When at thy call Love waves his downy wings,
More bright the face of nature seems to shine,
Where'er he moves, a lovelier verdure springs,
And thy own modest dove her halcyon season brings.

Yet some there are, to whom the fates deny
With love their guides, the paths of life to tread,
For vain the charm that glows in beauty's eye,
Vain the rich gifts by fortune's bounty spread;
Her virtues self, by all the graces led,
The mazy wood to Love's bright fane can find,
Till his own torch its powerful radiance shed;
Then roseate bands the willing votaries bind,
And heart is joined to heart, and mind unites with mind

But ah! if Love refuse his aid to lend,
Will no propitious hand the pilgrims guide?
No guardian kind their wandering rays attend,
To lead to joy, and turn from grief aside?
Yes, the soft power to Love so near allied,
His gentle sister, and companion dear,
In many a scene of painful peril tried,
Benignant Friendship every path shall cheer,
Alike through sunshine glades, and forests dark and drear

On a bright rock of adamant embased
As deep in earth as high the summit rose,
The lovely queen her far famed temple placed:
No Parian columns the pure shrine enclose,
No fairy aids the wondrous fabric knows;
Scooped from the living stone, it towers on high;
And when the bleack storm round the mountain blows
Its lofty roofs, far-stretching to the sky,
Scorn the rude blast beneath, and time and death defy.

And all within, the polished diamonds blaze
Mocks the rich products of Golconda's mine:

Where e'er the astonished votary turns to gaze
A thousand adamantine mirrors shine,
The immortal work of sympathy benign.
From those reflected to fair Friendship's throne
Each deep recess where Pain or grief recline,
She sees each eye, retired to weep alone,
And masks the stifled pang, to all but her unknown.

Armored the dome, by art divine portrayed,
Appears the semblance of departed friends;
Whilst to dispel oblivion's direful shade,
Fidelity, a constant guard, attends
And from the central roof a lamp depends,
Which to each form, when day's bright beams retire
With steadier light a softened lustre lends;—
Affection bade the kindling flame aspire,
And memory's sigh renews the pure perennial fire

The virtues, heaven decended, from the train
That round the throne of Friendship ever wait;
Nor e'er can vice the hallowed spot profane
Or Falsehood find admittance at her gate
A vile impostor who assumes her state
Rears on a barren crag a palace fair,
That proudly seems to scorn the hand of fate
But when the wild winds rend the inclement air,
The baseless structure falls, and leaves the mountain bare

Lo! where at Friendship's fane a numerous band
To seek the "Fount of Bliss" her aid entreat,
Cheered by her smiles, and led by virtue's hand,
Through various toils they gain the charnal seat,
And climb the sacred mount with joyful feet
There though removed from Friendship's tearful eyes
Religion bids them hope again to meet;
Again to meet beneath serener skies,
Where sorrows ne'er molest, where no vain wishes rise

But oft, alas! before life's closing day,
While scenes of bliss the enraptured thoughts employ
Death's awful storms obscure the noontide ray,
And Friendships earthly views at once destroy,
Yet though awhile these midnight glooms annoy
At length she sees, amidst the shades of night
Celestial visions of returning joy
Where hope appears, as radiant seraphs bright
Faith beams through opening clouds, and all again is light—

To Mrs H Tighe

JOSEPH ATKINSON

"Let those now love who never loved before
And those who always loved now love the more"
So sung the Bard who knew the powers of song
Which now to your enchanting Lays belong:
For shew a sceptic blind to beauty's charms,
To friendship dead and cold to love's alarms,
Whose heart at Nature's voice disdains to melt
And spurns the raptures sympathy has felt;
From whom no blithesome or pathetic strain
A tear of joy or pity's sigh could gain:
—If one so torpid in this world can live?
To him your Psyche in compassion give
The sentimental theme, the attic fire,
Which prompt your fancy, and your verse inspire?
Shall waft the spirit of your heavenly muse
And through his clay Promethean flame infuse,
The transmigration like a charm divine,
Shall both his passions, and his taste refine!
The moral fable you so sweetly tell

Atkinson] Joseph Atkinson (1743–1818), Irish dramatist, was the author of the comedy *The Mutual Deception* (1785) and the three-act opera "A Match for a Widow, or the Frolics of Fancy" (1786), with music by Dibdin, both produced in Dublin. In 1800, his comic opera "Love in a Blaze" was produced at the Cork Street Theatre (*DNB*).

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Shall all the gloom of apathy dispel,
Congenial friendship shall his doubts control,
And Psyche prove, that love is nature's soul—

To Mrs Henry Tighe with the tragedy of Panthea Upon reading her poem of Psyche

JOHN EDWARDS

Old Court Jany 17 1806

Queen of the soul, thy dulcet strains prolong,
Ah! not so soon dissolve the magic spell
Which pours enchantment o'er thy polished song
Where pure delight and rapturous fancy dwell
Beyond what Bards extatic ever tell.
Thy lovely Psyche's visions all divine
Her countless charms which in thy lays excel,
Her glowing thought where love and truth combine
All breath the virtuous soul which emanates from thine

Behold a female sister wooes thy grace,
And prays admission in thy Psyche's train;
Though feebly weak her Knight can plead her case,
Ah, treat not then Panthea with disdain,
Nor let her merits sue—and sue in vain
Oh think, the beauties of her tender tale
If chance recorded in thy matchless strain,
Nor let her Knight in hopeless grief bewail
That through his nerveless lines her wondrous worth exhale

Edwards] John Edwards (1751–1832), poet and soldier, was the eldest son of James and Anne Edwards of Old Court, County Wicklow. He was the author of *Abradates and Panthea; a Tragedy* and, judging from this poem, may have presented MT with a manuscript copy of that work two years before its publication in 1808. He also wrote *The Patriot Soldier: a Poem* (1784), *Kathleen: a Ballad from Ancient Irish Tradition* (1808), and *Interests of Ireland* (1815) (*DNB*).

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And may Hygeia grant with smile benign
The general prayer—the fervid faithful sigh
Incessant poured for thee at her blest shrine,
Thy tender frame with vigour to supply,
And cheer thy cheek with health's bright roseate dye
Ah! woe is me—that bright poetic lore
With nice sensations fine drawn to the sky,
Teaching the expansive soul from earth to soar,
Should waste life's slender lamp, and rob its little store.

Parody of Stanza 4th Canto 5th [of *Psyche*]

S[ARAH] PONSONBY

Sweet Linda! meditate thy charming song,
Nor let thy charming song remain unknown
The verse which cheers thy solitude prolong
To witch the world with beauties all its own,
Let not thy Psyche smile for thee alone.
Accept the garland which immortal fame
Of amaranths in celestial gardens grown
To crown thy modest brow, doth haste to frame
The Guerdon meet thy soul-enchanting lay doth claim.

Parody of Stanza 4th Canto 5th] This poem is inscribed on the verso of the printer's statement. Sarah Ponsonby was the recipient of an 1804 fair copy manuscript of *Psyche*. We are grateful to Diane Ducharme, Archivist, Beinecke Rare Book and Manuscript Library, Yale University, for transcribing this poem for us.

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To Mrs. H. Tighe
On her Poem of Psyche

H BOYD

While Asmodeus by a Stygian flame
  The sensual Demon's shews, in bright disguise,
  Who, linked with Comus, from the nether skies
From Love's ethereal power his honours claim,
  And lures his slaves, adown that easy way
  Where thought's expiring taper sinks in night
You lead your votaries to that heavenly light
  Where angel pinions fan its rising ray:
You shine the genuine marks of love imprest
On all that moves and breathes and blooms beneath,
And bid the mind by just degrees aspire
Where sovereign beauty leads, by wisdom drest
Till, borne aloft on steady wings of Faith
She hails in transport *their* immortal Sire—

PART B: OTHER TRIBUTES, PRINTED AND IN MANUSCRIPT

To Mrs. Henry Tighe on reading her "Psyche"

THOMAS MOORE

Tell me the witching tale again,
  For never has my heart or ear

Boyd] Rev. Henry Boyd (d. 1832), Vicar of Drumgath and chaplain to Lord Charleville; translator of Dante, Ariosto, Petrarch, Monti, and Ercilla; and author of original poetry including *The Woodman's Tale, after the Manner of Spenser* (1805) (*DNB*).

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Hung on so sweet, so pure a strain,
  So pure to feel, so sweet to hear.

Say, Love, in all thy prime of fame,
  When the high heaven itself was thine;
When piety confess'd the flame,
  And even thy errors were divine;

Did ever Muse's hand, so fair,
  A glory round thy temples spread?
Did ever lip's ambrosial air
  Such fragrance o'er thy altars shed?

One maid there was, who round her lyre
  The mystic myrtle wildly wreath'd;—
But all *her* sighs were sighs of fire,
  The myrtle wither'd as she breath'd.

Oh! you, that love's celestial dream,
  In all its purity, would know,
Let not the senses' ardent beam
  Too strongly through the vision glow.

Love safest lies, conceal'd in night,
  The night where heaven has bid him lie;
Oh! shed not there unhallow'd light,
  Or, Psyche knows, the boy will fly.

Sweet Psyche, many a charmed hour,
  Through many a wild and magic waste,
To the fair fount and blissful bower
  Have I, in dreams, thy light foot trac'd!

24: fly] See the story in Apuleius [*Moore's note*].
27: bower] Allusions to Mrs. Tighe's Poem [*Moore's note*].

Where'er thy joys are number'd now,
  Beneath whatever shades of rest,
The Genius of the starry brow
  Hath bound thee to thy Cupid's breast;

Whether above the horizon dim,
  Along whose verge our spirits stray,—
Half sunk beneath the shadowy rim,
  Half brighten'd by the upper ray,—

Thou dwellest in a world, all light,
  Or, lingering here, dost love to be,
To other souls, the guardian bright
  That Love was, through this gloom, to thee;

Still be the song to Psyche dear,
  The song, whose gentle voice was given
To be, on earth, to mortal ear,
  An echo of her own, in heaven.

(1802)

"Oh thou! whose bright Imagination strays"

ANONYMOUS

Oh thou! whose bright Imagination strays
  Thro' scenes of anxious Love and soft Desire
Warm, yet unsullied by the lambent Blaze;
  Who write of Love and what you write inspire,
Guide my weak hand while I attempt thy praise,
  Rous'd by the touch I feel th' imparted flame,
Around my heart th' enchanting spirit plays

31: brow] Constancy [*Moore's note*].

36: ray] By this image the Platonists expressed the middle state of the soul between sensible and intellectual existence [*Moore's note*].

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Steals thine own Verse to consecrate thy Fame.

The God of loose Delight drew am'rous Jove,
From Heavenly scenes to mix in Mortal arms,
A Mortal Nymph, now raised by chaster Love
Ascends from Earth to clasp Immortal charms
Then while Rob'd Innocence, I worship thee,
And draw pure pleasure from thy Urn divine,
The grosser passions wing their flight from me;
Whose heart enamour'd at thy magic shrine,
Dreams of no bliss beyond a Place in thine.—

(undated but c. 1805)

To the Author of Psyche
W[ILLIAM] T[IGHE]

Dear friend! who with the ancient lyre
Which erst from Spencer's dying hand
Had fallen, hast breathed at Love's command
The chaste song's reillumed fire,
Bidding the woe-tried soul aspire
To realms beyond the fairy land.
Thou knowest that no fairy wand
The bard shall need, though he desire
To scatter o'er the waste a cloud
Of bliss bestowing flowers, or fill
The caverned dungeon of his will
With shapes of fire, with streams of light
He studs the dimmest path of night
With stars, and flies above the tasteless crowd.

To the Author of Psyche] In our copy text, Hannah Tighe's album (fol. 143), this sonnet is attributed to "WT"—the abbreviation used there for William Tighe.

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"Ah Psyche thou art fled"

C. W.

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Beyond the midnight of our day
Dear mortal thou art sped
Ev'n hence upon thy Heavenly way.

Thou'st met in joy thy loving Lord
Thy true and loyal Knight
Thy Heavenly friend thy brave safeguard
Who bore thee thro' the fight.

(1806)

In Memory of Mary,
Authoress of Psyche,

Gifted at her birth with great personal Beauty, and rare mental Endowments,
And visited at her death
With long and painful Sickness,
Which She sustained with great
Patience, Fortitude and Resignation.

REV. ROBERT DEALTRY, L.L.D.

Written on Good Friday, 1810

Epitaph
Rest, Gentle Spirit, Dust consign'd to Dust,

"Ah Psyche thou art fled"] This manuscript poem, in an unidentified hand, is written on the back flyleaves of the Houghton Library copy of *Mary.* We are grateful to Joel Myerson for transcribing the poem and also for confirming our reading of the author's handwritten initials. The speculation that the poem was written by Elinor Ward is not supported by the signature "C. W." On the same page, also signed "C. W.," is the following:

> Wrote on reading Psyche. 1806.
> Thy graceful Muse with magic from above
> Transforms the Urchin to the God of Love.

The author may possibly be Charlotte White, author of *Hymns for the Cottage* (London, 1840), who published under the initials "C. W."

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Till the Grave's cerements shall resign their trust.
Rest, free from Sickness, free from Grief or Pain,
Pain, Grief and Sickness vex not thee again.
On Earth their limited Commision lies,
Their Rod is broken when the Spirit flies.
How frail is beauty it is thine to show,
How futile Fancy's vivid, ardent glow;
How vain each charm that bids Mankind admire,
The Cheek of Roses and the Eye of Fire;
Feature and Form, description far above,
That beams intelligence and wakens love!
All, all is gone, of all so made for joy,
But the Soul's Worth, which nothing can destroy;
That shall go with thee to a brighter world,
When Christ's Dread Banner shall be wide unfurl'd.
Rest then awhile, while mingles Clay with Clay,
Till the Great Summons at the Judgment Day;
Then, when the Trumpet's Sound the Dead alarms,
Rest, Gentle Spirit! in thy Saviour's arms.

Dealtry] Rev. Robert Dealtry, Prebendiary of Wicklow, was the author of *A Monody on the Right Honourable W. Pitt* and *Elegy on Sir John Moore, K. B*. This poem in memory of MT was printed on two leaves, rectos only (no place, no publisher, no date, no other copies traced), with one manuscript correction, and tipped into a copy of *PWOP* that was owned by MT's neighbor and relative, William Acton of West Acton, County Wicklow (private collection).

Written in the bow room at Rossana.
The last time I inhabited it.

CAROLINE HAMILTON

On this dear lawn, beneath that spreading lime
I think I see thee in thy beauty's prime
My long lost friend, & till I cease to be
How can I Mary! Not remember thee!
Thy sparkling eyes are still to Memory dear
Thine accents mild still vibrate on mine ear,
Alas! I saw thee hurried through each stage
From blooming youth to premature old age—
The room I now inhabit once was thine,
Thy couch, thy table, & thy bed are mine
And oft while gazing on thy favorite chair
Waked by the moon's pale light, I see thee there
Tracing thy Psyche's long & tedious way
Through gloomy paths to realms of brightest day,
Pilgrim beloved! To thee alike was given
Through grief & pain to find thy way to Heaven.
Ah how this house is changed since thou wert here
The sound of mirth no more salutes mine ear
Much valued friends & dear relations came
To meet together here, their tastes the same,
Collected round the fire, each strove who best
Should tell the merry tale, or point the jest.
The grave, the gay, by turns, our thoughts employed
And every moment was alike enjoyed.
If e'er a serious thought would dare arise
We hoped, in time, for leisure to be wise

Hamilton] Signed "CH" in Caroline Hamilton's commonplace book, NLI MS 4809, our copy text. Another copy appears in NLI MS 42,118, where it is entitled "Lines. Written in the Bow room at Rossana, where Psyche was written." That copy has the following substantive variants:

5: sparkling] speaking
28: promis'd] promises
35: who alas! No] who no
58: And tho'] But since
59: these] those
60: In vain] Oh! may

To him no task too difficult appears
Whose health still promis'd a length of years
He little knows what follies will engage
His youth, what restless cares his age.
Friends, once so dearly loved, I scarce can tell
Which of you yet survive, or where ye dwell,
Whether ye mourn, like me, departed hours
Recalling to your mind these chesnut bowers
And their loved mistress who alas! No more
Shall welcome to her hospitable door
Not the rich only, but the good & poor

Beloved Scenes! Ye too have felt decay,
We daily see your beauties fade away,
Scarce one loved spot its former verdure knows
Where once the wood flower grew the thistle grows

Chesnut revered! So lately wont to spread
O'er the dear stream thy tall & vigorous head!
How many truant boys have gaily played
Screened from detection's eye, beneath thy shade
But late of all thy beauties rudely shorn,
With trunk dismantled & with branches torn
Thy presence now this tranquil scene deforms
Recorder those! of winter's fatal storms.
The Lofty pines which decked yon sloping side
E're now our valley's ornament & pride
Stripped by the hand of time, now bare & tall
Th' unpitying ax, at length, condemns to fall.

Sad changes these, but sadder still to find
They bring no cure to my distempered mind
Irresolute & weak, to indolence a prey
My fleeting years pass unimproved away
And tho' I feel that life is nearly o'er
And these long cherished scenes can charm no more
In vain I strive to raise my prospects higher
And spurning earth to Immortality aspire.

Epitaph for Mary Tighe

WILLIAM TIGHE

If on this earth she passed in mortal guise,
A short and painful pilgrimage, shall we
Her sad survivors grieve, that love divine
Removed her timely to perpetual bliss?
Thou art not lost!—in chastest song and pure
With us still lives thy virtuous mind, and seems
A beacon for the weary soul, to guide
Her safely through affection's winding path,
To that eternal mansion gained by thee!

(1811)

Lines Written after Reading the "Corinne" of Madame de Stael, and the "Psyche" of the late Mrs. Henry Tighe, of Rosanna

ANNA MARIA PORTER

Magic omnipotent! resistless power
Of Genius, seraph-lipp'd! how doth thy force
Seize the most fixed soul, and bear it on
Thro' every change of passion, pain, or joy!—
How mighty is thy sway! how wide its range!
How varied, e'en in uniform design!—
Lo! now thro' different lips, thy voice inspired,
Speaks to my heart; transports, depresses, fills!—
In rapt amazement lost, the same fond theme
Wondering I hear, and mark how different each!—
Methinks from deep shades, swells th' Eolian lyre;

Epitaph for Mary Tighe] First published in *PWOP* (311), our copy text, and then in *Mary* (29), both without a title. The poem was republished with the title the following year in William Tighe's *The Plants,* 2nd ed. (1812), 311. The family had this epitaph engraved in stone on the interior wall (opposite the door) of the mausoleum in which the poet is buried. The poem is dated "1810" in NLI MS 42,118, fol. 25.

Porter] Anna Maria Porter (1778–1832), novelist, poet, and sister of the popular author Jane Porter, was best known for her historical romance *The Hungarian Brothers* (1807). She published this poem in *Ballad Romances, and Other Poems* (123–27), our copy text.

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While from some twilight grove, soft Philomel
Warbles her rival song.—Hark to the strains!—
That magic instrument which Heaven's own breath
Wakes to mysterious music, that sweet harp,
Low to the breeze in dying languor sighs!
Now louder roused, rings like the trumpet's blast
To Glory calling!—next, with temp'rate swell,
Gentle, and soft, and calm, in lulling tone,
Spreads rest and tender bliss o'er all things round,
Tuning the mind to dreams of holy peace.—
Now, whispering voices like the heavenly choir,
Scarce breathed, scarce heard, suspend my thrilling heart:
Then moanings, as of melancholy shades,
Chill Rapture's pulse.—Anon, from yon dark pass,
Rusheth the wind, and borne on wailing wing,
With piercing blast of sound, sweeps all the strings
In Phrensy's sudden shriek, or demon's yell:
Now resting on one deep and dismal note,
Continuous, strange, and wild, it loads the ear
With loud lament of hopeless, fixed despair.—
The strain is o'er!—mute now, the mystic breath!—
Sadness and stillness reign; alone disturbed
By the heart's beatings;—ceased!—in silence fix'd!—

* * * * * *

Ah, sounds divine! whence flow ye? from yon copse,
Steal on the depth of night, melodious sighs
From Love's own bosom heaved: the warbled lay,
First softly wooing, then lamenting sad,
Now trembling with delight, with hope, half bliss,
With dear persuasion of partaken joy,
Soars and descends by turns: all nature melts
To softer charm, beneath its influence pure;
With tenderer light, looks down the pensive moon;
With gentler murmur glide the silver streams;
More balmy breathe the flowers; and stiller stand
The listening trees; the human breast o'erflows

With holy rapture; virtue, love, and joy,
All swell together, till in tears dissolved,
The sweet emotions find their happy way.—
Nightingale of Rosanna! thou art gone!
Snatched 'mid thy tuneful life, to sing above!—
Earth's guilty echoes, dared not answer thee;
(Echoes, so oft devote to Passion's voice,
Tuneful indeed, but lawless, and profane.)
Wondering we saw the stream o'erflowing Love,
Yet pure from mortal dross; as tho' it well'd
Strait from the fount of Heaven!—ah, sure it did!
And to that sacred source hath back returned.—
How happy they, who 'mid thy native shades
Roved near thee ever, and with tranced ear
Or heard thy liquid notes thro' joyous day,
Mixed, (still pre-eminent,) with Nature's band
Of varied minstrels; or with deeper draught,
Drank their rich nectar 'mid the lonely scenes
Of night and silence! happy they! whilst we
(Thro' deep embowering woods, at distance far,)
But heard thee once, tho' never to forget!—
And thou, O harp of strange and wondrous mould!
Thou lyre Æolian! may the air that wakes
Again thy cords, come fraught with peace or joy!
May never blast of madd'ning anguish shake
Those chords; nor the life-with'ring sighs of grief,
Nor blighted hopes, in sad vibration dwell
Upon thy mournful strings! when next they speak,
May all blest Araby's innumerous sweets
Hang on the breeze that sweeps them into sound!
May breath of angels aid the blissful gale,
And while thou warblest love, awake the soul
To thought of Love's best world, the world of Heaven!

(1811)

I Saw Thy Form in Youthful Prime

THOMAS MOORE

I saw thy form in youthful prime,
Nor thought that pale decay
Would steal before the steps of Time,
And waste its bloom away, Mary!
Yet still thy features wore that light,
Which fleets not with the breath;
And life ne'er looked more truly bright
Than in thy smile of death, Mary!

As streams that run o'er golden mines,
Yet humbly, calmly glide,
Nor seem to know the wealth that shines
Within their gentle tide, Mary!
So, veiled beneath the simplest guise,
Thy radiant genius shone,
And that, which charmed all other eyes,
Seemed worthless in thy own, Mary!

If souls could always dwell above,
Thou ne'er hadst left that sphere;
Or could we keep the souls we love,
We ne'er had lost thee here, Mary!
Though many a gifted mind we meet,
Though fairest forms we see,
To live with them is far less sweet,
Than to remember thee, Mary!

(1811)

I Saw Thy Form in Youthful Prime] Published in *Irish Melodies.* On 22 Aug. 1805, Thomas Moore wrote to his mother, "Poor Mrs. T.[ighe] is ordered to the Madeiras, which makes me despair of her; for she *will not* go, and another *winter* will inevitably be her death" (*Memoirs,* 1:184–85).

24: Mary] I have here made a feeble effort to imitate that exquisite inscription of Shenstone's, "Heu! quanto minus est cum reliquis versari quam tui meminisse!" [*Moore's note*].

"Genius of Spencer, dost thou hover near"

MARY LEADBEATER

Genius of Spencer, dost thou hover near
The favoured banks of Mulla's pastoral stream?
Or midst Rosanna's groves, to science dear,
Lovest thou to bid thy former lustre beam?
Alas! how short-lived this delicious gleam!
How soon are closed in everlasting sleep
Those eyes which caught new radiance from the theme!
Now, while their tears the flowers of fancy steep,
Sad Psyche and her love o'er the pale marble weep.

(1812)

Stanzas on Perusing Psyche, a Poem, by the Late Mrs. Tighe

BERNARD BARTON

"Fond dreamer! meditate thine idle song,
But let thine idle song remain unknown:"

William Shenstone commemorated his cousin, Mary Dolman, who had died of smallpox at the age of twenty-seven, with this Latin inscription, which may be translated "Alas, how much less it is to mix with those who remain than to remember thee!" (M. T. Wilson, translator). Lord Byron used these lines to introduce his poem "And Thou art Dead, as Young and Fair," first published in *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage,* 2nd ed. (1812), and dated February 1812.

Leadbeater] Mary Leadbeater (1758–1826) was best known as the author of *Cottage Dialogues Among the Irish Peasantry* (1811) and *The Landlord's Friend* (1813). She enclosed this poem in a letter to Melesina Chenevix Trench in 1812 and introduced it with the observation: "I mentioned in my last the arrival of "Psyche." The lines following "The Mezereon" [William Tighe's poem in memory of MT] are so beautiful, so original, and so pathetic, that it is not difficult to guess who wrote them, and they make me almost ashamed to transcribe my own attempt at a stanza." She follows her poem with the comment, "I am a little jealous of Psyche's evident attachment to the guardian knight; it was rather too tender for friendship; but grateful friendship let us suppose it, when there is so much to admire and approve" (*Leadbeater Papers,* 2:234.).

Stanzas . . . Mrs. Tighe] First published in *Metrical Effusions* (55–57), our copy text. Bernard Barton (1784–1849) retitled this poem "Verses Written in a Blank Leaf of Tighe's Psyche" when he published it in the second edition of *Poems* (28–29). Known as "the Quaker poet," Barton also published *The Convict's Appeal* (1818), *Napoleon and Other Poems* (1822), *Poetic Vigils* (1824), and *Household Verses* (1845).

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O guard its beauties from the vulgar throng,
  Unveil its charms to friendship's eye alone.
To thee shall friendship's partial praise atone
  For all the incense of the world beside;
Unthinking mirth may slight thy pensive tone,
  Folly may scorn, or ignorance deride:—
The lay so idly sung, let prudence teach to hide.

Sweet Minstrel! couldst thou think a song like thine,
  With grace replete, with harmony inspir'd,
Thy timid modesty could e'er confine
Within those limits which thy fears desir'd?
  Ah no! by all approv'd, by all admir'd,
Its charms shall captivate each listening ear;
Thy "Psyche," by the hand of taste attir'd,
  To virtue, grace, and delicacy dear,
Shall consecrate thy name for many a future year.

Oh! had indulgent heaven but spar'd thy Lyre,
  Which first it strung and tun'd to melody,
How many an heart had felt encreasing fire,
  Dwelling enraptur'd on its minstrelsy:
How many an ear had drank its harmony,
  And listen'd to its strains with sweet delight;
But He, whose righteous will is sovereignty,
  Hath bid thy sun of glory set in night,
And, though we mourn thy loss, we own his sentence right.

Yet, plaintive Songstress! on thy gentle lay
  Fancy with pensive tenderness shall dwell;
Memory shall snatch from Time thy transient day,
  And soft regret each feeling breast shall swell.
But, why regret? Let faith, exulting, tell
  That she, whose tuneful voice had sung before,
In allegoric strain, love's witching spell,

Now sings HIS love whom wondering worlds adore,
And still shall chaunt his Praise when time shall be no more.

(1812)

On reading the Last Poem Written by Mrs. Tighe, the Authoress of Psyche, "On Receiving a Branch of Mezerion"

ANONYMOUS

Ere Psyche joined th' immortal choir,
Such the last sorrows of her lyre!
Pupil of patience—from whose smile
She learn'd her sufferings to beguile,
And bless each soft consoling ray,
That beam'd upon her wintry day.

The couch of sickness ne'er was seen,
To shine with lustre more serene;
Light, social graces hover'd there,
The fav'ring muse heard Psyche's prayer;
Friendship with dove-like eyes would bring
The fairest blossoms of the spring,
And music flings her spells around
With sweetest witchery of sound,
Waking now the song of pleasure,
Now with rapid change of measure,
Ere the gay visions disappear,
Surprising soft the sudden tear.

But brighter rays are seen to shine
Around her couch with light divine:

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A saint-like mother's arm supports
The drooping rose; a mother courts
Her smile with each endearing art,
That love can teach a female heart.

Pale, placid mourner! years have shed
Their silver honours on thy head:
Yet in thine eye, unquench'd by time,
Strong faith resides, and hope sublime,
Guides that direct thy Psyche's way,
To regions of eternal day.

Then Seraph! rise to realms above,
Where all is harmony and love.

(1812)

"Within this book"

D. T.

Within this book as in a mirror shines
A lovely mind with every virtue blest;
The purest feeling marks the sweetest lines,
That e'er a tender female heart express'd.

Cold is that heart: the book alone remains,
A faithful record of a heart so pure:
The sighs of death were pour'd in these sweet strains;
Yet these of death partake not—these endure.

21: mother's] Mrs. Blackford, mother to Mrs. Henry Tighe, who attended her in her long illness, unites uncommon powers of mind and talents for conversation, to eminent piety, and unwearied benevolence [*Anonymous poet's original note*].

"Within this book"] Inscribed in a copy of *Psyche, with Other Poems,* 4th ed. (London, 1812), owned by the British Library (shelf no. 11641.e.47). While the poet, D. T., is unidentified, a clue to his or her identity is the inscription that appears on the volume's second front free endpaper: "From C. L. Touche to Rev$^{d.}$ D^{r} Wrangham August 20th 1814." Published in the *New Monthly Magazine* 4 (Nov. 1815): 328, and attributed to "C. T." Quoted, in part, in Samantha Matthews 88–89. Our copy text is the manuscript.

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Framed with the fragile breath of sure disease,
What noble thoughts life's weakest period gave:
A mind, of pleasure reft, had power to please;
And o'er oblivion triumph'd—at the grave.

(written c. 1812; pub. 1815)

On Mrs H Tighe

ANONYMOUS

Oh can it be fair Minstrel,
Thy sweet muse could charm,
And calm the tortur'd bosoms anxious swell,
And of his poison'd dart stern pain disarm
Oh far beyond this world's dull pleasures blest!
Whose heavenly fancy harbour'd such a Guest—

Tho' passed thy lingering days
In pain and anguish,
Thy drooping spirit oft the Muse could raise,
And bid thee cease to weep and cease to languish,
Awhile her smiles could cheer thy hapless lot,
And every pain and sorrow be forgot—

Sweet Poet did'st thou ever,
Cherish dreams of love—
And thy hard fate like thy own Psyche's sever
Him from thy heart who did like fondness prove
Condemn'd alone this world's wide void to roam;
Hopeless of aught to mitigate thy doom

On Mrs H Tighe] This poem is inscribed anonymously in a commonplace book in the James Marshall and Marie-Louise Osborn Collection, Beinecke Rare Book and Manuscript Library, Yale University, Osborne d69, fols. 160–62. We are grateful to William McCarthy for assistance with the transcription.

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Till soothed thy bosom's sorrow,
With time's soft healing balm,
Who deign'd from Patience meek eyed maid to borrow
Her opiate charm, the grief worn heart to calm
For their blest aid alone can peace impart,
And comfort yeild to the deserted heart—

But was, like thy sweet Heroine,
Thy love crown'd at last—
Sure Hymen's bands those faithful hearts did join,
Who knew such bliss to prize by troubles past.
For who, a Stranger to such joy and woe,
Could paint such scenes as o'er thy pages flow—

But, (for thy life I know not)
Other ills than these,
In this hard world perhaps thy destined lot,
And time and patience failed such pangs to ease,
Then did the sorrows of thy love lorn muse,
Their fascinating magic balm infuse—

For when for woes unreal,
Soft tears of sympathy,
Down the pale cheek in silence gently steal,
And dim the beamy lustre of the eye,
And heaves the heart with the ideal grief,
Oh! much those tears afford that heart relief—

So thou with thy fair Wanderer,
Wept her fancied woes,
Treading each mournful magic maze with her,
From deeper sorrows gained a short repose.
Ah! who would not some worldly joys resign,
To own a genius bright and sweet as thine—

But hush'd thy warbling Lyre,
Alas for ever!

The Tyrant Death has quenched that heavenly fire;
From her sweet dwelling dove thy spirit sever,
O'er the deep Chord each sorrowing Muse shall sweep,
And thy cold grave with tears celestial steep.

Teach me, oh muses teach me!
With like art divine,
To weave a garland of sweet poesy,
Round your departed favorite's tomb to twine,
But ah! her own sweet plaintive muse alone,
That wreath could twine to decorate the Stone.

Now then, farewell sweet Minstrel!
In uncouth numbers,
No more my humble muse thy praise shall tell,
No more intrude upon thy awful slumbers,
But breathe a hope thy gentle frame at rest,
Thy brighter spirit mingles with the blest—

(written July 1813)

On viewing Mrs H Tighe's Portrait

w.

As on thy beauteous Portraiture I view
Features to Nature's finest feeling true,
Still as I raptured gaze, methinks I see
The very seat, and soul of poetry
Dejected, yet as from inward grief
Thy labouring heart still sought a vain relief,
As if with tears those eyes were taught to flow,
And that sad heavenly bosom heaved with woe,
As if those dark dishevelled locks of hair,

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Were scattered by the heedless hand of care
And o'er thy frame pale melancholy threw
Her sombre mantle of the saddest hue.
Nor do thy looks deceive, for when I read
Thy poem worthy of the Carrolled meed
In thy soft lines I see thy fate pourtray'd
And all the sorrows of thy soul display'd
O! Skilled in every sweet enchanting art,
To please the fancy, or to charm the heart,
Whether in lofty themes thy numbers move,
Or touch the tender sympathies of love,
Or borne on fancy's light excursive wing,
Like heaven's blithe bird thy muse would soaring sing
And cull each wild and variegated flower
To deck with fragrant wreathes thy Psyche's bower—
Or on some lonely desolated strand,
Far from the busy world would take her stand,
And watch the setting sun's last parting ray,
As evening's purple lustre fades away,
Or hear the rustic Herdsman's shearing call
Or listen to the distant waterfall
That bursts by fits upon the swelling gale.
As the loud torrent rushes down the vale
Or view the full orb'd moon with gradual sweep,
Rising majestic o'er the sparkling deep,
Till throned midst briliant constellations high,
She reigns the silent Empress of the sky—
Or sing of Knights and Tournaments of old,
And all the pride of chivalry unfold,
Of antient Castles, and of stately halls,
With painted banners waving from the walls,
And vaulted roofs with pendant lustres bright,
And Armour glittering with reflected light.
Of ladies fair and venerable Dames,
And lofty Barons of illustrious names,
And long processions slowly moving by,

In all the marshall'd pomp of heraldry,
Or fondly rapt in fiction's fairy dream
Thy Muse would take enchantment for her theme,
With Magic Wand bid Palaces arise,
That strike the mind with rapture and surprise
Of clearest chrystal the bright walls are made,
The glittering Domes with jewels are inlaid
The silver gates are of the richest mold
The burnished Portals are of massy gold
Here opening flowers distill a rich perfume,
Here nodding groves enclose a grateful gloom,
And winding vallies fringed with fairy wood,
And purling streams expanding to a flood,
And now an awful stillness reigns around,
Till wakened by the musick's swelling sound
That wildly warbles from a hand unseen
Whilst thrilling pleasure dances on the green
Now Genii light and goddesses appear
Whose heavenly presence breathes ethereal air
Till truth returns and at his potent sway,
The fairy vision quickly fades away—
Whate'er thy muse in tuneful lays has sung,
Has caught fresh beauties from her graceful tongue,
O! doom'd to sorrow, at thy luckless birth,
Tho' fortune smiled not, nor the Queen of Mirth,
Genius in kind compassion to thy pain,
Taught thee to pour the sweetly plaintive strain,
Inspired thy infant mind with thoughts divine,
And bade thy verse to future ages shine—
As the lone nightingale who all day long,
Sits sadly brooding o'er her evening song
When twilight's shades, and Cynthia bright appears,
And the still woods are hung with pearly tears,
From some deep brake or solitary thorn,
Pours forth her mournful melodies till morn,
So thou—but death alas! has sealed thy doom,

Thy voice is silenced in the hollow tomb—
No more those streaming eyes shall pity move,
No more those smiles shall melt the soul to love,
No more that tender look and pensive grace,
Shall beam angellic sweetness from thy face;
No more those trembling lips shall heaven implore,
And grief shall visit that sad breast no more,
Farewell meek shade. Thou from a World of care,
Far from these scenes of darkness dost repair,
From human interests and passions free,
To the bright regions of eternity.
Where robed in innocence thou sit'st above,
An emblem sweet of mercy and of Love—
Whilst we by earthly chains constrained to stay,
And toil throughout life's long and painful day,
Enchanted read thy melancholy strain
In fancy feel thy sorrows o'er again
Shed o'er thy memory the fruitless tear
And deck with tributary lays thy bier.

(written July 1813)

Mrs. Henry Tighe

WILLIAM HENRY IRELAND

Quem circumcursans hinc illinc sepe Cupido
Fulgebat crocina candidus in tunica.
CATULLUS.

While arch young Cupid round me flutt'ring flew,
In his rich mantle, deck'd of Tyrian hue.

Tho' slumb'ring my Minstrel, and cold in the tomb,
Her ashes waft widely a fragrant perfume;

Mrs. Henry Tighe] Published in Ireland (79–80), our copy text. William Henry Ireland (1775–1835) was a poet, historian, and author of Gothic novels, including *The Abbess: A Romance* (1799), *Rimualdo: or, The Castle of Badajos* (1800), and *Gondez the Monk: A Romance of the Thirteenth Century* (1805). He is best known today for his Shakespeare forgeries. See

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The genius of *Tighe* robing *Psyche* with grace,
And to *Cupid* assigning a rapturous race:
Here taste, fancy, reading, their requisites grant,
Which, combin'd, yield a theme that must always enchant;
For purity reigns with the faith of the dove,
And celestial perfection emblazons sweet Love.
Ye daughters of Eve, then, who feel inspiration,
To *Psyche's* sweet *lays* offer up an oblation;
Catch the fervor of *Tighe,* and no satyrists rash
Dare attack ye: so swears now *Sir Scribblecumdash*;
Who trusts that his praise, while it tends wit to flatter,
May check would-be writers, and thus prevent satire.

(1815)

To Some Ladies

JOHN KEATS

What though while the wonders of nature exploring,
I cannot your light, mazy footsteps attend;
Nor listen to accents, that almost adoring,
Bless Cynthia's face, the enthusiast's friend:

Yet over the steep, whence the mountain stream rushes,
With you, kindest friends, in idea I rove;

Doug Stewart, *The Boy Who Would Be Shakespeare,* and Patricia Pierce, *The Great Shakespeare Fraud: The Strange, True Story of William-Henry Ireland.* In 2004, Peter Ackroyd made Ireland one of the main characters in his novel *The Lambs of London.*

11: *Tighe*] So many ladies have written, and still continue to produce trash, that no praise offered at the shrine of feminine excellence should be deemed fulsome; since the panegyric may prompt such unfortunate essayists to consult the productions of the personage so extolled, from whose style they may perhaps be prompted to correct their own effusions, or, if endowed with sense, to discriminate their natural inability, discard the pen, and thus relinquish all literary claims for ever. Independently of the poem of *Cupid* and *Psyche,* the lady now under *Sir Noodle's* review produced numerous other short effusions, all of which are characterized by every requisite that could tend to adorn a female of the most refined taste and exquisite sensibility [*William Henry Ireland's note*].

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Mark the clear tumbling crystal, its passionate gushes,
Its spray that the wild flower kindly bedews.

Why linger you so, the wild labyrinth strolling?
Why breathless, unable your bliss to declare?
Ah! you list to the nightingale's tender condoling,
Responsive to sylphs, in the moon beamy air.

'Tis morn, and the flowers with dew are yet drooping,
I see you are treading the verge of the sea:
And now! ah, I see it—you just now are stooping
To pick up the keep-sake intended for me.

If a cherub, on pinions of silver descending,
Had brought me a gem from the fret-work of heaven;
And smiles, with his star-cheering voice sweetly blending,
The blessings of Tighe had melodiously given;

It had not created a warmer emotion
Than the present, fair nymphs, I was blest with from you,
Than the shell, from the bright golden sands of the ocean
Which the emerald waves at your feet gladly threw.

For, indeed, 'tis a sweet and peculiar pleasure,
(And blissful is he who such happiness finds,)
To possess but a span of the hour of leisure,
In elegant, pure, and aerial minds.

(1817)

from "The Crowning of the British Living Poetesses"

WILLIAM BALL

And, ere she departed, she cried with a sigh,
"Ah! where are my favourites, Eliza and Tighe?
Eliza, who made of her 'Piercefield' a spot
That in classical memory ne'er is forgot!
And Tighe, who in fancy could soar from the grove
With immortalized 'Psyche' through æther to rove!
Nor, alas! these alone, do I miss from a scene
Where, dwelt they in life, they had earliest been,
To wait on the Muse that they loved, and receive
The laurel-wreath worthy of Phœbus to weave;
Yes,—Bowdler, and Barbauld, and Taylor beside,
Might have swell'd the assembly, its grace and its pride,
Had our festival fallen on earlier tide!"

(1827)

The Grave of a Poetess

FELICIA HEMANS

"Ne me plaignez pas—si vous saviez
Combien de peines ce tombeau m'a epargnées!"

I stood beside thy lowly grave;—
Spring-odours breath'd around,

from "The Crowning . . . Poetesses"] Lines 377–89. First published in the *Literary Gazette* 11 (30 June 1827): 411–14, and republished as a pamphlet in London that year under the same title. William Ball, a Quaker, was also the author of *Nugæ Sacræ, or, Psalms and Hymns, and Spiritual Songs* (1825), *Humanity; or, the Cause of the Creatures Advocated; a Poem, for Young Persons* (1828), and *Freemen and Slaves, an Historical Tragedy in Five Acts* (1838).

The Grave of a Poetess] First published in the July 1827 issue of the *New Monthly Magazine* (69–70) and reprinted in *Records of Woman: with other Poems* (160–63), our copy text.

1: grave] Extrinsic interest has lately attached to the fine scenery of Woodstock, near Kilkenny, on account of its having been the last residence of the author of Psyche. Her grave is one of many in the church-yard of the village. The river runs smoothly by. The ruins of an ancient abbey that have been partially converted into a church, reverently throw their mantle of tender shadow over it.—*Tales by the O'Hara Family* [*Hemans's note*]. John and Michael

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And music, in the river-wave,
  Pass'd with a lulling sound.

All happy things that love the sun
  In the bright air glanc'd by,
And a glad murmur seem'd to run
  Thro' the soft azure sky.

Fresh leaves were on the ivy-bough
  That fring'd the ruins near;
Young voices were abroad—but thou
  Their sweetness couldst not hear.

And mournful grew my heart for thee,
  Thou in whose woman's mind
The ray that brightens earth and sea,
  The light of song was shrined.

Mournful, that thou wert slumbering low,
  With a dread curtain drawn
Between thee and the golden glow
  Of this world's vernal dawn.

Parted from all the song and bloom
  Thou wouldst have lov'd so well,
To thee the sunshine round thy tomb
  Was but a broken spell.

Banim, *Tales, by the O'Hara Family* (1825). When the poem was first published in the *New Monthly Magazine,* the note continued, "It is the very spot for the grave of a poetess." Hemans once said of MT, "her poetry has always touched me greatly, from a similarity which I imagine I discover between her destiny and my own" (quoted in Chorley 2:176). In 1831, Hemans travelled to Woodstock and made a pilgrimage to the churchyard at Inistioge to see MT's tomb, which she had imagined three years earlier in "The Grave of a Poetess." This experience inspired "Written after Visiting a Tomb near Woodstock, in the County of Kilkenny."

The bird, the insect on the wing,
In their bright reckless play,
Might feel the flush and life of spring,—
And thou wert pass'd away!

But then, ev'n then, a nobler thought
O'er my vain sadness came;
Th' immortal spirit woke, and wrought
Within my thrilling frame.

Surely on lovelier things, I said,
Thou must have look'd ere now,
Than all that round our pathway shed
Odours and hues below.

The shadows of the tomb are here,
Yet beautiful is earth!
What seest thou then where no dim fear,
No haunting dream hath birth?

Here a vain love to passing flowers
Thou gav'st—but where thou art,
The sway is not with changeful hours,
There love and death must part.

Thou hast left sorrow in thy song,
A voice not loud, but deep!
The glorious bowers of earth among,
How often didst thou weep!

Where couldst thou fix on mortal ground
Thy tender thoughts and high?—
Now peace the woman's heart hath found,
And joy the poet's eye.

(1827)

Lines Written for the Album at Rosanna, in 1829

FELICIA HEMANS

Oh! lightly tread through these deep chestnut-bowers,
  Where a sweet spirit once in beauty mov'd!
And touch with reverent hand these leaves and flowers,
  Fair things, which well a gentle heart hath lov'd!
A gentle heart, of love and grief th' abode,
Whence the bright stream of song in tear-drops flow'd.

And bid its memory sanctify the scene!
  And let th' ideal presence of the dead
Float round and touch the woods with softer green,
  And o'er the streams a charm, like moonlight, shed;
Through the soul's depths in holy silence felt—
A spell to raise, to chasten, and to melt!

(wr. 1831)

Written after Visiting a Tomb, near Woodstock, in the County of Kilkenny

FELICIA HEMANS

Yes! hide beneath the mouldering heap,
  The undelighting, slighted thing;
There, in the cold earth, buried deep,
  In silence let it wait the spring.
Mrs. Tighe's Poem
on the Lily

Lines . . . 1829] Copy text: *Poetical Remains,* 278; the poem was later republished in *The Works of Mrs Hemans* (1839), 5:222–23, where "in 1829" is omitted from the title, as it was in all later editions, for Hemans did not, in fact, visit Rossana until 1831. In 1829, she was in Wales and Scotland.

2: mov'd] A beautiful place in the county of Wicklow, formerly the abode of the authoress of "Psyche" [*Hemans's note*]. That Hemans made the effort during her time in Ireland to visit both MT's home at Rossana, outside of Dublin, and Woodstock, the house in which MT died near Inistioge, suggests how highly Hemans esteemed her sister poet.

Written . . . Kilkenny] Published in *National Lyrics and Songs for Music* (324–27), our copy text.

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I stood where the lip of song lay low,
Where the dust had gathered on beauty'[s] brow;
Where stillness hung on the heart of love,
And a marble weeper kept watch above.

I stood in the silence of lonely thought,
Of deep affections that inly wrought,
Troubled, and dreamy, and dim with fear—
—They knew themselves exiled spirits here!

Then didst *thou* pass me in radiance by,
Child of the sunbeam, bright butterfly!
Thou that dost bear on thy fairy wings,
No burden of mortal sufferings!

Thou wert flitting past that solemn tomb,
Over a bright world of joy and bloom,
And strangely I felt, as I saw thee shine,
The all that severed *thy* life and *mine*.

Mine, with its inborn mysterious things,
Of love and grief, its unfathomed springs.
And quick thoughts wandering o'er earth and sky,
With voices to question eternity!

Thine, in its reckless and joyous way,
Like an embodied breeze at play!
Child of the sunlight!—thou winged and free!
One moment, *one* moment, I envied thee!

Thou art not lonely, tho' born to roam,
Thou hast no longings that pine for home,

4: above] Hemans would have been standing inside the Tighe mausoleum, describing the stone effigy by Flaxman of a recumbent figure atop MT's tomb. A marble, winged Cupid in a pensive posture sits at the head of the effigy. For a photograph, see Buchanan 134.

Thou seek'st not the haunts of the bee and bird,
To fly from the sickness of hope deferred:

In thy brief being, no strife of mind,
No boundless passion is deeply shrined;
While I—as I gazed on thy swift flight by,
One hour of my soul seemed infinity!

And she, that voiceless below me slept,
Flowed not her song from a heart that wept?
—O love and song, tho' of heaven your powers,
Dark is your fate in this world of ours!

Yet, ere I turned from that silent place,
Or ceased from watching thy sunny race,
Thou, even thou, on those glancing wings,
Didst waft me visions of brighter things!

Thou, that dost image the freed soul's birth,
And its flight away o'er the mists of earth,
Oh! fitly thy path is through flowers that rise
Round the dark chamber where genius lies!

(1834)

On Records of Immature Genius

FELICIA HEMANS

Oh! judge in thoughtful tenderness of those,
Who, richly dowered for life, are called to die,
Ere the soul's flame, through storms, hath won repose
In truth's divinest ether, still and high!
Let their mind's riches claim a trustful sigh!

On . . . Genius] Published in *Poetical Remains* (1836), from "Records of the Spring of 1834" (31), our copy text.

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Deem them but sad sweet fragments of a strain,
First notes of some yet struggling harmony,
By the strong rush, the crowding joy and pain
Of many inspirations met, and held
From its true sphere:—Oh! soon it might have swelled
Majestically forth!—Nor doubt, that He
Whose touch mysterious may on earth dissolve
Those links of music, elsewhere will evolve
Their grand consummate hymn, from passion-gusts made free!

(wr. 1834; pub. 1836)

"Here in this happy Eden of our earth"

ANONYMOUS

Here in this happy Eden of our earth,
  Dwelling with nature and her holy train,
A mortal woman gave a spirit birth,
  And Psyche made immortal once again.

(wr. bef. 1841)

14: free!] When Hemans visited the house at Woodstock in which MT died, she was allowed to read a collection of MT's early poems in manuscript. The experience inspired this sonnet, ironically enough published in her own *Poetical Remains* (Chorley 2:173–82).

Here in this happy Eden] According to Anna Maria and Samuel Carter Hall, this epigram was found in a visitor's album in a cottage on the Woodstock estate. They published it in *Ireland: Its Scenery, Character and History* (2:3 n.), our copy text, and it was republished in Smith, *The Life of Rev. Henry Moore,* 220.

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To the memory of Mrs Henry Tighe

who died January 1810
Etat 37.

E. I. FOX

"Dreams of delight farewell" your charm is o'er
For she who charm'd each heart can charm no more
She whose sweet numbers with soft magic spell
Could steal the pensive mind and care dispell
Tho' lost to us, her verses long shall claim
Praises unmix'd and pure unsullied fame
The soul of Harmony now lies in Linda's tomb
For who shall dare her tuneful Lyre resume
Long shall the sorrowing Nine their sister mourn
And wreathe with fairest flowers her hallow'd urn
Flowers sweet as those of which she whilom sung
That round her Psyche's bower in rich profusion sprung
Flowers that unfading, long shall deck her grave
And time itself from dark oblivion save
Tho' long the sad pale victim of disease
Yet even then the Muse had power to please
With visions bland she sooth'd her aching breast
For sweetly flow'd her lines tho' pain opprest.
See hovering round her couch, her constant Dove
By Psyche sent, each suffering to remove
In vain—the scene is clos'd—all sorrow's o'er
And Linda rests upon that peaceful shore
Where pain and Sickness, care and trouble cease

To the memory of Mrs Henry Tighe] Text taken from the manuscript in an unidentified hand in a commonplace book entitled "Poems by Mrs H. Tighe. Including Twelve Poems not published with Psyche" at the Belfast Public Library; lines 4–5 published by Buchanan (118–19).

Fox] Possibly a relative of Charles James Fox.

1: "Dreams of delight farewell"] See Psyche C.[anto] 6. pa[ge] 139 [*Fox's note*].

7: Linda's] Her own poetic appellation see her poem on the Vartree [*Fox's note*].

17: visions] See "Verses Written at the Hotwells Bristol["] [*Fox's note*]. This note suggests that Fox was an intimate friend or family member, because this poem from VTHT remained in manuscript for two centuries.

19: constant Dove] See Psyche Can:[to] 2. p. 48 [*Fox's note*].

And the free'd Soul enjoys sweet lasting peace
Yet long, while memory holds, will she be dear
And Taste and Genius oft shall drop a tear
For whilst perusing each soft tender thought
Still shall the feeling heart "Forget her not."

(undated)

28: "Forget her not."] See her poem of Forget me not [*Fox's note*]. This note also suggests by its knowledge of a poem in VTHT that the poet was an intimate friend or family member.

APPENDIX 3

Substantive Variants: Psyche; or, the Legend of Love

March 1804 Signed Holograph Manuscript
National Library of Wales, MS 22985B

Only substantive variants are listed. Accidental variants, including spelling, punctuation, and capitalization, are numerous and are not reported. (There are, for example, several hundred instances of nouns, such as "Knight," "Queen," and "Love," that were capitalized in the 1804 manuscript but were printed in lower case in 1805.) Tighe also extensively used syncope (vow'd, tho') and elision (th' attendant, ev'ry) in 1804; these were generally eliminated in 1805. For the 1805 first edition, the poet made punctuation changes in nearly every stanza of the poem, eliminating, for instance, many em dashes and exclamation marks. None of these numerous accidental variants are reported.

Notes are keyed to our 1805 copy text line numbers within each canto and paragraph and to line numbers within prose sections. Our notation form is:

line number: 1805 first edition text] 1804 manuscript text.

Editorial comments are italicized and enclosed within square brackets. All six "Argument" paragraphs present in the 1805 text at the beginning of each canto are absent in the manuscript. Moreover, the prose that became the 1805 "Preface" is present in the 1804 manuscript as a postscript following the full text of the poem. After the postscript, Tighe copied Thomas Moore's poem, "To Mrs. Henry Tighe on reading her 'Psyche.'" It is included in our Appendix 2.

Tighe's 1804 manuscript footnotes are not reported here as variants but are generally included in historical annotations to the 1805 first edition copy text. In the manuscript, Tighe added "1803" after the poem's title and wrote the following inscription on the title page:

> Copied for Lady El: Butler & Miss Ponsonby, & commended to their partial indulgence by their oblig'd & affectionate servant
>
> M Tighe March 1804

That Tighe records having "copied" the poem indicates that she was working from another, earlier manuscript, now untraced.

Preface

para. 1, l. 2: some degree of] [*absent*]
l. 3: then meet] there meet with
l. 5: may] must
l. 6: I present] I now present
l. 8: excused] excused, I mean
para. 2, l. 2: had] have had
l. 3: severer moralists] the severe Moralist

l. 3: have] have had
l. 4: which they may perhaps think] they perhaps have found
l. 5: have] have there
l. 11: love will always be found to have] it will always be found that Love has
para. 3, last line: allegories?] allegories? Ben Johnson
para. 6 entire: The loves . . . original.] For the outline of my tale in the first Cantos I am in great part indebted to Apuleius, who has been differently imitated by La Fontaine in a well told prose story, by Moliere in a *comedie* & Moustier in his Methologie—I have not seen any English imitation of Apuleius—
signature: *Rosana, Jan. 1802*] [*absent*]

Sonnet Addressed to My Mother

6: let] led
7: love still bids] Love hath bad
9: my] mine

Psyche; or, The Legend of Love

9: essay] assay
11: The power of mighty Love already own] Do own the sovereign power of mighty Love
12: you] ye
13: lord hath for his Psyche known,] Lord did for his Psyche prove
14: For all your sorrows this may well atone] Your own repinings you may well reprove
15: That] Since
16: And sure, your fond applause the tale will crown] And well I ween the tale you will approve
21: with] by
42: rove] range
44: no false love] never change
45: remove] estrange

Canto I

23: her favorite throne] her throne
46: dismay'd, forlorn] forlorn dismay'd
48: The peerless maid of royal lineage born] Of royal lineage was the peerless maid
49: By] And
had oft been] her love had
62: pay] paid
65: sisters'] sister's
72: whose guiltless breast, ne'er] who guiltless fear'd, nor
74: snow] snows
80: tempest's] tempests
85: awhile] a while

88: then] there
98: power's] powers
101: cries] cried
147: quiet] pleasant
148: o'erarching] o'er arching
156: awhile] a while
163: of strange contrast] far unequal
164: has] had
168: its course conceals] conceal'd its course
170: Till secret ruin all corroding steals] 'Till all corroded by their secret force
171: And every treacherous arch the hideous gulph reveals] Down sinks the treach'rous arch a ruin past resource
176: pours unmix'd his] hoards his buried
197: nor] or
226: plays o'er each] sat on her
227: Sweet sever'd lips! why thus your pearls] And just her ivory teeth its charms [PWOP *prints "while" in place of "why"*]
228: may] might
248: sigh] eye
294: the frighted] th' affrighted
297: And] While
309: Now] Rends
the regal honors rent,] each regal ornament
310: And now] And his white hair
wild appears] tears
327: Hymen] Hymens
329: flutes'] flutes
331: torches'] torches
337: parents'] parents
342: fangs] pangs
346: among] around
stray'd] play'd
357: bid] bids
359: While soft tranquillity divinely flows] While dreams of soft tranquility compose
360: O'er all her soul serene, in visions of] Her agitated thoughts to calm divine
407: topaz shed] Topaz sheds
409: a sunny] the sunny
437: ere] e're
438: in] to
439: velvet's] velvets
449: can] could
451: you] ye
452: you] ye
453: You] Ye

457: it] me
458: You] Ye
461: my] mine
462: exclaimed] exclaims
476: perfumes from each odorous wing] odours from each perfum'd wing
483: bid] bad
497: Muse's] Muses
520: to] in
524: sweet] dear
528: bliss their fond complaints repress] happiness their grief appease
530: and in full happiness] my cares shall then have ease
531: This love-contented heart its solitude shall bless] And in thy love content, my solitude shall please
536: dear] fond
549: hath] has
558: shalt] shall
560: shalt] shall

Canto II

l: you] ye
18: speeds thy course] swells thy sails
35: wond'ring] doubting
49: Hangs] Hung
74: seize] arrest
92: Our filial care would fain] From our sad parents we
93: sages] sage's
116: slumber] slumbers
119: men] Man
123: breast] heart
135: horror's] horrors
136: hand] hands
143: suspicion's] suspicious
147: sister's] sisters [PWOP *prints "sisters"*]
152: While bathed in tears her golden tresses flew] While tears her golden tresses all bedew
153: they caught the precious dew] around her neck they flew
156: torches'] torches
168: parents'] parents
169: seeks] strives
171: Too soon more keen to sting from] But soon return more strong for
178: seized] snatch'd
where it obscurely] from where conceal'd it
184: paused, and on] stop'd to mark
185: Gazed] Fix'd
189: fixed] seiz'd

190: essay] assay
200: display] display'd
201: is] was
202: shines] shone
204: manhood's] manhoods
208: the] in
209: Their] Its
218: eyes'] eyes
220: softened] broken
222: suffuse with light] with light suffuse
224: Sudden its cheerful rays diffusing bright] Can dart its lucid beams & wide diffuse
225: Wide darts its lucid beams, to gild the brow of night] Thro' the thick gloom its rays & cheering light infuse
228: dazzling] brilliant
232: Could] Can
234: steal] catch
glance's] glances
246: from death's icy] beneath death's cold
250: terrors] horrors
257: face, the dreary] dreary face, the
267: prayers] sighs
274: pleasure] pleasures
286: thy] thine
289: by] from
319: And now more faint the dying sounds appear] As gradually expiring they appear
323: That soothing voice] Those soothing sounds
343: With awe that fearfully her doom awaits] With timid awe not daring to approach
344: timid] t[r]embling
345: hallowed gates] sacred porch
346: Trembling she views] She now beholds
369: impure of man] unhallowed yet
410: display] disclose
412: Named Innocence. But ah! too short its stay] They call'd it Innocence, but soon a prey
413: By] To
430: had] has
435: altar] altars
447: grow] grew
449: blow] blew
450: bells of snow] snowy hue
455: Reseda still her drooping head reclines] Her drooping head still Reseda inclines

456: rays] beams
458: An image of the constant heart displays] Observant to his progress ever seems
459: While silent still she turns her fond pursuing gaze] And well the constant heart its image apt esteems
468: fragrant] perfum'd
471: the] his
472: Which ever rankling in her bosom] And rankling there continually it

Canto III

3: His foes are ours; from them the bitter] His cruel foes it is that work our
4: The keen, deep] Thence the keen
9: bowers] powers
16: flame has] flames had
18: And avarice, slave to gold, a generous lord denies] Ambition all adore, or hated Avarice
23: bands] bonds
33: looks] look'd
36: appears] appear'd
72: silver beamed] silvery beams
80: eye] care
93: A] The
around] which round
94: Which richly glowing with] With glowing rubies &
95: While] And
96: steps] step'd
98: in] to
107: Then seized] Seizing
108: Full confident to rule, and every foe] Prepar'd on him to mount, & other foes
114: guide] Dove
116: had hitherto supplied:] could yield the power to move
117: What pathless wilds she crossed! What forests darkling wide!] Her feet as yet unus'd in pathless wilds to rove—
126: The] That
135: my] mine
171: grateful] graceful
184: If still her watchful dove she might espy] To see if she her watchful Dove could spy
185: Feebly] Flutt'ring
187: In painful trance it closed] Entranc'd it seem'd to close
189: Its drooping pinion soon had touched the unhallowed ground] With feeble pinion falln it soon had reach'd the ground
191: pleasure] pleasures
200: close] clos'd
208: around] surround
214: Ambrosial showers] Nectareous sweets

216: divinest sweets] incense divine
219: are] were
236: Each eye with vengeful rage the insult] T'avenge the insult all dispos'd she
248: or] nor
266: foes'] foes
271: terror's] terrors
280: master's] masters
291: borne] born
312: enrapt] enwrapt
317: fruit's] fruits
329: And hence they surest] They from his joy firm
334: you] ye
336: might] can
341: you] ye
342: you have] ye have
you know] ye know
343: They do] He does
351: their] such
356: thought] thoughts
360: And turns to drops of joy the tears that sadly] To Rapture turns the tears which momentarily
361: her] the
363: travel's] travels
378: They seek the humble roof, nor scorn its welcome] Its hospitable roof they never scorn tho'
386: And, to beguile the] Beguiling the dull
lingering] lagging
387: Light] And
388: slumber] slumbers
393: hails] hail'd
414: Where still by fancy's spell, unrivalled charms] To view the charms which still matchless to her
428: tint] tints
430: fragrant] scented
432: who graceful feeds] Supplying still
while] as
444: at first in doubt, had feared] reluctantly appear'd
445: While listening to the lay so silver] At first to listen to her accents
448: And soft his whispers of the maid] And his soft whispers tenderly
458: mounted] seated
459: From whose conspicuous crest flames wide a dazzling] And from his dazzling crest shone wide a blazing
464: the] her
472: her] their
479: panthers] panther

486: Betrayed—Ah! self-betrayed,] Who thus betray'd herself
492: but with] with but
499: To the rough] Against the
501: conceals] conceal'd
shine] shone
502: seem] seem'd
billows] waves so
503: eye] view
504: Sees] Shews
enriched with splendid] & far resplendent
505: Hither] Thither
511: feels] dreads
ruin's whirlwind] whirlwind's awful
512: with ill-boding fears she] the pale victim trembling
513: dread] fear
515: regal] royal
523: heavens] sky
frown] frowns
525: tempests drown,] tempest drowns
527: Loud in their fears, the attendant train] Th' attendant crowd affrighted loud
535: Though seen in death's] By death in most
537: steps] step
he cries, "to fly] he furious cries,
538: With yon false crowd who by my favours] "To fly with yon false crowd my smiles had
539: Can] Who
eye] eyes
540: sky] skies
552: Even] Down
560: dashing] indignant
564: And breasts the adverse tide. Ah rash resource!
Yon vessel, Prince, thou never shalt attain!
For plunging 'mid the deep, with generous force,
See where the lion's lord pursues thy hardy course!]
And turns his breast to the opposing tide,
Resolv'd a distant vessel to attain:
When lo! appearing on the other side
The Lion's lordly force the opening waves divide
573: hopes scarce trusted] hope her terrors
574: Even in that awful moment's dread] Wash'd by the waves & breathless with
591: As rushing on the youth he] Fierce on the Youth to rush who
592: But] And
602: as she mounts the surge] rising o'er the deep
606: With wonder still the enormous limbs he viewed]
The soul entranc'd he yet with wonder view'd

607: Which lifeless now] Th' enormous bulk
612: Through tears of grateful praise] Suffus'd with grateful tears

Canto IV

8: And by the] By the soft
9: ever] still he
12: trumpet's] trumpets
25: Oh! no—nor] Thou must not
26: may] shall
26: thy] thine
39: Or] Oh
40: bands] bonds
62: affection's] affections
64: fell] fall
77: her voracious] still her ravenous
78: yet] still
81: meanly served, as slave,] still a slave, she served
83: Well known of yore] Known long ago
84: And soon he seized] He seiz'd her as
106: But] Yet
113: venturous] dangerous
115: prudent] careful
116: sage advice] prudent counsel
pilgrims doomed to] benighted
117: Benighted there had else with lurking dangers] The pilgrims there, who close with lurking foes had
118: bade] bad
147: A] The
solitary] of Suspicion
168: reigned] reigns
190: thy] thine
193: disappointment's] disappointments
208: the cruel] Disfida's
215: now] new
224: No] Nor
236: torments] torment
241: know] knew
243: wiles] arts
245: their] her
260: languishing her griefs to feed] feigning much repose to need
268: hopeless] hapless
285: and] but
303: escape] 'scape
326: remain] remains
329: he with such scorn] so basely he

340: Devouring fiend! Who now the prey shall]
From whose fell gripe what power shall Psyche
341: From his fell gripe] Devouring fiend
342: In his own bosom seek his] From thine own breast provide thy
343: sits] sat
344: rolls] roll'd
345: gnaws] gnaw'd
348: Sits] Sat
349: wasted form, the deep-drawn] form emaciated, the
352: exclaimed] exclaims
355: What peerless lady lured him from her side] By thee what Lady hath her place supplied
360: she awoke] Psyche woke
368: And] When
380: rapture he appeared] raptures there he seem'd
384: words had ne'er exprest] if indeed they spoke
385: What] But
386: confest,] could look
387: As breathed the sigh of fire from each impassioned breast] And felt the burning sigh which from each bosom broke
396: Those furious fiends] Each furious fiend
414: Warm in] And drinks
426: When] Than
436: a] an
437: Nor] No
439: pondered] ponders
452: The] Her
459: And blames her cold reserve] And Psyche gently blames
463: thou wert] thee he
465: Still faint with wounds, he ceased not] Faint from his wounds unable
466: Thy] Thine
467: Think not his heart untrue] his heart was ever true
477: Nor can that gentle voice now hope to stay] And can she hope her voice shall e're o'ertake
487: swell] swell'd
493: His wounds her tender care can well] Well can her grateful tenderness
494: There grateful kindness breathes her balmy sighs] The wound which now lamenting she espies
495: Beneath her lenient hand how swiftly suffering flies] And well her grateful care to heal it can suffice
498: revived] renew'd
515: forbade] forbad
516: he] they
519: flee] fly
520: With like disgrace, malignant in despair] A like defeat the treacherous army share

521: their plots defeated see] whose subtle enmity
522: Their feeble malice scorned, their destined victims free] Had hoped that Psyche more he never might espy
529: Full oft] Oft hath

Canto V

10: glancing] shifting
16: seek] think
17: When] Than
18: [*An important stanza following this line in the 1804 MS was excised from* Psyche *(1805). See Psyche canto V, l. 18 n. for the full text.*]
36: Oh!] Still
37: green, soft-levelled] ever verdant
38: nor] or
54: And feel another's guilt my injured honour stain] Doom'd for another's deeds to bear the heavy pain
60: On me her] With
falls] hence she vow'd
61: On me, repulsed] Me to repulse
62: suffered to] since
her walls] hath been allow'd
63: Unheard, indignant truth in vain for justice calls] While each just plea was drown'd by accusations loud
68: Here] There
71: him, thus disgraced, yet innocent,] me thy desertion to lament
72: Thine undeserved neglect forsaken to lament] Excluded from thy sight, disgrac'd, yet innocent
81: paint the unsullied beams which blaze for ever here] tell th' unsullied light which blaz'd for ever there
85: The timid voice of Psyche pleads] And Psyche's timid voice must plead
92: illumed] illume
94: listened] listens
95: seemed] seem
99: Beside] Before
117: To speed the unuttered suit their powers persuasive try] All speak th' unutter'd prayer that none could thus deny
121: boldly] nobly
124: The base impostor's] And that impostors
125: And, while the imputed crimes his spirit rouse] No part in all his crimes his soul allows
126: No] All
his nobler soul allows] indignant disallows
129: the] his
131: He chanced exulting mid] Constance had chanc'd amid
132: joyous] lovely

133: festive, love-attending] blooming pleasure-loving
141: feast with sacred honours blest] sacred honors of her feast
143: gazed, the adoring eye confest] gaze their wondering awe encreast
144: That wondering awe which] Adoring reverence
148: with smiles she] her smiles had
153: the mantling] th' incarnate
171: dared] dares
beheld] beholds
172: are] were
176: with] of
187: And proudly bid] And these she bids
204: Effulgent] Thou fulgent
Thou wilt the pure defend] thy votaries can defend
After 207: [*Following this concluding line of the stanza, three stanzas appear that are present in the 1805 first edition but that are placed much later in the canto and in a different order. These lines became in 1805 lines 325–33 followed by lines 307–24. Variants for these stanzas are keyed to 1805 copy text line numbers.*]
232: daring] fearless
237: with] a
239: See] She
241: escape] 'scape
250: Hear how her gasping sighs for aid] Exhausted, aid her gasping sighs
270: Nor one relenting smile his splendid gifts could raise] And scorn'd each splendid gift, which oft her heart assays
278: parents] parent's
and lo! that aid] Lo! suddenly
279: How suddenly her] How soon her rescued
284: bid] bade
293: Which Virtue may] And Virtue thus
[*In the 1804 manuscript, lines 293 to 295 are reordered. Tighe follows line 292 with 295, then 294, then 293.*]
301: dreadful] dangerous
306: virgin's] virgins
307–24: [*These two stanzas appear in the MS just before l. 208.*]
325–33: [*This whole stanza appears in the MS immediately following l. 207.*]
327: Still] Shall
rescued] spotless
328: over] o'er
329: now] then
339: a] an
340: himself] itself
349: in] her
bliss secluded] hours past ever
359: a] thy
362: stands] stood

365: sequestered] secluded
367: the] those
380: speed] guide
399: the faithless] e're then the
404: breathes his gentlest] only gently
405: serenely smile the] & calm propitious
406: eager] impatient
409: whose smiles shall o'er mischance prevail] commanded ne'er their steps to fail
413: shore] shores
423: May] Shall
425: still with many a] many a pleasing
428: fresh] brisk
bark] course
430: propitious] auspicious
449: escape] 'scape
451: his tuneful] the poets
452: That sings so well] Which well hath sung
461: The] Her
467: the] each
469: fury of the winds be past] blust'ring tempest be o'erpast
504: hapless] helpless
508: pitiless] unpitying
522: summer's] summers
525: those] these
527: rock's] rocks
531: those] these
547: is] was

Canto VI

6: sweet amid] 'tis sweet in
10: they] those
14: They cannot know] Yet know they not
21: Let Love, consoling Love! still sweetly bless]
Let but Affection then thy moments bless
22: And his assuasive balm benignly shed;]
Consoling Love's assuasive balm to shed,
37: Through the hard season Love with] *His* voice most like the red-breasts
38: Like the kind red-breast] Thro' the hard season
45: power] powers
50: wind's] winds
54: Deplore the tempest's rage that swept her young away] Lamenting seek her young the tempest swept away
57: lovers] lover's
58: that] which
85: fastening] fasten

89: That] Which
97: Nor] To
103: seamen's] seamens
125: o'er his charge] on their oars
138: smile] smiles
140: Oppressed by sluggish vapours seems to] By vapours loaded now seems sunk in
164: on their] resolv'd
rely] to try
165: on] to
175: The drowsy force of the o'erwhelming air] Longer its drowsy force, resign'd all care
176: at length forgets his care] appears like rest to share
203: their] his
207: moved] moves
211: a] an
217: hast] hath
229: wealth] goods
237: sunk] sinks
238: pined] pines
239: asked] asks
248: could] should
249: Muses] Muse's
271: subjects] subject's
281: thy] thine
287: sovereign's] sov'reigns
fortress] kingdom
297: the] her
298: With lustre false his tinsel arms to deck] Ungraceful ornaments his quiver deck
299: Ungraceful ornaments] And tinsel finery
302: Loading its pendant purse] Where hangs a purse weigh'd down
311: But see] When lo
313: hero] Knight is
316: these] those
319: Soon shall these ice-built walls no shape] No shape shall soon these ice-built walls
322: Even] Like
324: nor yet forgoes its] still urg'd by doubtful
333: her's] hers
336: till] to
337: proves] sees
346: bade] bad
349: its] thy
350: the] thy

351: Once more the arm of Love with potent spell it] Behold with thee once more. Love's potent arm she
368: is] was
369: And the chill mountains lift their summits wild and bare] And barren mountains chill, their snowy summits rear
382: Bade] Bids
387: Their wings of perfume shook, and lingering stayed] Shook from their perfumed wings, fresh fragrance 'mid
395: arrived at length] at length arriv'd
414: While the scarce trusted bliss] And now the land itself
the eyes] her eyes
418: sighs proclaim] lab'ring sighs
419: By some important secret] Proclaim by some important
433: hath] has
438: bought] brought
444: unknown bowers] bowers unknown
456: pays] paid
458: the] thy
459: The smile of favour grant] Bestow thy fav'ring smile
466: In joy's full glow, unveiled his charms] His charms immortal, undisguis'd
477: Oh! bliss too vast for thought! by words how poorly traced] And there express'd the bliss which language had disgrac'd
491: these] those
506: Thy] Thine
510: melodious numbers through] celestial music in
511: from] thro'
522: joys] bliss
527: halcyon] perfum'd

APPENDIX 4

From Mary, a Series of Reflections[1]

Her patience in suffering, and kindness to her attendants during her long illness, were exemplary and most endearing.—For many days before her death she frequently uttered this mournful lamentation, *Thy rebukes have broken my heart,* and thirty-six hours before her departure, in the presence of her husband, her mother, her brother, and her affectionate attendant, she cheered their desponding souls, by assuring them, with a most animated countenance, that her terrors of death were entirely removed, and that she *felt God was the strength of her heart, and would be her portion for ever, and ever, and ever.*

After this she spoke but little, but all was peace and kindness, patience, and a cheerful desire to depart, observing that death was but one dark speck in our existence; though before this period she always expressed her wish to continue in a state of the extremest suffering, rather than to be released by death.—She evidently retained the perfect use of her faculties to the very last breath, which was without a struggle, or a pang, so as to appear only as if she had fainted.

———

The following Poem is added, because it was a favourite one with the Author of the foregoing reflections, and probably alluded to in one of the last sentences she ever spoke:—*What is Life*?

The Mystery of Life

BISHOP [JOHN] GAMBOLD[2]

So many years I've seen the sun,
And called these eyes and hands my own,

1. Printed in *Mary,* 29–35.

2. John Gambold (1711–1771) joined the Oxford Methodists while attending Christ Church with Charles Wesley. He subsequently grew close to John Wesley and to his sister

A thousand little acts I've done,
  And childhood have, and manhood known:
O what is life! and this dull round
To tread, why was a spirit bound?

So many airy draughts and lines,
  And warm excursions of the mind,
Have filled my soul with great designs,
  While practice grovell'd far behind:
O what is thought! and where withdraw
The glories which my fancy saw?

So many tender joys and woes
  Have on my quivering soul had power;
Plain life with heightening passions rose,
  The boast or burden of their hour:
O what is all we feel! why fled
Those pains and pleasures o'er my head?

So many human souls divine,
  So at one interview displayed,
Some oft and freely mixed with mine,
  In lasting bonds my heart have laid:
O what is friendship! why impressed
On my weak, wretched, dying breast?

So many wondrous gleams of light,
  And gentle ardours from above,
Have made me sit, like seraph bright,
  Some moments on a throne of love:
O what is virtue! why had I,
Who am so low, a taste so high?

Kezziah. But he broke with the Wesleys in 1740, when he joined the Moravian Church; eventually, he became the first English Moravian bishop. Still, John Wesley called him one of the "most sensible men in England" (*DNB*).

Ere long, when sovereign wisdom wills,
  My soul an unknown path shall tread,
And strangely leave, who strangely fills
  This frame, and waft me to the dead:
O what is death! 'tis life's last shore,
Where vanities are vain no more;
Where all pursuits their goal obtain,
And life is all retouched again;
Where in their bright result shall rise
Thoughts, virtues, friendships, griefs, and joys.

Remarkable Dream

31st Jan. 1780, at seven years and three months old.[3]

I thought I was looking for a book on the shelf, when I saw wrote on the back of one, "Hell is coming." Being much terrified, I was still more so, at feeling the room shake, and seeing all about me in flames; which caused me to run out, as I thought I did, into an open field, where I saw hell open as at a little distance from me. Then, thinking it was the day of judgment, I looked up, and saw heaven open, and Christ in the midst of thousands of angels, who were playing on their harps, and singing hallelujahs.

I saw the graves opening all around me, and such a vast number of people starting up in winding sheets, that I thought I saw all the people that now live, or ever did live in the world.—Among these I knew many of my acquaintances, and many of the saints mentioned in scripture, such as David, Daniel, &c. but they did not look terrified as the rest.

I saw the Devil come out of hell all in flames, with scales like a fish, and he looked round at the multitude grinning.

At the right hand of Jesus I saw an angel, who held a cross in one hand; and had on the other arm a number of white robes, which he brought down and put on several of the multitude below one after another, who, when they were cloathed, the Devil looked and grinned at

3. Printed on pages 33–35. The first person narrative at the beginning is in the voice of MT, and the third person narrative at the end is in the voice of her mother, ThB.

them; but they were then taken up into heaven, where I saw each of them get harps.—I thought, while the angel was cloathing these, I saw Jesus bring many through a gate (which I knew to be the gate of Paradise) into heaven, and I observed they were all cloathed in the same white robes, among these I saw St. John, and several of the Apostles, who, with many more, Christ took by this way into heaven, and then, shutting the gates upon himself and them, left the key with the cloathing angel.

I wished now to know what I have often thought of; what would become of those who are neither very good nor very bad, and watched the fate of those I knew among the crowd, with great anxiety. I saw the Devil dragging many into hell; but did not know who any of them were except Cain.

In the crowd I saw [*printed name obliterated with ink*] and M. K—, who were reading the Psalms verse aloud: but the angel told them, "they need not be so very exact, as God would take it every bit as well if done in another manner."

I saw the angel putting white robes on many I knew—both of those who are now living, and others I have only read of, which made me tremble lest he should pass over me too.—I now cried bitterly, wishing for some of the fallen angels' places, and looked up to God for mercy when I remembered these words in the Bible—"God shall wipe away tears from all faces," which comforted me greatly.

While I stood thus, I thought I saw my father in a white robe coming to me, and my mamma and brother without robes, arm in arm, who told me we should be happy; which so delighted that it awoke me, and I was sorry to find it only a dream.

———

The child awoke in much terror and agitation, in a cold perspiration and violent beating of her heart—the words are almost exactly her own, except where they are varied for brevity and perspicuity.

For some days after this vision she was in a most surprising state of divine joy and seriousness, but it wore off gradually, though the effects were in some degree evident for many years.

An attachment to fashionable studies and literature, appeared to me her great hindrance, which I frequently thought was alluded to by the

very first part of this dream. She had, even a considerable time before this period, an extraordinary dream, representing the conflict between the powers of light and darkness in her own heart, and the triumph of the former.

"Thine, O Lord, is the power and the glory."

APPENDIX 5

Theodosia Blachford to Rev. Henry Moore
Extracts from Letters Concerning Mary Tighe[1]

Dublin, 1 June 1791 [*for* 1798]

Here the daily accounts of the slaughter, devastation, and intended massacres, are dreadful. My brother-in-law, the Rev. Mr. Sandys, finding that his name was actually down for assassination, and his own confidential servant "a United Irishman," has fled with his whole family to my eldest brother's house in Dawson-street [Dublin]. My brother Richard and his family were obliged to leave their home in the night, and fly half naked from the neighborhood of Gorey. Mrs. Tighe, of Rossana, (the second wife of Mrs. Blachford's father, an excellent woman,) has likewise abandoned her beautiful seat, on discovering that all her men servants and workmen were enlisted with "the United Irishmen:" we expect every hour to hear that the place is burnt to the ground. My son-in-law, Henry Tighe, is with a party of yeomanry, keeping guard about Powerscourt, the residence of Mr. Sandys, as the rebels were yesterday within a few miles of that place. This much in reference to our immediate friends; but be the event what it may as to victory, how dreadful must be the result to this unhappy country!

Thousands have been slaughtered, and their families cast houseless upon the world; for the heart of every Protestant is steeled against the Roman Catholics, in whom it will hereafter be impossible to confide. I have stood up for them till I can do so no longer; having believed that their creed had nothing to do with this conflict: but I have been obliged to give up the point. I suppose that there is not a family in this now crowded city which is not in hourly expectation and apprehension for the life of some member belonging to it, as almost every male from between sixteen to sixty years of age is either a yeoman or a United Irishman;—servants, apprentices, and some shopkeepers, only excepted. Of the former description, vast numbers are taken up every day. Your

1. The letters are in Mrs. Richard Smith, *The Life of Rev. Henry Moore.*

former landlady, poor Mrs. Coghlan, has this instant left me in an agony of mind, her two sons having been apprehended, though she says there is nothing against them but their having in their possession a quantity of green silk, (the rebel color,) and which they had for the sole purpose of business, they being parasol makers: if this be so, they will I trust be shortly liberated.

The tales of cruelty and injustice on both sides, of which we are continually hearing, are incredible; and though perhaps exaggerated by each party as it suits them, have, alas! too much foundation in truth. Pray write soon, and tell me if my brother, and my cousin, Lady Anne Talbot, have actually left Bath. All religious persons I see complain of the distracted state of their minds, and their want of a suitable spirit of prayer in our alarming situation, both as individuals and as a nation.

For myself I did not feel dejected till within these two days; during which time I have had eleven carriages full of brothers, sisters, nephews, nieces, and yet still nearer relatives, driven to town from the neighborhood of Bray, Wicklow, and Gorey. Fourteen Protestant families were massacred in the county of Wexford this week: the last news from that county has lowered the spirits of our people, and yet they affirm that "the United Irishmen" must be ultimately destroyed.

Can we rejoice in the slaughter of our poor fellow countrymen? On both sides, the proceedings are most barbarous. My poor daughter Mary is to-day almost distracted, having heard that her husband, Mr. Henry Tighe, is gone to Rathdrum, a place thirty miles from Dublin, and near the victorious party of the rebels. (Smith 167–68)

March 1801

My poor Mary . . . is in a precarious state of health, and has been twice on the borders of the grave within the last two months: many serious thoughts spring up within her mind, from the tremendous situation in which she has been so lately placed. (Smith 200)

[c. Jan. 1802]

My dear son [John Blachford] is still a wanderer; the last accounts were from Dresden, on their way home—but they have lost their infant, and purpose remaining on the continent another year. My ever-dear Mary

seldom leaves home, and amuses herself in writing light productions, though they are always composed with elegance, and breathe tenderness of sentiment. . . . She has also finished an *epic poem,* containing five thousand lines, and the judges say that the poem has extraordinary merit. It is the allegorical story of *Psyche.* (Smith 201)

Chelsea [1804]

Harry and Mary were prevailed upon to relinquish their purpose of returning to Ireland: Dr. Vaughan assured us that she could not attempt such a journey without extreme danger. By her brother's invitation, they are to be his guests during the winter: I insisted on living separate; their company neither suits my views, tastes, nor habits. I have, however, obtained lodgings within a few doors of their house: both dwellings face the Thames, and we are only a pleasant mile's walk from Mr. Wesley's chapel. . . . Here I have great leisure, and all that interests my time and thought is sadly connected with that grave to which some of us are hastening; for I continually look upon my child as one who is gradually sinking into it; nor do I ever hear of death or the tomb, that her situation does not strike home upon my heart. Can you say anything that will do me good? I much need it. . . . Adieu, my dear friends. Pray for my dear Mary. (Smith 209–10)

[Spring 1805]

I think my dear Mary is a little better; her husband wishes to take her to Lisbon, but I cannot bear the thought, nor would she go without me: for her final recovery I have no hope, nor do I think it possible without a miracle. (Smith 210)

[Spring 1805]

O what have I suffered since I wrote last to you! A few weeks ago we thought all was over with my poor child; but it has pleased God to grant her a reprieve, but again she is in the usual declining state of health; yet she does not like to hear of dying, though at times she speaks as if apprehensive of her dissolution, and I never attempt to deceive her in this respect; but the thought of her leaving the world insensible of the hopes of the gospel brings to my mind at times such a kind of anguish, that

I feel assured, were it to last, it would deprive me of my understanding. (Smith 211)

[Summer 1805]

My dear Mary is a little better, and the fine weather has enabled her to ride out: I am much interested for her bodily health, but God knows my deepest solicitude is for her spiritual health. Pray for my poor children; they are both suffering heavily, and yet my son has health, wealth, and all the joy this world's affluence can give, and a dear little promising boy: but as my brother Richard says, he carries that arrow in his heart that will never be withdrawn till he turns to the true Physician for ease. His kindness to his sister is quite exemplary; but still they support each other in what may be termed philosophy. In reference to Mary, my greatest satisfaction arises from her having particularly marked some of the psalms in her Bible, especially some verses in the one hundred and seventh psalm; but I am sure her literary taste has been very injurious to her faith, for almost every modern admired production is more or less tinctured with infidelity.

The physicians have had a consultation, and advised Mary's going to Madeira for the winter: her husband and brother urge her to go: I only say that I am ready: however, she is steadily decided in her resolution to prefer death at home, rather than the thought of going abroad: on retiring to rest she said to her attendant, "I wonder, am I really to die this winter?" (Smith 211–12)

27 August 1805

With some hesitation, both on dear Mary's part and my own, this book is left for you, my dear friend, having had a few copies of it printed to give those she felt herself particularly bound to, either by affection or gratitude: thus she was unwilling to omit you, though she desires me to say she "is not so blind as to think it worth such a portion of your time as it will take you in its perusal." I cannot but wish you to read it, and to accept it as a token of her peculiar regard. I knew not of its being in the press, till I saw the proof-sheet containing the lines addressed to myself; she was at the time, as I thought, within a few hours of death, and what I felt on reading them was indeed to me shame and agony.

She has received great flattery from the literati on its account, and I need not say it serves to amuse her. We are to proceed at once to Holyhead; I tremble at the undertaking. (Smith 212–13)

27 November 1805[2]

You can scarcely imagine how much my poor Mary was gratified by the kindness, as well as by the flattery contained in your letter; indeed, I think she seemed more pleased with it than by any of the numerous letters which she has had upon the subject, though they were at least equally lavish of their encomiums, and that too from no less judges than Haley, Miss Seward, and several others. Mary has begged your letter from me, and says she must keep it among her treasures, adding with a sigh, "The good people are very kind to me."

After a residence at my brother's seat, Rossana, she has returned to Dublin, and seems patiently, nay, even cheerfully, resigned to the idea of being shut up in the house all the winter—possibly for life. I wish I could say something more animating in reference to her state of mind; but I do hope that her patient resignation will ripen into the full faith and hope of the gospel. She does not suffer such acute pain as formerly, but she is very weak, and much reduced every way. She begs that you will send me your critical remarks upon her poem of *Psyche*: for my part, I think the fable from which the poem is taken is evidently an allegory, and that in the whole long poem which she has produced from the few pages of an old author, there are very few lines that are not applicable to the Cupid of Quarle's *Emblems*; the second stanza, beginning with, "And ye whose gentle hearts," is so evidently apposite that

2. Henry Moore had written to ThB on 22 November 1805, responding to a present of the first edition of *Psyche; or, the Legend of Love,* inscribed by the author:

> from the specimens I had seen of the poem, I expected much from it as a whole, but I must say, though perhaps it is no compliment, that it far, yea very far exceeds my expectation. You say the author has had many flattering testimonies respecting her work: I do not feel very ready to think that they can have said too much: but from what I know of the state of the author's health, my heart is wrung whenever I recollect the concluding stanza of the poem of *Psyche.*
>
> I really think the poem itself exceeds any modern publication that I have seen; and it is far beyond Thomson's *Castle of Indolence.* And did the kind donor say that she could not expect me to read it over? What will she say then when I tell her, that I have read it throughout twice! some passages often, and never without tears. (Smith 213)

I think it can scarcely escape the notice of any Christian as bearing upon the foundation of our holy hope, and security for a blessed immortality. (Smith 214–15)

September 1808

I have accompanied my dear Mary and Henry to Woodstock, the princely seat of his eldest brother: here we are perfectly quiet, as its owner has gone with his wife and daughter to Bath, in quest of health, and are not to return till after the next session of parliament. . . . It is long since I was here before: and it recalls to my mind, in a lively manner, many of my then vain hopes and idle solicitudes: thought seems to awaken Gambold's *Mystery of Life* with power to my spirit; and the exquisite beauty of the grounds of this domain fill my mind with delightful admiration, and in looking upon all around me I can humbly say, "My Father made them all," and with this feeling the varied scenery seems still more enlivening to my soul, and it mounts from natural, elevated, and delighted sensation, to the joys of heaven. Mary is enjoying the quiet and the beauty of the place; and for her sake I shall leave with a sigh, a little sigh, its tranquil beauty, but not the luxurious style of this establishment: my taste for that is gone, and for ever. (Smith 218–19)

1809

I read your letter to my poor child, who only answered with her tears at first, but at your express message to herself she spoke of it, and of you, in such terms that, could you have heard them, I am sure they would in some degree, like "a gift have blinded your eyes." Her sufferings for the last four months have been truly distressing: her moans are my only music, and if they cease, it is only through the influence of opium, nor have I ever retired from her room at night, (for on this she insists,) that it is not with the apprehension of being called up to receive her last breath: twice I thought her really gone, but she revived to suffer, but I trust it has also been for her eternal good. There is, assuredly, a great change in her mind: she listens with faith, hope, and sweetness, to the reading of the Holy Scriptures, and she prays to Him who will not cast out her petition; but she has much mental conflict to go through; for her philosophy and the style of her reading, though they did not pervert

her mind, had induced a speculative reasoning which had warped her to skepticism. O what a state of mind for a sick, perhaps dying bed! but its power is broken, and while she says she fears her tears flow for her pain more than for her sins, yet she prays, and is enabled by faith to lift her eyes to the hills from whence cometh her help! O that God may not suffer her to be tried about her strength! for hitherto her patient and resigned spirit has been wonderful, and has been a singular blessing to us all. (Smith 224–25)

October 1809

My poor Mary, her maid, and myself, are once more at Woodstock: I thought she could not have been worse than when I last wrote, and that any increase of illness would have terminated my poor child's life; yet almost every day since we came here, last June, she has been growing worse, yet she still lives: we do indeed need your prayers, and beg to be remembered in those of all such of our London friends who can feel for us, and with whom we once held sweet communion, particularly to Lady Mary Fitzgerald. . . .

How rapidly do the years roll on! I can scarcely believe that thirty-two have revolved since we first met, and yet so it is. O had I then foreseen the anguish I have since suffered, I should have been unfitted to endure what I have since passed through: my two cherubs were then all life and delight, and my own presumptuous hope induced me to believe that naught but joy was before them, and that I could make Christians of them by a religious education, and that it would save them from the world: vain delusion! yet I trusted to it more than I looked to the grace of God! (Smith 226)

June 1810

You bid me tell you of the last hours of my poor afflicted child. For six months before her death she had scarcely a hope of amendment; yet even to this faint ray she clung with all the love of life, till the day before its termination: indeed, none of us apprehended her worse the last week than she had been for months before, yet she was sometimes cheerful, yet could you have seen her constant state of suffering, you would wonder that she could either speak or smile: when unable to con-

verse, she would listen to our reading, and was kind and attentive to the comforts of all around her: at times I have dreaded her prolonged life in this state—but now that she is gone, I would give my own life but for one day more, even as she then was!

Up to Thursday, two days before her death, she had a painful dread of its approach, and she would sometimes exclaim, "Thy rebukes have broken my heart;" but the hour of her deliverance drew nigh, and while her husband, her brother, her uncle, her affectionate attendant [Caroline Turpin], and self, were standing around her, she cheered our desponding souls by assuring us—her countenance becoming wonderfully animated, while she expressed herself thus: "I have long struggled with the fear of death, but I can now feel that God is the strength of my heart, and he will be my portion for ever, and ever, and ever!"

After this she spoke but little; but all was peace, kindness, and a cheerful desire to depart, observing, "That death was but one dark speck in our existence;" though before this she had expressed her wish to continue even in a state of the extremest suffering, rather than to be released by death. Her patience in suffering, and her undeviating kindness to her attendants during her long illness, were most exemplary and endearing. The medical gentleman who had of late been in constant attendance, and who had once been a Methodist, was, I think, made a great blessing to her, by exhorting and encouraging her to cast herself fully upon the merits of the atonement of Christ as her only and sure refuge, and in telling her of the happy deaths which he had witnessed of persons fearful like herself.

On Friday she desired her husband, brother, and the medical gentleman, to retire to rest—while her faithful maid and I lay down in the room, only keeping up an old woman of the village, to whom I heard her speak kindly and frequently during the night.

She then became so apparently easy that I was afraid to disturb her by speaking. The old woman came to me at two in the morning, and said, "She is worse," and went up and called the medical man, who confirmed her apprehension, and immediately summoned her husband and brother: they came: and I heard her gently ask for "ether." I turned to give it to her, and she was gone! gone without a struggle or a pang. I think I felt less then, that I do at this moment; for I then felt that she

was at rest, and peace; I now dwell on the too palpable conviction that the voice and the smile which had cheered me for thirty-seven years I shall see and hear no more in this world. (Smith 227–29)

[Theodosia Blachford's Interpretation of *Psyche; or, the Legend of Love*]
This poem illustrates the fall and recovery of man. Man was united to God, who is love, as Psyche, or the soul, to the God of all love: but as man was not to indulge curiosity, nor to do that which was forbidden, so Psyche was not allowed to see her divine husband for a certain time, after which she should be privileged to behold him, and thus to have her happiness perfected.

The sisters of Psyche, who are typified by Satan, envied her, and prevailed upon her to violate the divine command—as the devil did man.

The consequence was, she lost her husband's presence, and was driven from his paradise, to wander in the world. In these wanderings, she is tempted by many snares, but escapes them all by the help of her divine husband, who accompanied her in disguise.

At length her pilgrimage ends: she accomplishes the task of obedience assigned to her, and is united to her royal knight for ever. (Smith 233)

APPENDIX 6

Inventory of Known Copies of Psyche; or, the Legend of Love *(1805)*

Libraries (nineteen copies, many bound in red morocco)

Beinecke Library, Yale University: inscribed on 27 July 1805 to Caroline Turpin, MT's nurse during her last illness (T448 805)

Bodleian Library, Oxford University: two copies, one inscribed in May 1807 to Barbarina Wilmot [later Lady Dacre] (Vet. A6, fol. 214); the other uninscribed (280, fol. 2268)

British Library: two copies, one inscribed on 17 April 1809 to the widow of Charles James Fox (c 150. c 2); the other inscribed on 24 July 1805 to John Richardson, solicitor (c. 95. b. 38)

Cambridge University: inscribed to J.[oseph] C.[ooper] Walker, September 1805 (Syn.8.80.19)

Emory University: inscribed to Henry White, Close Lichfield, 18 August 1809; White lent it to Joseph Haslewood, author of the *British Bibliographer* review (1 [1810] 162–69) (PR5671 .T2 P7 1805 Non-circ)

Houghton Library, Harvard University: inscribed to Catherine Stewart, 25 July 1805 (*EC8 T4484 805p)

Huntington Library: inscribed to William Parnell in July 1805; he passed it on to Charles James Fox, whose widow later returned it to MT, at MT's request (328444)

Library of Congress: inscribed in "Sep 1805" to T.[homas] Acton [of West Aston], MT's cousin (PR5671. T2 A7 1805)

National Library of Ireland: two copies, one inscribed to Elinor Ward, cousin, 17 July 1805; another inscribed to Mary Leigh, cousin, September 1805 (Librarian's Office: LO 369 and LO 370)

Occidental College: inscribed on 7 December 1805 to Rev. John Kearney, provost of Trinity College Dublin (Special Collections 821.79 T566ps 1805)

University of Alberta: inscribed to William Hayley, 16 July 1805 (accession no. neos.355492)

University of Kansas: inscribed to Camilla Blachford, MT's sister-in-law, July 1805, Spencer Library Special Collections (O'Hegarty B4093, identifier ocm09416086)

University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill: two copies, one inscribed to E. Patrick, friend, November 1805 (PR5671.T2 P8 1805); another "large paper edition" inscribed to Robert Bligh, cousin, August 1805 (PR5671.T2 P8 1805 c. 2)

University of Virginia: inscribed to Sarah Tighe, MT's mother-in-law (Special Collections PR5671 .T2 A7 1805)

Wellesley College: inscribed to Margaret Ormsby, cousin, December 1805 (Spec. Coll. English Poets X)

Private Collections (three copies)

Jim Corley, Ireland: inscribed in August 1805 to James Barry, Irish artist; (Buchanan 212, which also records inscriptions on individual copies)

The estate of Jerry Wachs: inscribed to CH

Sold by Christopher Edwards, Oxfordshire; inscribed in July 1806 to William Parnell.

Recorded but Not Located

UCLA Library: A copy was reported missing on 12 October 1999 (PR5671. T2p 1805).

Inscribed to the Rev. Henry Moore: A copy reported in Smith, *The Life of the Rev. Henry Moore,* that had been inscribed to Moore is untraced.

Copies that must have been given to ThB, William Tighe, and other family members and close friends remain untraced.

APPENDIX 7

Addendum to Late Poems and Fugitive Verse by Mary Tighe

Philosophers are invited to praise God taking heed against false philosophy———
July—1790

Sublime Philosophy! resource of age,
The wonders tell of thy creator sage;
If by thy quadrant thou canst tell heav'n's height,
Oh lift thine eyes adore the source of light
And when thou paintest to our eager eyes
The form of insects and their curious dies,
Display the art which guides the hand divine;
And lead the wand'rer to his Maker's shrine.
Distinguish well the author from his laws,
Nature is nothing but a second cause,
Admire adore the footsteps of thy God,
Nor dare attribute ought to earth's base clod;
Guard well thy thoughts from impious unbelief,
And to thy reas'ning pow'rs bring this relief
God made thee not to reason on his powers,
But loving him, to him devote thine hours—
Seek not to know him, an abyss so great,
Confounds the wise and foolish in one fate,
Simonidas in vain the depth would try,
Adore the greatness for thy sense too high
Submit *to* him the powers *by* him bestow'd,
Feel that to know him thou shouldst be a God—

3: quadrant] A navigational instrument used by mariners to measure the altitude of stars.

6: insects . . . dies] Insects, such as the cochineal, were widely used to make dyes.

19: Simonidas] Simonides of Ceos (c. 556-468 BCE), Greek lyric poet. In his *De oratore,* Cicero cites him as the inventor of mnemonics, and the poet is featured in Plato's *Protagoras.* Famous for an elegy on Marathon (which apparently defeated Aeschylus in competition), his work survives only in fragments.

If still resisting every haughty breast,
The humble minded with his grace are blest.
O leave to sceptic's bain to boast of fate,
And God the great first cause now celebrate—
Who saving sinners by th' incarnate word,
Still pours his anger on a stubborn world—
Without confounding Superstition blind
With grace divine, attack the sceptick mind—
God gave thee reason error for to shew
Extract not poison then from what you know—
In proud contempt against the vulgar voice,
Make not a senseless doctrine thy false choice.
Vainly to mark thyself above the croud
Attack not proudly virtue and thy God—
Thine essence and thy Soul in vain explore
The smallest attom is beyond thy power.
And canst thou grandeur infinitly high
Measure with thy short sighted mortal eye—
Seek in thy breast the image of that God
Who placed it there by his all powerful word—
See on thy Soul are plac'd three seals divine
O suffer God upon those seals to shine—
Love, thought, & life, together there have place,
To hold thee faithful to the God of grace.
Cease then vain mortal with thy God to fight
The God who made thee & who gave thee light—
Behold how modest Socrates the wise
Behold him to his foes superior rise
The lovely fruits of virtue see him bear—
And one great God to heathens, bold declare.

38: smallest attom] The materialist, atomic theory ascribed originally to Democritus, later adapted by Epicurus, and popularized by Lucretius in *De rerum natura* argues that nothing exists but atoms and void in an infinite space. All matter and any event is attributable to atomic motion.

And dost thou still in atheist wisdom pride,
By thee, as by Lucretius God deny'd—
No rather cease thy boastings vainly brave.
And own thy folly needs his power to save,
Let nature's wonders guide thy docile sight,
To mercy's door by wisdom's steady light—
There mourn each folly there each crime lament
And prove how great the power when grace is sent—
There break the fatal chain of passions strong,
And heav'nly knowledge learn from wisdom's tongue—
Like humble Newton, God thy succour see,
Philosopher & saint thou then shalt be,
Wisdom and grace thou then shalt plenteous find,
They both shalt govern then thy docile mind—
Follow the steps of Bonnet wise and good,
View with De Luc the traces of the flood,
To us the hand of God in all be shown

Fearing with these, with these his prowess own,
Who with one stroke of his tremendous hand
Can whelm with ocean all the drowning land
Can open sluices from the depths profound
And scatter ruin on the nations round—
Think on this wreck and with an holy dread,
Believe that God whom Israel trembling heard.

54: Lucretius] Titus Lucretius Carus (fl. 1st century BCE), Latin poet and philosopher. Strictly speaking, he was not an atheist but argued that the gods, being perfect and perfectly happy, could not involve themselves in human matters.

67: Bonnet] Charles Bonnet (1720–1793) Swiss botanist and philosopher, who discovered parthenogenesis. He was the first to use the term "evolution" in its scientific sense while explaining his catastrophe theory. In 1760, he published his *Essai analytique sur les facultés de l'âme* ("Analytical Essay on the Powers of the Soul").

68: De Luc] Jean André Deluc (1727–1817) Swiss-British meteorologist and geologist, was a fellow of the Royal Society and strove to reconcile scientific evidence with the biblical creation story.

Like Gallien fill'd with love & wonder be
Thy soul's conversion thou shalt shortly see—
The passing evils which we here must feel
O shew us that our future bliss they seal.
Bring back the wicked from the crooked way,
And shew the crown for those who win the day
Above yon Sun, above yon azure vault,
Up to th' Eternal raise our glorious thought,
If all thy manners, virtues, and discourse,
Reflect of wisdom's light the glorious source,
Then in thy lessons wisdom most sublime,
Not like a treach'rous fire shall transient shine.
But like the Bethlem star shall sweetly guide,
And lead our footsteps to a Saviour's side.
Admire with us the Gospel harmony
And join thine accents to our grateful symphony.
So shall Thy songs immortal fill the skies
And ravish'd nations own thee pure & wise

Copy text: holograph manuscript in the Albert and Shirley Small Special Collections Library, University of Virginia, MSS 15467 Box 15195. TB has written in the upper left-hand corner of the first leaf "her own hand."

77: Gallien] Gallien—an atheist Philosopher who was converted in beholding the divine Wisdom shining in the admirable arrangement of the bones of a Skeleton which he found in a wood—[*MT's note*] Galen, sometimes Anglicized as Gallien (129 CE-c. 216 CE), Greek physician, philosopher, and writer, influenced medicine in Europe and the Middle East until the mid-seventeenth century.

Manuscript Sources

Albert and Shirley Small Special Collections Library, University of Virginia

PR5671.T2 A7 1805. Sarah Tighe's copy of *Psyche; or, the Legend of Love* (1805).

MSS 15467 (Box 15195). Holograph poem by Mary Tighe: "Philosophers are invited to praise God taking heed against false philosophy."

Beinecke Rare Book Room and Manuscript Library, Yale University

Osborn d69. James Marshall and Marie-Louise Osborn Collection. Commonplace book containing two manuscript poems, "On viewing Mrs H Tighe's Portrait," by W. (fols. 13–16), and "On Mrs H Tighe," by an anonymous author (fols. 160–62).

IN T448 805. *Psyche; or, the Legend of Love* (1805), with fifteen manuscript poems by various authors bound in, addressing MT on the subject of *Psyche.* Inscribed by the author "To Caroline from her affectionate friend M Tighe. London, July 27 1805."

Object ID 2025154, box 15, Osborn Shelves Poetry Boxes. "To the Memory of Margaret Tighe," printed at Bristol by Sheppard & Co., undated, one page.

Belfast Public Library, Belfast, Northern Ireland

"Poems by Mrs H. Tighe. Including Twelve Poems not published with Psyche," commonplace book in an unidentified hand.

Bodleian Library, Oxford

Vet. A6, fol. 214. Presentation copy of *Psyche; or, the Legend of Love* (1805), inscribed on the title page "To Barbara Wilmot from M Tighe May 1807." Includes holograph copy of "To Mrs. Wilmot" and an unsigned watercolor illustration probably by MT of Cupid and Psyche.

British Library, London

Add MS 39782, fol. 238, Flaxman Papers, Vol. 3, and Add MS 39790, fols. 60 and 66, Flaxman Papers, Vol. 11. Correspondence from 1827 and 1833 concerning MT's memorial.

C. 150. c. 2. *Psyche; or, The Legend of Love* (1805) with ALS from Mary Tighe, 17 Apr. 1809, to the widow of Charles James Fox.

Chawton House Library, England

Henry and Lucy Moore MS Album 5137, Poems HM 1811. Commonplace book containing copies of "Verses Written at the Devil's Bridge in Cardigan," "Address to the West Wind," and "The Kiss" ("When the Sun with amorous beams").

Houghton Library, Harvard University

Autograph File, T. Copy of "Forget Me Not" titled "From the German" in an unknown hand.

EC8. T4484 811m. *Mary, a Series of Reflections During Twenty Years* (1811), copy once owned by Caroline Turpin, the nurse who attended MT during her last illness.

Huntington Library, San Marino, California

Shelf no. 328444. *Psyche; or, the Legend of Love* (1805), presentation copy for William Parnell. Includes holograph copy of the sonnet that begins "Dear consecrated page! methinks on thee."

National Library of Ireland, Dublin

Hamilton Papers Acc. 5495 C/7/1. Notebook with handwritten copies of twenty poems by MT in unidentified hand.

Hamilton Papers Acc. 5495 C/8/1-2. "Verses Transcribed for H. T." 2 vols. (Brompton 1805).

Hamilton Papers Acc. 5495 C/10/1. Notebook containing poems by various authors in an unidentified hand, 1807.

MS 3575. Commonplace book inscribed "Sarah Hamilton December 1834," with a copy of Theodosia Blachford's brief spiritual autobiography.

MS 4578, acc. 1408. Holograph copy of "On Receiving a Branch of Mezeriom."

MS 4800. "Extracts from Various Authors," commonplace book, with copies of some of MT's shorter poems.

MS 4801. Caroline Hamilton's commonplace book, including copies of some poems by MT, as well as poems by others about Rossana.

MS 4803. Caroline Hamilton's commonplace book, including a copy of MT's "Acrostics."

MS 4804. MT's holograph reading journal, April 1806–June 1809.

MS 4809. CH's commonplace book.

MS 4810. CH's notebook, including her account of MT's life; copies of some of MT's journal entries; and letters concerning MT.

MS 4813. "An account of the 1798 Rebellion in Ireland, April–Nov 1798," volume of transcribed letters from Sarah Tighe to Sarah Ponsonby.

MS 4814. Reminiscences by CH.

MSS 4742–4746. *Selena,* 5 bound vols. in manuscript, not in MT's hand.

MS 10,206. MT's holograph manuscript of "There Was a Young Lordling whose wits were all toss'd up."

MS 42,118. Tighe family album (paper watermarked 1820).

National Library of Wales, Aberystwyth

MS 22983B. Album belonging to Camilla Blachford, MT's sister-in-law.

MS 22984C. CH's commonplace book.

MS 22985B. "Psyche; or, the Legend of Love," bound holograph manuscript made for Sarah Ponsonby and Eleanor Butler ("The Ladies of Llangollen"), dated 1804.

Pforzheimer Collection, New York Public Library

"Addressed to my Brother," holograph fair copy in the hand of MT.

Private Collection

Album of family poems in CH's hand presented by her on 22 June 1818 to MT's niece Hannah Tighe, youngest daughter of Marianne and William Tighe, on the occasion of her marriage to Lord Patrick-James-Herbert Crichton Stuart.

Holograph letter by MT to Mrs. Corneille written c. July 1805.

Public Record Office of Northern Ireland, Belfast (PRONI)

MSS D/2685/1-15. Letters and other documents written by MT, including a holograph manuscript of "Bryan Byrne"; papers relating to other members of her family, including letters from Sarah Tighe to her son William dated 1788 to 1811; letters to Sarah Tighe from others; and "The Tighe Story," a bound, unpublished typescript of a sometimes unreliable Tighe family history, written between 1951 and 1959 by W. G. S. Tighe.

Royal College of Physicians, London

"Verses written by Mrs. Tighe in the blank leaves of a Horace" in an unidentified hand and dated 1804 (ALS Collection).

Trinity College Library, Dublin

MSS 1461/5-7. Fifty-eight letters by MT (1802–1809) to Joseph Cooper Walker.

University of Birmingham Library, Birmingham, England

MS L. Add. 1907. "A Letter from Mrs. Acton to Her Nephew Mr. Evans."

Published Works by Mary Tighe

Psyche; or, the Legend of Love. London: privately printed by C. Whittingham for James Carpenter, 1805. viii + 214 pages. Author's name not printed, but MT inscribed and signed most copies. Duodecimo. Only twenty-two copies are known to have survived.

Psyche, with Other Poems. London: Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, and Brown, 1811. xii + 314 pages. By the Late Mrs. Henry Tighe. Quarto. "The second edition." Printed in London by T. Davison. £1/11/6 in boards. Fine stipple copperplate frontispiece engraving of Mary Tighe by Caroline Watson after John Comerford after George Romney, published 10 May 1811.

Psyche, with Other Poems. London: Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, and Brown, 1811. xvi + 314 pages. By the Late Mrs. Henry Tighe. Octavo. "The third edition." Printed in London by T. Davison. Type reset from the quarto volume of the same year, which is not labeled as a second edition. 12 shillings in boards. Frontispiece stipple copperplate engraving of Mary Tighe by Caroline Watson after John Comerford after George Romney, undated.

Mary, a Series of Reflections during Twenty Years. N.p. but possibly Dublin or George Bull at Roundwood, County Wicklow, near Rossana, 1811. 35 printed pages. Duodecimo. The copy in the Houghton Library, Harvard University

(EC8. T4484 .811m), once owned by Caroline Turpin, includes an additional 26 pages written in manuscript. Only two copies are known to survive, one at the NLI and the other at the Houghton Library.

Psyche, with Other Poems. London: Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, and Brown, 1812. xvi + 311 pages. By the Late Mrs. Henry Tighe. Octavo. "The fourth edition." Printed in Edinburgh by James Ballantyne. 12 shillings in boards. Some copies have as a frontispiece the now fairly worn and reworked stipple copperplate engraving of Mary Tighe by Caroline Watson after John Comerford after George Romney, with no publication date. Other copies have a new frontispiece, "Engraved by Scriven from a miniature by Comerford, after a Picture by Romney," dated 6 June 1812. Notes to the shorter poems are missing.

Psyche, with Other Poems. Philadelphia: J. & A. Y. Humphreys, 1812. x + 230 pages. By the Late Mrs. Henry Tighe. Duodecimo. Frontispiece engraved by J. Boyd after the engraving by Caroline Watson after Comerford for J. and A. Y. Humphreys. Includes notes to the shorter poems.

Psyche, with Other Poems. London: Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, and Brown, 1816. xvi + 311 pages. By the Late Mrs. Henry Tighe. Octavo. "The fifth edition." Printed in London by T. Davison. Frontispiece, "Engraved by Scriven from a miniature by Comerford, after a Picture by Romney," dated 6 June 1812. Notes to the shorter poems are missing.

Psyche; or, the Legend of Love. London: H. G. Clarke and Co., 1843. 164 pages. Small octavo. Includes some shorter poems. Reprinted in 1844.

The Works of Apuleius: a New Translation comprising The Metamorphoses, or Golden Ass, The God of Socrates, The Florida, and his Defence, or a Discourse on Magic: to Which are Added a Metrical Version of Cupid and Psyche, and Mrs. Tighe's Psyche, a Poem in Six Cantos. Ed. Henry George Bohn. Bohn's Classical Library. London: Bohn, 1853. x + 533 + 29 pages. Reprinted many times by Bohn's successors, including in 1869, 1872, 1878, 1888, 1889, 1893, 1902, 1907, 1911, and 1914.

Keats and Mary Tighe: The Poems of Mary Tighe with Parallel Passages from the Work of John Keats. Ed. Earle Vonard Weller. New York: Modern Language Association of America, 1928. Reprint of the 1811 third edition of *Psyche, with Other Poems,* with a 16-page introduction, annotations, and indices. xvi + 333 pages.

The Works of Mary Tighe. Published and Unpublished. Ed. Patrick Henchy. The Bibliographic Society of Ireland, 6.6. Dublin: At the Sign of the Three Candles, 1957.

Elegy to the Memory of the Late Duke of Bedford; Psyche, with other Poems. Introduction by Donald H. Reiman. New York: Garland, 1978. Facsimile reprint of *Psyche, with Other Poems* (1811 "third edition"), combined with the 1802 elegy by Amelia Opie.

Psyche; or, The Legend of Love. Introduction by Donald H. Reiman. New York: Garland, 1978. Facsimile reprint of the 1805 first edition belonging to the Beinecke Library, Yale University. viii + 214 pages.

Psyche, with Other Poems 1811. Oxford: Woodstock, 1992. Reprint of the 1811 third edition with an eight-page introduction by Jonathan Wordsworth.

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Poem titles are in *italics*. First lines are in roman. This index includes not only the titles and first lines of Mary Tighe's poems as they are printed in this edition but also the titles and first lines of poems previously misattributed to Tighe.

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